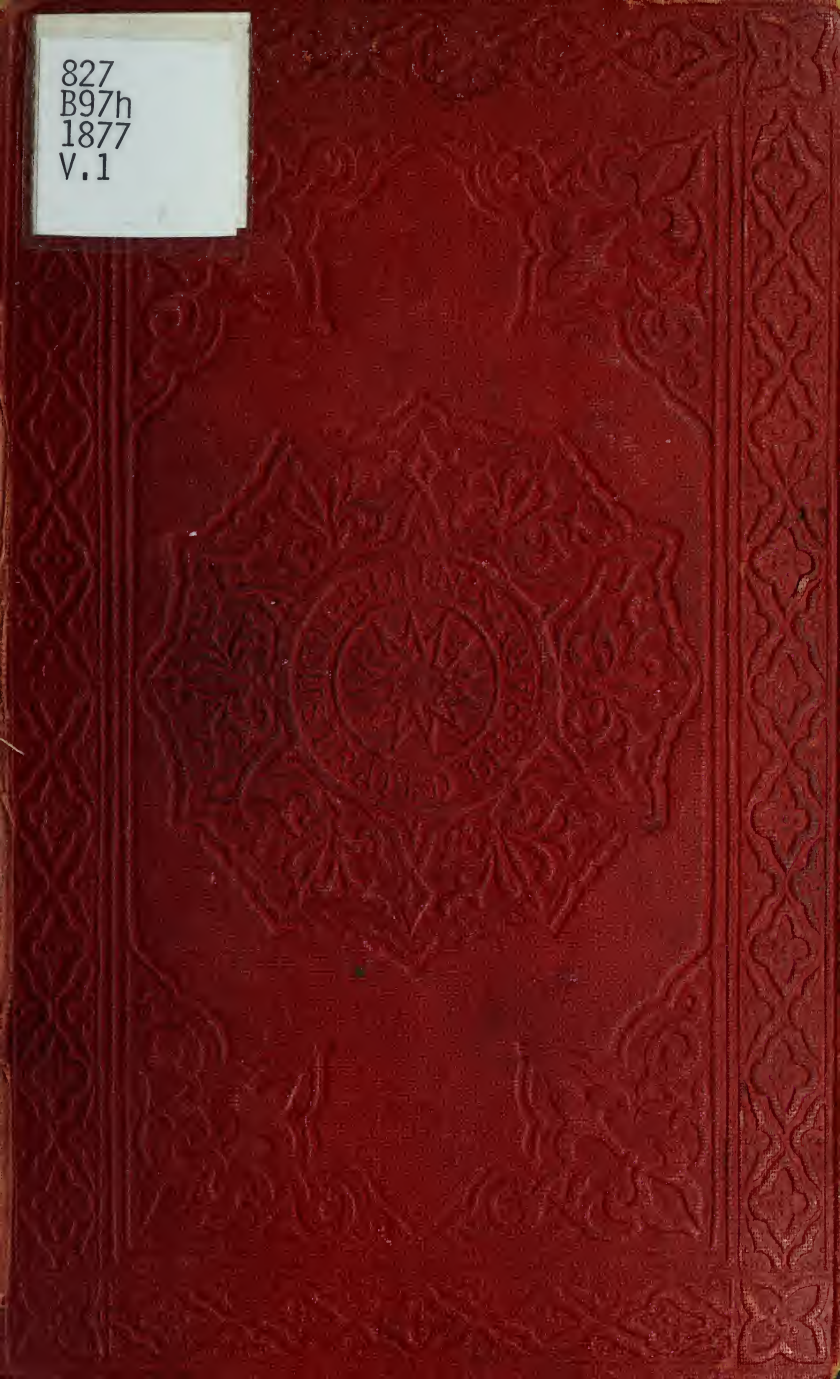


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## PREFACE.

THE edition of *Hudibras* now submitted to the public is intended to be more complete, though in a smaller compass, than any of its numerous predecessors. The text is that of *Nash*, usually accepted as the best; but in many instances—as in the very first line—the author's original readings have been preferred. In all cases the variations are shown in the foot notes, so that the reader may take his choice.

The main feature, however, of the present edition is its notes; these have been selected with considerable diligence and attention from every known source, and it is believed that no part of the text is left unexplained which was ever explained before. *Grey* has been the great storehouse of information, and next in degree *Nash*, but both have required careful sifting. Other editions, numerous as they are,—including *Aikin's*, the *Aldine*, and *Gilfillan's*,—have yielded nothing. Mr *Bell's*, which is by far the best, is edited on the same principle as the present, and had that gentleman retained the numbering of the lines, and given an Index, there would have been little left for any successor to improve.

A few of the notes in the present selection are, to a certain extent, original, arising from some historical and bibliographical knowledge of the times, or derived

from a manuscript key, annexed to a copy of the first edition, and attributed to Butler himself.

The Biographical Sketch of our poet is a mere *rifacimento* of old materials, for nothing new is now to be discovered about him. Diligent researches have been made in the parish where he lived and died—Covent Garden—without eliciting any new fact, excepting that the monument erected to his memory has been destroyed.

This volume has been more than two years at press, having dribbled through the editor's hands, not during his leisure hours or intervals of business, for he never had any, but by forced snatches from his legitimate pursuits. An old affection for Hudibras, acquired nearly half a century ago, at a time when its piquant couplets were still familiarly quoted, had long impressed him with the desire to publish a really popular edition ;

Et l'on revient toujours  
A ses premières amours ;

the public therefore now have the result.

It has happened, from the want of consecutive attention, that two or three notes are all but duplicate, such as that on *Wicked Bibles* at pages 326 and 371 ; *Mum and Mummery*, 385 and 406 ; and, *He that fights and runs away*, at pages 403 and 106. But the publisher hopes that his readers will not quarrel with him for giving too much rather than too little.

HENRY G. BOHN.

*York Street, Covent Garden.*  
*April 28th, 1859.*



# LIST OF THE WOOD CUTS

## IN BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

DESIGNED BY THURSTON.

VIGNETTE ON PRINTED TITLE, engraved by *Thompson*.

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.—  
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,  
That in th' adventure went his half.

l. 13, 14, 457-8

ENGRAVED TITLE. HEAD OF HUDIBRAS. *Thompson*.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,—  
His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile.

l. 237—244.

HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO I. *White*.

When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick.

l. 9—12.

TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO I.

———he always chose  
To carry vittle in his hose,  
That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise.

l. 318—321.

HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO II. *Thompson*.

And wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
To rescue Knight from black and blue.  
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce  
The leg encounter'd twice and once;  
And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,  
When Ralpho thrust himself between.

l. 941—946

TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO II., engraved by *Branston*.

Crowdero making doleful face,  
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,  
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
 And the survivor of his feet.

l. 1167—1170.

## HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO III.

*Branston*.

When setting ope the postern gate,  
 To take the field and sally at,  
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
 Ready to charge them in the field.

l. 4-3—446.

## TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO III.

———in a cool shade,  
 Which eglantine and roses made;  
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:  
 There leaving him to his repose.

l. 159—163.

## HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO I.

*Thompson*.

———she went  
 To find the Knight in limbo pent.  
 And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him, and his stout Squire, in the pound.

l. 90—102.

## TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO I.

*Branston*.

——— a tall long-sided dame,—  
 But wond'rous light—ycleped Fame,—  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' w th ears.

l. 45—50.

## HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO II.

*Branston*.

With that he seiz'd upon his lad;  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold.

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## TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO II.

*Thompson*.

——-quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
 With spurring put their cattle to't.

l. 839—842.

HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO III., engraved by *Branston*.

———Hudibras, to all appearing,  
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
He held it now no longer safe  
To tarry the return of Ralph,  
But rather leave him in the lurch. l. 1147—1151.

TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO III. *White*.

This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
And with amazement staring wide:  
Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder  
Is that appears in heaven yonder? l. 423—426.

HEAD PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO SIDROPHEL. *Byfield*.  
Sidrophel perusing Hudibras' Epistle.

TAIL PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO SIDROPHEL. *Byfield*.  
Gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs.

HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO I. *Thompson*.  
He wonder'd how she came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do;  
Held up his affidavit hand,  
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd. l. 483—486.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO I. *Branston*.  
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
And in a moment gain'd the pass;  
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's  
Four-quarters out by th' head and shoulders. l. 1577—1580.

HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO II. *Thompson*.  
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—  
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese.—  
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,  
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil. l. 1515—1520.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO II. *Thompson*  
———crowded on with so much haste,  
Until they 'd block'd the passage fast,  
And barricado'd it with haunches  
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches. l. 1669—1672

HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO III., engraved by *Hughes*.

To this brave man the Knight repairs  
For counsel in his law-affairs,—  
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
Put off his hat to put his case. l. 621—628.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO III. *Byfield*

With books and money plac'd for show,  
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay. l. 624, 625.

HEAD PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO THE LADY. *Byfield*.

—having pump'd up all his wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ. l. 787, 788.

TAIL PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO THE LADY. *Byfield*.

What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
Longs for a thousand pounds a year;  
And languishing transports are fond  
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond. l. 85—88.

HEAD PIECE TO THE LADY'S ANSWER. *Thompson*.

She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering float. l. 357, 358.

TAIL PIECE TO THE LADY'S ANSWER. *Branston*.

We make the man of war strike sail,  
And to our braver conduct veil,  
And, when he's chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees. l. 311—314.

VIGNETTE AT PAGE XXIV. *Thompson*.

The dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;  
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
And handled you like a fop-doodle. Part II. c. iii. l. 996—998.

VIGNETTE AT PAGE 473.

——the foe beat up his quarters,  
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;—  
Soon as they had him at their mercy, Part III. c. i.  
They put him to the cudgel fiercely. l. 1135-36. 1147-48.



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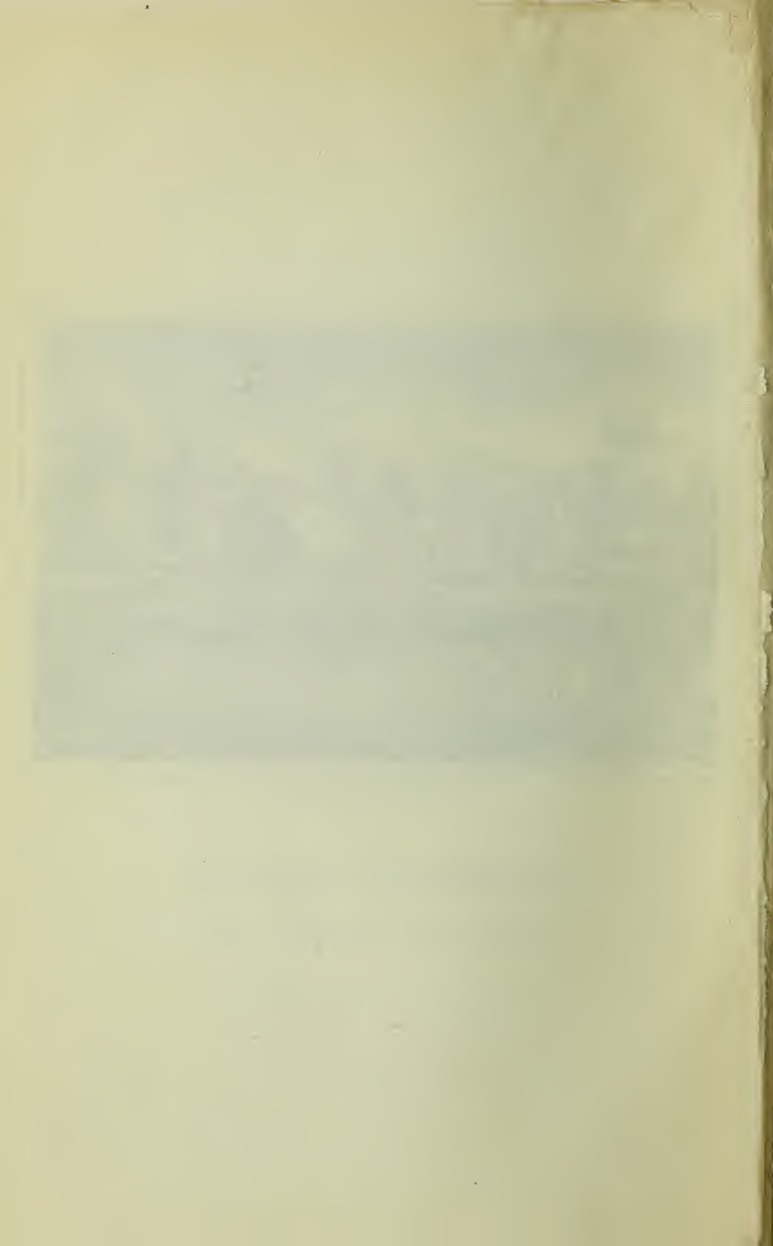
L. Ross delin<sup>t</sup> — G. P. Wainwright sculp<sup>t</sup>

BUTLER'S TENEMENT.

*Near Shrewsbury, Worcestershire*







# THE LIFE

## OF

### SAMUEL BUTLER.

---

THE life of a retired scholar can furnish but little matter to the biographer : such was the character of Mr Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*. His father, whose name was likewise Samuel, had an estate of his own of about ten pounds yearly, which still goes by the name of Butler's tenement ; he likewise rented lands at three hundred pounds a year under Sir William Russel, lord of the manor of Strensham, in Worcestershire. He was a respectable farmer, wrote a clerk-like hand, kept the register, and managed all the business of the parish. From his landlord, near whose house he lived, the poet imbibed principles of loyalty, as Sir William was a most zealous royalist, and spent great part of his fortune in the cause, being the only person exempted from the benefit of the treaty, when Worcester surrendered to the parliament in the year 1646. Our poet's father was elected churchwarden of the parish the year before his son Samuel was born, and has entered his baptism, dated February 8th, 1612, with his own hand, in the parish register. He had four sons and three daughters, born at Strensham ; the three daughters and one son older than our poet, and two sons younger : none of his descendants, however, remain in the parish, though some are said to be in the neighbouring villages.

Our author received his first rudiments of learning at home ; but was afterwards sent to the college school at Worcester, then taught by Mr Henry Bright,\* prebendary

\* Mr Bright is buried in the cathedral church of Worcester, near the north pillar, at the foot of the steps which lead to the choir. He was born  
b

of that cathedral, a celebrated scholar, and many years master of the King's school there; one who made his profession his delight, and, though in very easy circumstances, continued to teach for the sake of doing good.

How long Mr Butler continued under his care is not known, but, probably, till he was fourteen years old. There can be little doubt that his progress was rapid, for Aubrey tells us that "when but a boy he would make observations and reflections on everything one said or did, and censure it to be either well or ill;" and we are also informed in the Biography of 1710 (the basis of all information about him), that he "became an excellent scholar." Amongst his school-fellows was Thomas Hall, well known as a controversial writer on the Puritan side, and master of the free-school at King's Norton, where he died; John Toy, afterwards an author, and master of the school at Worcester; William Rowland, who turned Romanist, and, having some talent for rhyming satire, wrote lampoons at Paris, under the title of *Rolandus Palingenius*; and Warmestry, afterwards Dean of Worcester.

1562, appointed schoolmaster 1586, made prebendary 1619, died 1626. The inscription in capitals, on a mural stone, now placed in what is called the Bishop's Chapel, is as follows:

Mane hospes et lege,  
Magister HENRICUS BRIGHT,  
Celeberrimus gymnasiarcha,  
Qui scholæ regiæ istic fundatæ per totos 40 annos  
summa cum laude præfuit,  
Quo non alter magis sedulus fuit, scitusve, ac dexter,  
in Latinis Græcis Hebraicis litteris,  
feliciter edocendis:  
Teste utraque academia quam instruxit affatim  
numerosa plebe literaria:  
Sed et totidem annis eoque amplius theologiam professus,  
Et hujus ecclesiæ per septennium canonicus major,  
Sæpissime hic et alibi sacrum Dei præconem  
magno cum zelo et fructu egit.  
Vir pius, doctus, integer, frugi, de republica  
deque ecclesia optime meritus.  
A laboribus per diu noctuque  
ad 1626 strenue usque exantlati  
4° Martii suaviter requievit  
in Domino.

See this epitaph, written by Dr Joseph Hall, dean of Worcester, in Fuller's Worthies, p. 177.

Whether he was ever entered at any university is uncertain. His early biographer says he went to Cambridge, but was never matriculated: Wood, on the authority of Butler's brother, says, the poet spent six or seven years there; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of this. Some expressions in his works look as if he were acquainted with the customs of Oxford, and among them coursing, which was a term peculiar to that university (see Part III. c. ii. v. 1244); but this kind of knowledge might have been easily acquired without going to Oxford; and as the speculation is entirely unsupported by circumstantial proofs, it may be safely rejected. Upon the whole, the probability is that Butler never went to either of the Universities. His father was not rich enough to defray the expenses of a collegiate course, and could not have effected it by any other means, there being at that time no exhibitions at the Worcester School.

Some time after Butler had completed his education, he obtained, through the interest of the Russels, the situation of clerk to Thomas Jefferies, of Earl's Croombe, Esq., an active justice of the peace, and a leading man in the business of the province. This was no mean office, but one that required a knowledge of law and the British constitution, and a proper deportment to men of every rank and occupation; besides, in those times, when large mansions were generally in retired situations, every large family was a community within itself: the upper servants, or retainers, being often the younger sons of gentlemen, were treated as friends, and the whole household dined in one common hall, and had a lecturer or clerk, who, during meal-times, read to them some useful or entertaining book.

Mr Jefferies' family was of this sort, situated in a retired part of the country, surrounded by bad roads, the master of it residing constantly in Worcestershire. Here Mr Butler, having leisure to indulge his inclination for learning, probably improved himself very much, not only in the abstruser branches of it, but in the polite arts: and here he studied painting. "Our Hogarth of Poetry," says Walpole, "was a painter too;" and, according to Aubrey, his love of the pencil introduced him to the friendship of that prince of painters, Samuel Cooper. But his proficiency seems to have

been but moderate, for Mr Nash tells us that he recollects "seeing at Earl's Croombe, some portraits said to be painted by him, which did him no great honour as an artist, and were consequently used to stop up windows." \* He heard also of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, said to be painted by him.

After continuing some time at Earl's Croombe, how long is not exactly known, he quitted it for a more agreeable situation in the household of Elizabeth Countess of Kent, who lived at Wrest, in Bedfordshire. He seems to have been attached to her service,† as one of her gentlemen, to whom she is said to have paid £20 a year each. The time when he entered upon this situation, which Aubrey says he held for several years, may be determined with some degree of accuracy by the fact that he found Selden there, and was frequently engaged by him in writing letters and making translations. It was in June, 1628, after the prorogation of the third parliament of Charles I., that Selden, who sat in the House of Commons for Lancaster, retired to Wrest for the purpose of completing, with the advantages of quiet and an extensive library, his labours on the *Marmora Arundeliana*; and we may presume that it was during the interval of the parliamentary recess, while Selden was thus occupied, that Butler, then in his seventeenth year, entered her service. Here he enjoyed a literary retreat during great part of the civil wars, and here probably laid the groundwork of his *Hudibras*, as, besides the society of that living library, Selden, he had the benefit of a good collection of books. He lived

\* In his MS. common-place book is the following observation:

"It is more difficult, and requires a greater mastery of art in painting, to foreshorten a figure exactly, than to draw three at their just length; so it is, in writing, to express anything naturally and briefly, than to enlarge and dilate:

And therefore a judicious author's blots  
Are more ingenious than his first free thoughts."

† The Countess is described by the early biographer of Butler as "a great encourager of learning." After the death of the Earl of Kent in 1639 Selden is said to have been domesticated with her at Wrest, and in her town-house in White Friars. Aubrey affirms that he was married to her, but that he never acknowledged the marriage till after her death, on account of some law affairs. The Countess died in 1651, and appointed Selden her executor, leaving him her house in White Friars.



subsequently in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo farm, or Wood End, in that county, and his biographers are generally of opinion that from him he drew the character of Hudibras: \* but there is no actual evidence of this, and such a prototype was not rare in those times. Sir Samuel Luke lived at Wood End, or Cople Hoo farm. Cople is three miles south of Bedford, and in its church are still to be seen many monuments of the Luke family, who flourished in that part of the country as early as the reign of Henry VIII. He was knighted in 1624, was a rigid Presbyterian, high in the favour of Cromwell: a colonel in the army of the parliament, a justice of the peace for Bedford and Surrey, scoutmaster-general for Bedfordshire, which he represented in the Long Parliament, and governor of Newport Pagnell. He possessed ample estates in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire, and devoted his fortune to the promotion of the popular cause. His house was the open resort of the Puritans, whose frequent meetings for the purposes of counsel, prayer, and preparation for the field, afforded Butler an opportunity of observing, under all their phases of inspiration and action, the characters of the men whose influence was working a revolution in the country. But Sir Samuel did not approve of the king's trial and execution, and therefore, with other Presbyterians, both he and his father, Sir Oliver, were among the secluded members. It has been generally supposed that the scenes Butler witnessed on these occasions suggested to him the subject of his great poem. That it was at this period he threw into shape some of the striking points of *Hudibras*, is extremely probable. He kept a commonplace book, in which he was in the habit of noting down particular thoughts and fugitive criticisms; and Mr Thyer, the editor of his *Remains*, who had this book in his possession, says that it was full of shrewd remarks, paradoxes, and witty sarcasms.

The first part of *Hudibras* came out at the end of the year 1662, and its popularity was so great, that it was pirated almost as soon as it appeared.† In the *Mercurius Aulicus*,

\* See notes at page 4.

† The first part was ready November 11th, 1662, when the author obtained an imprimatur, signed J. Berkenhead; but the date of the title is 1663, and Sir Roger L'Estrange granted an imprimatur for the second part, dated November 5th, 1663.

a ministerial newspaper, from January 1st to January 8th, 1662 (1663 N. S.), quarto, is an advertisement saying, that "there is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller; the true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, near St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer, as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." After several other editions had followed, the first and second parts, *with notes to both parts*, were printed for J. Martin and H. Herringham, octavo, 1674. The last edition of the third part, before the author's death, was published by the same persons in 1678: this must be the last corrected by himself, and is that from which subsequent editions are generally printed; the third part had no notes put to it during the author's life, and who furnished them (in 1710) after his death is not known.

In the British Museum is the original injunction by authority, signed John Berkenhead, forbidding any printer or other person whatsoever, to print *Hudibras*, or any part thereof, without the consent or approbation of Samuel Butler (or Boteler), Esq. or his assignees, given at Whitehall, 10th September, 1677: copy of this injunction is given in the note.\*

The reception of *Hudibras* at Court is probably without a parallel in the history of books. The king was so enchanted with it that he carried it about in his pocket, and perpetually garnished his conversation with specimens of its witty passages, which, thus stamped by royal approbation, passed rapidly into general currency. Nor was his Majesty

\* CHARLES R. Our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person whatsoever within our kingdom of England or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, uttered or sold, a book or poem called HUDIBRAS, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq. or his assignees, as they and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the tenth day of September, in the year of our Lord God 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign. By his Majesty's command,  
Jo. BERKENHEAD.



R. Cooper sculp.

CHARLES the SECOND.

*From an Original Picture, in the Possession of the Learned, &c. &c. &c.*

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content with merely quoting Butler; in an access of enthusiasm he sent for him, that he might gratify his curiosity by the sight of a poet who had contributed so largely to his amusement. The Lord Chancellor Hyde showered promises of patronage upon him, and hung up his portrait in his library.\* Every person about the Court considered it his duty to make himself familiar with *Hudibras*. It was minted into proverbs and bon mots. No book was so much read. No book was so much cited. From the palace it found its way at once into the chocolate-houses and taverns; and attained a rapid popularity all over the kingdom.

Lord Dorset was so much struck by its extraordinary merit that he desired to be introduced to the author. "His lordship," according to this curious anecdote, "having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with the author of *Hudibras*, prevailed with Mr Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly anybody would have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Butler, who answered, 'He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.'"

Pepys gives us a curious illustration of the sudden and extraordinary success of *Hudibras*, and the excitement it occasioned in the reading world. See *Memoirs*, (Bohn's edit.) vol. i. p. 364, 380; vol. ii. p. 68, 72.

\* AUBREY says, "Butler printed a witty poem called *Hudibras*, which took extremely, so that the King and Lord Chancellor Hyde would have him sent for. They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment." EVELYN, writing to Pepys in August, 1689, speaks of Butler's portrait as being hung in the Chancellor's dining-room; "and, what was most agreeable to his lordship's general humour, old Chaucer, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were both in one piece, Spenser, Mr Waller, Cowley, *Hudibras*, which last was placed in the room where he used to eat and dine in public, most of which, if not all, are at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire."



It was natural to suppose, that after the Restoration, and the publication of his *Hudibras*, our poet should have appeared in public life, and have been rewarded for the eminent service which his poem, by giving new popularity to the Cavalier party, and covering their enemies with derision and contempt, did to the royal cause. "Every eye," says Dr Johnson, "watched for the golden shower which was to fall upon its author, who certainly was not without his part in the general expectation." But his innate modesty, and studious turn of mind, prevented solicitations: never having tasted the idle luxuries of life, he did not make for himself needless wants, or pine after imaginary pleasures: his fortune, indeed, was small, and so was his ambition; his integrity of life, and modest temper, rendered him contented. There is good authority for believing, however, that at one time he was gratified with an order on the treasury for 300*l.* which is said to have passed all the offices without payment of fees, and this gave him an opportunity of displaying his disinterested integrity, by conveying the entire sum immediately to a friend, in trust for the use of his creditors. Dr Zachary Pearce, on the authority of Mr Lowndes of the treasury, asserts, that Mr Butler received from Charles the Second an annual pension of 100*l.*; add to this, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carberry, then lord president of the principality of Wales, and soon after steward of Ludlow castle,\* an office which he seems to have held in 1661 and 1662, but possibly earlier and later. With all this, the Court was thought to have been guilty of a glaring neglect in his case, and the public were scandalized at its ingratitude. The indigent poets, who have always claimed a prescriptive right to live on the munificence of their contemporaries, were the loudest in their remonstrances. Dryden, Oldham, and Otway, while in appearance they complained of the unrewarded merits of our author, obliquely lamented their private and particular grievances. Nash says that Mr Butler's own sense of the disappointment, and the impression it made on his spirits, are sufficiently marked by the circumstance of his having twice transcribed the following distich with some variation in his MS. common-place book:

\* It was at Ludlow Castle that Milton's *Comus* was first acted.

To think how Spenser died, how Cowley mourn'd,  
How Butler's faith and service were return'd.

In the same MS. he says, "Wit is very chargeable, and not to be maintained in its necessary expenses at an ordinary rate: it is the worst trade in the world to live upon, and a commodity that no man thinks he has need of, for those who have least believe they have most."

——— Ingenuity and wit  
Do only make the owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if th' had none.

But a recent biographer controverts this, and takes a more probable view of it: he says, "The assumption of Butler's poverty appears utterly unfounded. Though not wealthy, he seems, as far as we can judge, to have always lived in comfort, and we know from the statement of Mr Longueville that he died out of debt. Butler was not one of those

Who hoped to make their fortune by the great ;

and though no doubt he might have felt he had not been rewarded according to his deserts by his party, he was not entirely neglected. He had received a large share of popular applause, and was probably prouder of that, and of the power of castigating the follies and vices of mankind, even when displayed by those of his own party, than of being a more highly pensioned dependant of a Court that his writings show he despised. He was no 'needy wretch' in want of bread or a dinner ; his earliest biographer gives no hint of his distress ; he enjoyed friends of his own selection, and the injunction designates him as 'esquire,' a title not altogether so indiscriminately applied as at the present time. The only foundation for the assertion of his poverty consists in his having copied twice, in his common-place book, a distich from the prologue to the tragedy of Constantine the Great, said to have been written by Otway, though it was not acted till 1684, four years after Butler's death. It is supposed he might have seen the MS., or perhaps only heard the thought, as his copies vary from each other and from the lines as they ultimately appeared. It was, however, long the fashion to complain of

the scanty reward bestowed on literary pursuits; yet we are inclined to think, though authors had then a less certain support in the patronage of a few than now when they appeal to a numerous public, that the improvidence of the individual was more to blame than the niggardliness of the patrons, and of this improvidence there does not appear to be the slightest ground for accusing Butler."

Mr Butler spent some time in France, it is supposed when Lewis XIV. was in the height of his glory and vanity, but neither the language nor manners of Paris were pleasing to our modest poet. As some of his observations are amusing, they are inserted in a note.\* About

\* "The French use so many words, upon all occasions, that if they did not cut them short in pronunciation, they would grow tedious, and insufferable.

"They infinitely affect rhyme, though it becomes their language the worst in the world, and spoils the little sense they have to make room for it, and make the same syllable rhyme to itself, which is worse than metal upon metal in heraldry: they find it much easier to write plays in verse than in prose, for it is much harder to imitate nature, than any deviation from her; and prose requires a more proper and natural sense and expression than verse, that has something in the stamp and coin to answer for the alloy and want of intrinsic value. I never came among them, but the following line was in my mind:

*Raucaque garrulitas, studiumque inane loquendi;*

for they talk so much, they have not time to think; and if they had all the wit in the world, their tongues would run before it.

"The present king of France is building a most stately triumphal arch in memory of his victories, and the great actions which he has performed: but, if I am not mistaken, those edifices which bear that name at Rome were not raised by the emperors whose names they bear (such as Trajan, Titus, &c.), but were decreed by the Senate, and built at the expense of the public; for that glory is lost which any man designs to consecrate to himself.

"The king takes a very good course to weaken the city of Paris by adorning of it, and to render it less by making it appear greater and more glorious; for he pulls down whole streets to make room for his palaces and public structures.

"There is nothing great or magnificent in all the country, that I have seen, but the buildings and furniture of the king's houses and the churches; all the rest is mean and paltry.

"The king is necessitated to lay heavy taxes upon his subjects in his own defence, and to keep them poor in order to keep them quiet; for if they are suffered to enjoy any plenty, they are naturally so insolent, that they would become ungovernable, and use him as they have done his predecessors: but he has rendered himself so strong, that they have no thoughts of attempting anything in his time.

this time, he married Mrs Herbert, a lady reputed to be of good family, but whether she was a widow, or not, is uncertain, as the evidence is conflicting. With her he expected a considerable fortune, but, through the greater part of it having been put out on bad security, and other losses, occasioned, it is said, by knavery, it was of but little advantage to him. To this some have attributed his severe strictures upon the professors of the law; but, if his censures be properly considered, they will be found to bear hard only upon the disgraceful part of the profession, and upon false learning in general.

How long he continued in office, as steward of Ludlow Castle, is not known, but there is no evidence of his having exercised it after 1662. Anthony a Wood, on the authority of Aubrey, says that he became secretary to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge, but this is doubted by Grey, who nevertheless allows the Duke to have been his frequent benefactor. That both these assertions are false there is reason to suspect from a story told by Packe in his *Life of Wycherley*, as well as from Butler's character of the Duke, which will be found on next page. The story is this: "Mr Wycherley had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr Butler had deserved of the royal family by writing his inimitable *Hudibras*; and that it was a reproach to the Court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity and want. The Duke seemed always to listen to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to

"The churchmen overlook all other people as haughtily as the churches and steeples do private houses.

"The French do nothing without ostentation, and the king himself is not behind with his triumphal arches consecrated to himself, and his impress of the sun, *neq pluribus impar*.

"The French king, having copies of the best pictures from Rome, is as a great prince wearing clothes at second-hand: the king in his prodigious charge of buildings and furniture does the same thing to himself that he means to do by Paris, renders himself weaker by endeavouring to appear the more magnificent; lets go the substance for the shadow."



his new patron. At last, an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr Butler and his friend attended accordingly: the Duke joined them; but as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip along with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement, to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than in doing good offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he was, both in regard to his fortune and understanding. From that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise." The character drawn by the poet of the Duke of Buckingham, which we annex in a note,\* will be conclusive that he was not likely to have received any favour at his hands.

\* "A Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate, and, like a monster, he has more of some and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that fabric which nature raised to him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loopholes backwards, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat what was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases), which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being tired and sick of the old. Continual wine, women, and music put false values upon things, which by custom become habitual, and debauch his understanding, so that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style; and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartars' customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunt it, like an evil spirit that walks all night to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time, as men do their ways, in the dark; and as blind men are led by their dogs, so he is governed by some mean servant or other that relates to him his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon, which he lives under; and, although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely, that come



Notwithstanding discouragement and neglect, Butler still prosecuted his design, and in 1678, after an interval of nearly 15 years, published the third part of his *Hudibras*, which closes the poem somewhat abruptly. With this came out *the Epistle to the Lady*, and *the Lady's Answer*. How much more he originally intended, and with what events the action was to be concluded, it is vain to conjecture. After this period, we hear nothing of him till his death at the age of 68, which took place on the 25th of November, 1680, in Rose Street,\* Covent Garden, where he had for some years resided. He was buried at the expense of Mr William Longueville, though he did not die in debt. This gentleman, with other of his friends, wished to have him interred in Westminster Abbey with proper solemnity; but endeavoured in vain to obtain a sufficient subscription for that purpose. His corpse was deposited privately six feet deep, according to his own request, in the yard belonging to the church of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, at the west end of it, on the north side, under the wall of the church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. The burial service was performed by the learned Dr Patrick, then minister of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. In the year 1786, when the church was repaired, a marble monument was placed on the south side of the church on the inside,† by some of the parishioners, whose zeal for the memory of the learned poet does them honour: but the writer of the verses seems to have

and go; but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do pains."

\* A narrow and now rather obscure street, which runs circuitously from King Street, Covent Garden, to Long Acre. The site of the house is not now known. Curil the bookseller carried on his business here at the same time, and Dryden lived within a stone's throw in Long Acre, "over against Rose Street."

† This monument was a tablet, which of late years was affixed under the vestry-room window in that part of the church-yard where his body is supposed to lie. In 1854, when the church-yard was closed against further burials, the tablet, then in a dilapidated condition, was carted away with other debris.

mistaken the character of Mr Butler. The inscription runs thus :

"This little monument was erected in the year 1786, by some of the parishioners of Covent Garden, in memory of the celebrated Samuel Butler, who was buried in this church, A. D. 1680.

A few plain men, to pomp and state unknown,  
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone,  
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,  
Victim of zeal! the matchless Hudibras!  
What though fair freedom suffer'd in his page,  
Reader, forgive the author for the age!  
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,  
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.  
But, oh! let all be taught, from Butler's fate,  
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,  
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,  
And little faith is due to courts and kings."

Forty years after his burial at Covent Garden, that is, in 1721, John Barber, an eminent printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with the following inscription :

M. S.

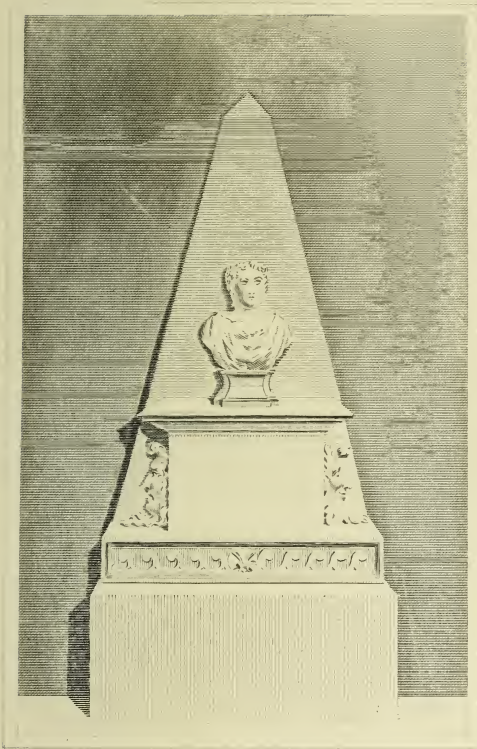
Samuelis Butler

Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. natus 1612,  
Obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer,  
Operibus ingenii non item præmiis felix.  
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius,  
Qui simulatae religionis larvam detraxit  
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit,  
Scriptorum in suo genere primus et postremus.  
Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia  
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus  
Hoc tandem posito marmore curavit  
Johannes Barber civis Londinensis 1721.\*

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\* Translation. — Sacred to the memory of Samuel Butler, who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, and died in London, in 1680, — a man of great learning, acuteness, and integrity; happy in the productions of his intellect, not so in the remuneration of them; a super-eminent master of satirical poetry, by which he lifted the mask of hypocrisy, and boldly exposed the crimes of faction. As a writer, he was the first and last in his peculiar style. John Barber, a citizen of London, in 1721, by at length erecting this marble, took care that he, who wanted almost everything when alive, might not also want a tomb when dead. *For an Engraving of the Monument, see Dart's Westminster Abbey, vol. i. plate 3.*



G.P. Wainwright Sculp.

WAINWRIGHT MONUMENT.

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On the latter part of this epitaph the ingenious Mr Samuel Wesley wrote the following lines :

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
 No generous patron would a dinner give ;  
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,  
 Presented with a monumental bust.  
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,  
 He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

Soon after this monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, some persons proposed to erect one in Covent Garden church, for which Mr Dennis wrote the following inscription :

Near this place lies interr'd  
 The body of Mr Samuel Butler,  
 Author of Hudibras.  
 He was a whole species of poets in one :  
 Admirable in a manner  
 In which no one else has been tolerable :  
 A manner which begun and ended in him,  
 In which he knew no guide,  
 And has found no followers.  
 Nat. 1612. Ob. 1680.

While in London, where Butler died, these tributes to his genius were set up at intervals by men of opposite principles, the place of his birth remained without any memorial until within the last few years, when a white marble tablet, with florid canopy, crockets, and finial, was placed in the parish church of Strensham, by John Taylor, of Strensham Court, Esq., upon whose estate the poet was born. In the design is a small figure of Hudibras, and the face of the tablet bears the following simple inscription :

“This tablet was erected to the memory of Samuel Butler, to transmit to future ages that near this spot was born a mind so celebrated. In Westminster Abbey, among the poets of England, his fame is recorded. Here, in his native village, in veneration of his talents and genius, this tribute to his memory has been erected by the possessor of the place of his birth—John Taylor, Strensham.”

What became of the lady he married is unknown, as there is no subsequent trace of her ; but it is presumed she died before him. Mr Gilfillan assumes that “subscriptions were raised for his widow,” but gives no authority, and we believe none exists.



“Hudibras (says Mr Nash) is Mr Butler’s capital work, and though the Characters, Poems, Thoughts, &c. published as Remains by Mr Thyer, in two volumes octavo, are certainly written by the same masterly hand, though they abound with lively sallies of wit, and display a copious variety of erudition, yet the nature of the subjects, their not having received the author’s last corrections, and many other reasons which might be given, render them less acceptable to the present taste of the public, which no longer relishes the antiquated mode of writing characters, cultivated when Butler was young, by men of genius, such as Bishop Earle and Mr Cleveland.

The three small volumes, entitled Posthumous Works, in prose and verse, by Mr Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, printed 1715, 1716, 1717, are all spurious, except the Pindaric Ode on Duval the highwayman, and one or two of the prose pieces. Mr Nash says, “As to the MSS. which after Mr Butler’s death came into the hands of Mr Longueville, and from which Mr Thyer published his Genuine Remains in the year 1759; what remain unpublished are either in the hands of the ingenious Doctor Farmer of Cambridge, or myself. For Mr Butler’s Common-place Book, mentioned by Mr Thyer, I am indebted to the liberal and public-spirited James Massey, Esq., of Rosthern, near Knotsford, Cheshire.”

The poet’s frequent and correct use of law terms\* is a sufficient proof that he was well versed in that science: but if further evidence were wanting, says Mr Nash, “I can produce a MS. purchased of some of our poet’s relations, at the Hay, in Brecknockshire, which appears to be a collection of legal cases and principles, regularly related from Lord Coke’s Commentary on Littleton’s Tenures. The language is Norman, or law French, and the authorities in the margin of the MS. correspond exactly with those given on the same positions in the first institute. The first book of the MS. ends with the 84th section, which same number of sections also terminates the first institute; and the second book is entitled *Le second livre del premier part del Institutes de Ley d’Engleterre*. It may, therefore, reasonably be presumed to have been compiled by Butler solely from Coke

\* Butler is said to have been a member of Gray’s-inn, and of a club with Cleveland and other wits inclined to the royal cause.

upon Littleton, with no other object than to impress strongly on his mind the sense of that author; and written in Norman, to familiarize himself with the barbarous language in which the learning of the common law of England was at that period almost uniformly expressed.

“As another instance of the poet’s great industry, I have a French dictionary, compiled and transcribed by him: thus our ancestors, with great labour, drew truth and learning out of deep wells, whereas our modern scholars only skim the surface, and pilfer a superficial knowledge from encyclopædias and reviews. It doth not appear that he ever wrote for the stage, though I have, in his MS. common-place book, part of an unfinished tragedy, entitled *Nero*.”

Concerning *Hudibras* there is but one sentiment. The admirable fecundity of wit, and the infinite variety of knowledge, displayed throughout the poem have been universally admitted. Dr Johnson well expresses the general sense of all its readers when he says, “If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure; he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted.” And he adds, “Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler’s treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his experience: whatever topic employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessories that books can furnish: he is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the by-paths of literature; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection.”

Various have been the attempts to define or describe the wit and humour of this celebrated poem; the greatest English writers have tried in vain, Cowley,\* Barrow,† Dryden,‡

\* In his Ode on Wit,—† In his Sermon against Foolish Talking and Jestings,—‡ In his Preface to an Opera called the State of Innocence.

Locke,\* Addison,† Pope,‡ and Congreve, all failed in their attempts; perhaps they are more to be felt than explained, and to be understood rather from example than precept. "If any one," says Nash, "wishes to know what wit and humour are, let him read *Hudibras* with attention, he will there see them displayed in the brightest colours: there is brilliancy resulting from the power of rapid illustration by remote contingent resemblances; propriety of words, and thoughts elegantly adapted to the occasion: objects which possess an affinity and congruity, or sometimes a contrast to each other, assembled with quickness and variety; in short, every ingredient of wit, or of humour, which critics have discovered, may be found in this poem. The reader may congratulate himself, that he is not destitute of taste to relish both, if he can read it with delight."

*Hudibras* is to an epic poem what a good farce is to a tragedy; persons advanced in years generally prefer the former, having met with tragedies enough in real life; whereas the comedy, or interlude, is a relief from anxious and disgusting reflections, and suggests such playful ideas, as wanton round the heart and enliven the very features.

The hero marches out in search of adventures, to suppress those sports, and punish those trivial offences, which the vulgar among the Royalists were fond of, but which the Presbyterians and Independents abhorred; and which our hero, as a magistrate of the former persuasion, thought it his duty officially to suppress. The diction is that of burlesque poetry, painting low and mean persons and things in pompous language and a magnificent manner, or sometimes leveling sublime and pompous passages to the standard of low imagery. The principal actions of the poem are four: *Hudibras's* victory over *Crowdero*—*Trulla's* victory over *Hudibras*—*Hudibras's* victory over *Sidrophel*—and the *Widow's* antimasquerade: the rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the *Skimmington*, *Hudibras's* conversations with the Lawyer and *Sidrophel*, and his long disputations with *Ralpho* and the *Widow*. The verse consists of eight syllables, or four feet; a measure which, in unskilful hands, soon becomes

\* Essay on Human Understanding, b. ii. c. 2.—† Spectator, No. 35 and 32.—‡ Essay concerning Humour in Comedy, and Corbyn Morris's Essay on Wit, Humour, and Raillery.

tiresome, and will ever be a dangerous snare to meaner and less masterly imitators.

The Scotch, the Irish, the American Hudibras, and a host of other imitations, are hardly worth mentioning; they only prove the excitement which this new species of poetry had occasioned; the translation into French, by Mr Towneley, an Englishman, is curious, it preserves the sense, but cannot keep up the humour. Prior seems to have come nearest the original, though he is sensible of his own inferiority, and says,

But, like poor Andrew, I advance,  
False mimic of my master's dance;  
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,  
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

His Alma is neat and elegant, and his versification superior to Butler's; but his learning, knowledge, and wit by no means equal. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish, but he wanted the bullion of his master. Hudibras, then, may truly be said to be the first and last satire of the kind; for if we examine Lucian's *Trago-podagra*, and other dialogues, the *Cæsars* of Julian, Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*, or the mock deification of Claudius, and some fragments of Varro, they will be found very different: the *Batrachomyomachia*, or battle of the frogs and mice, commonly ascribed to Homer, and the *Margites*, generally allowed to be his, prove this species of poetry to be of great antiquity.

The inventor of the modern mock heroic was Alessandro Tassoni, born at Modena 1565. His *Secchia rapita*, or Rape of the Bucket, is founded on the popular account of the cause of the civil war between the inhabitants of Modena and Bologna, in the time of Frederick II. This bucket was long preserved, as a trophy, in the cathedral of Modena, suspended by the chain which fastened the gate of Bologna, through which the Modenese forced their passage, and seized the prize. It is written in the ottava rima, the solemn measure of the Italian heroic poets, and has considerable merit.

The next successful imitators of the mock-heroic have been Boileau, Garth, and Pope, whose respective works are too generally known, and too justly admired, to require, at this time, description or encomium.



Hudibras has been compared to the *Satyre Menippée*, first published in France in the year 1593. The subject indeed is somewhat similar, a violent civil war excited by religious zeal, and many good men made the dupes of state politicians. After the death of Henry III. of France, the Duke de Mayence called together the states of the kingdom, to elect a successor, there being many pretenders to the crown; the consequent intrigues were the foundation of the *Satyre Menippée*, so called from Menippus, an ancient cynic philosopher and rough satirist, introducer of the burlesque species of dialogue. In this work are unveiled the different views and interests of the several actors in those busy scenes, who, under the pretence of public good, consulted only their private advantage, passions, and prejudices. This book, which aims particularly at the Spanish party, went through various editions, from its first publication to 1726, when it was printed at Ratisbon in three volumes, with copious notes and index. In its day it was as much admired as Hudibras, and is still studied by antiquaries with delight. But this satire differs widely from our author's: like those of Varro, Seneca, and Julian, it is a mixture of verse and prose, and though it contains much wit, and Mr Butler had certainly read it with attention, yet he cannot be said to imitate it.

The reader will perceive that our poet had more immediately in view, Don Quixote, Spenser, the Italian poets, together with the Greek and Roman classics; \* but very rarely, if ever, alludes to Milton, though *Paradise Lost* was published ten years before the third part of Hudibras.

Other sorts of burlesque have been published, such as the *Carmina Macaronica*, the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*, *Cotton's Virgil Travesty*, &c., but these are efforts of genius of no great importance, and many burlesque and satirical pieces, prose and verse, were published in France between the year 1533 and 1660, by Rabelais, Scarron, and others.

\* The editor has in his possession a copy of the first edition of the two parts of Hudibras, appended to which are about 100 pages of contemporary manuscript, indicating the particular passages of preceding writers which Butler is supposed to have had in view. Among the authors most frequently quoted are: Cervantes (*Don Quixote*), Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal and Persius, Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius, Lucan, Martial, Statius, Suetonius, Justin, Tacitus, Cicero, Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, Plinii *Historia Naturalis*, and Erasmi adagia.



Hudibras operated wonderfully in beating down the hypocrisy and false patriotism of the time. Mr Hayley gives a character of the author in four lines with great propriety :

“Unrival’d Butler ! blest with happy skill  
To heal by comic verse each serious ill,  
By wit’s strong flashes reason’s light dispense,  
And laugh a frantic nation into sense.”

For one great object of our poet’s satire is to unmask the hypocrite, and to exhibit, in a light at once odious and ridiculous, the Presbyterians and Independents, and all other sects, which in our poet’s days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the king ; but his further view was to banter all the false, and even all the suspicious, pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchymy, transfusion of blood, trifling conceits in experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit, and injudicious affectations of poets and romance writers. Thus he frequently alludes to Purchas’s *Pilgrimes*, Sir Kenelm Digby’s books, Bulwer’s *Artificial Changeling*, Sir Thomas Brown’s *Vulgar Errors*, Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Lilly’s *Astrology*, and the early transactions of the Royal Society. These books were much read and admired in our author’s days.

The adventure with the widow is introduced in conformity with other poets, both heroic and dramatic, who hold that no poem can be perfect which hath not at least one Episode of Love.

It is not worth while to inquire, if the characters painted under the fictitious names of Hudibras, Crowdero, Orsin, Talgol, Trulla, &c., were drawn from real life, or whether Sir Roger L’Estrange’s key to Hudibras\* be a true one. It matters not whether the hero were designed as the picture of Sir Samuel Luke, Colonel Rolls, or Sir Henry Rosewell ; he is, in the language of Dryden, Knight of the Shire, and represents them all, that is, the whole body of the Presbyterians, as Ralpho does that of the Independents. It would be degrading the liberal spirit and universal genius of Mr Butler, to narrow his general satire to a particular libel on any characters, however marked and prominent. To a single rogue, or

\* First published in 1714.

blockhead, he disdained to stoop ; the vices and follies of the age in which he lived were the quarry at which he flew ; these he concentrated, and embodied in the persons of Hudibras, Ralpho, Sidrophel, &c., so that each character in this admirable poem should be considered, not as an individual, but as a species.

Meanings still more remote and chimerical than mere personal allusions, have by some been discovered in Hudibras and the poem would have wanted one of those marks which distinguish works of superior merit, if it had not been supposed to be a perpetual allegory. Writers of eminence, Homer, Plato, and even the Holy Scriptures themselves, have been most wretchedly misrepresented by commentators of this cast. Thus some have thought that the hero of the piece was intended to represent the parliament, especially that part of it which favoured the Presbyterian discipline. When in the stocks, he is said to personate the Presbyterians after they had lost their power ; his first exploit against the bear, whom he routs, is assumed to represent the parliament getting the better of the king ; after this great victory he courts a widow for her jointure, which is supposed to mean the riches and power of the kingdom ; being scorned by her, he retires, but the revival of hope to the Royalists, draws forth both him and his squire, a little before Sir George Booth's insurrection. Magnano, Cerdon, Talgol, &c., though described as butchers, cobblers, tinkers, are made to represent officers in the parliament army, whose original professions, perhaps, were not much more noble : some have imagined Magnano to be the Duke of Albemarle, and his getting thistles from a barren land, to allude to his power in Scotland, especially after the defeat of Booth. Trulla means his wife ; Crowdero Sir George Booth, whose bringing in of Bruin alludes to his endeavours to restore the king ; his oaken leg, called the better one, is the king's cause, his other leg the Presbyterian discipline ; his fiddle-case, which in sport they hung as a trophy on the whipping-post, is the directory. Ralpho, they say, represents the Parliament of Independents, called Barebone's Parliament ; Bruin is sometimes the royal person, sometimes the king's adherents : Orsin represents the royal party ; Talgol the city of London ; Colon the bulk of the people. All these joining together against the Knight, represent Sir George



Booth's conspiracy, with Presbyterians and Royalists, against the parliament: their overthrow, through the assistance of Ralph, means the defeat of Booth by the assistance of the Independents and other fanatics. These ideas are, perhaps, only the frenzy of a wild imagination, though there may be some lines that seem to favour the conceit.

Dryden and Addison have censured Butler for his double rhymes; the latter nowhere argues worse than upon this subject: "If," says he, "the thought in the couplet be good, the rhymes add little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of rhyme to recommend it; I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggrel rhymes, than the parts that really deserve admiration."\* This reflection affects equally all sorts of rhyme, which certainly can add nothing to the sense; but double rhymes are like the whimsical dress of Harlequin, which does not add to his wit, but sometimes increases the humour and drollery of it: they are not sought for, but, when they come easily, are always diverting: they are so seldom found in Hudibras, as hardly to be an object of censure, especially as the diction and the rhyme both suit well with the character of the hero.

It must be allowed that our poet does not exhibit his hero with the dignity of Cervantes: but the principal fault of the poem is, that the parts are unconnected, and the story deficient in sustained interest; the reader may leave off without being anxious for the fate of his hero; he sees only *disjecti membra poetæ*; but we should remember that the parts were published at long intervals,† and that several of the different cantos were designed as satires on different subjects or extravagancies.

Fault has likewise been found, and perhaps justly, with Butler's too frequent elisions, the harshness of his numbers, and the omission of the signs of substantives; his inattention to grammar and syntax, which in some passages obscures his meaning; and the perplexity which sometimes arises from the amazing fruitfulness of his imagination, and extent

\* Spectator, No. 60.

† The Epistle to Sidrophel, not till many years after the canto to which it is annexed.

of his reading. Most writers have more words than ideas, and the reader wastes much pains with them, and gets little information or amusement. Butler, on the contrary, has more ideas than words; his wit and learning crowd so fast upon him, that he cannot find room or time to arrange them: hence his periods become sometimes embarrassed and obscure, and his dialogues too long. Our poet has been charged with obscenity, evil-speaking, and profaneness; but satirists will take liberties. Juvenal, and that elegant poet Horace, must plead his cause, so far as the accusation is well founded.

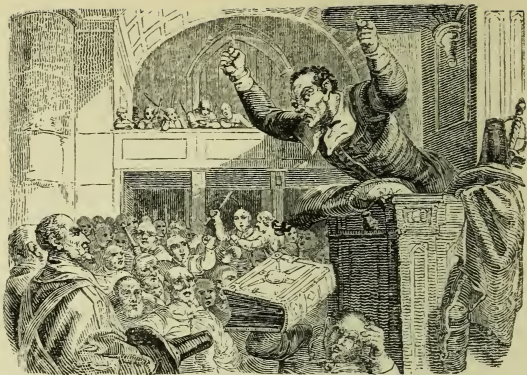
In the preceding memoir, Dr Nash, the latest and most authentic of Butler's biographers, has been our principal guide; the reader who is desirous of a more critical and elaborate, though sometimes unjustly severe, view of the poem and the poet, will turn without disappointment to the eloquent pages of Dr Johnson.



# H U D I B R A S.

PART I. CANTO I.





### THE ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS<sup>1</sup> his passing worth,  
The manner how he sallied forth,  
His arms and equipage, are shown ;  
His horse's virtues and his own.  
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Butler probably took the name of Hudibras from *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, B. ii. C. ii. St. 17.

He that made love unto the eldest dame  
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man ;  
Yet not so good of deeds, as great of name,  
Which he by many rash adventures wan,  
Since errant arms to sew he first began.

Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions a British king of this name, as living about the time of Solomon, and reigning 39 years. He is said to have composed all the dissensions among his people. Others have supposed it derived from the French, Hugo, or Hu de Bras, signifying Hugh with the strong arm : thus Fortinbras, Firebras.

In the *Grub-street Journal*, Col. Rolls, a Devonshire gentleman, is said to be satirized under the character of Hudibras ; and it is asserted, that Hugh de Bras was the name of the old tutelary saint of that county ; Dr Grey had been informed, on credible authority, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, Devonshire ; but it is idle to look for personal reflections in a poem designed for a general satire on hypocrisy, enthusiasm, and false learning. There is no doubt, however, that Sir Samuel Luke, of Bedfordshire, is the likeliest hero. See lines 15 and 902.

<sup>2</sup> A ridicule on Ronsard's *Franciade*, and Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*, both unfinished.

## HUDIBRAS. CANTO I.



WHEN civil dudgeon<sup>1</sup> first grew high,  
 And men fell out, they knew not why;<sup>2</sup>  
 When hard words,<sup>3</sup> jealousies, and fears<sup>4</sup>  
 Set folks together by the ears,  
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5  
 For dame Religion as for Punk;  
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
 Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:  
 When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded<sup>5</sup>  
 With long-ear'd<sup>6</sup> rout, to battle sounded, 10

<sup>1</sup> To take in *dudgeon* is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, a sort of grumbling in the gizzard (as Tom Hood has said), and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr Butler, in his edition of 1674, to civil fury, and so stood until 1700. But the original word was restored in 1704, and has been adopted, with two or three recent exceptions, ever since; and it unquestionably is most in keeping with the character of the poem. Dudgeon in its primitive sense is a dagger, and is so used towards the close of the present canto.

<sup>2</sup> It may be justly said they knew not why, since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before these unhappy troubles began."

<sup>3</sup> The jargon and cant-words used by the Presbyterians and other sectaries, such as gospel-walking-times, soul-saving, carnal-minded, carryings-on, workings-out, committee-dom, &c. They called themselves the elect, 'he saints, the predestinated, and their opponents Papists, Prelatists, reprobates, &c. &c. They set the people against the Common-prayer, which they asserted was the mass-book in English, and nicknamed it Porridge; and enraged them against the surplice, calling it a rag of Popery, the whore of Babylon's smock, and the smock of the whore of Rome.

<sup>4</sup> Jealousies and fears were words bandied between Charles I. and the parliament in all their papers, before the absolute breaking out of the war. They were used by the parliament to the king, in their petition for the militia, March 1, 1641-2; and by the king in his answer, "You speak of jealousies and fears; lay your hands to your hearts and ask yourselves, whether I may not be disturbed with jealousies and fears."

<sup>5</sup> The Presbyterians (many of whom before the war had got into parish churches) preached the people into rebellion, incited them to take up arms and fight the Lord's battles, and destroy the Amalekites, root and branch, hip and thigh. They told them also to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron. And Dr South has recorded that many of the regicides were drawn into the grand rebellion by the direful imprecations of seditious preachers from the pulpit. See *Spectator*, Nos. 60 and 153.

<sup>6</sup> The Puritans had a custom of putting their hands behind their ears, at sermons, and bending them forward, under pretence of hearing the bet-

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;<sup>1</sup>  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.<sup>2</sup>

A Wight he was, whose very sight would 15  
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood ;  
That never bow'd his stubborn knee<sup>3</sup>  
To anything but chivalry ;  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :<sup>4</sup> 20  
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,  
Either for chartel<sup>5</sup> or for warrant :  
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle :<sup>6</sup>

ter. Five hundred or a thousand large ears were sometimes pricked up in this fashion as soon as the text was named, and as they wore their hair very short (whence they were called round-heads), they were the more prominent. Dryden alludes to this in his line :

“And pricks up his predestinating ears.”

<sup>1</sup> Ridiculing their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Samuel Luke, of Bedfordshire, is no doubt the type of our hero. This has hitherto been merely surmised, first by Grey, and since by all his successors, including Nash ; but the present editor possesses a copy or the original edition, 1663, in which a MS. Key, evidently of the same date, gives the name of Sir Samuel Luke, without any question. Sir Samuel was a rigid Presbyterian, high in the favour of Cromwell, justice of the peace, chairman of the quarter sessions, a colonel in the parliament army, a committee-man of his own county, and scout-master-general in the counties of Bedford and Surrey. Butler was for a time in the service of Sir Samuel, probably as secretary ; and though in the centre of Puritan meetings, was at heart a Royalist and a Churchman.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the Presbyterians, who refused to kneel at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ; and insisted upon receiving it in a sitting or standing posture. In some of the kirks in Scotland, the pews are so made, that it is very difficult for any one to kneel.

<sup>4</sup> That is, did not kneel or submit to a blow, except when the King dubbed him a knight. Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, that when King James I., who had an antipathy to a sword, dubbed him knight, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright, in lieu of touching his shoulder, he had certainly run the point of it into his eye.

<sup>5</sup> A challenge ; also an agreement in writing between parties or armies which are enemies. *MS. Key.*

<sup>6</sup> *Swaddle*.—This word has two opposite meanings, one to beat or cudgel, the other to bind up or *swathe*, hence *swaddling* clothes. See Johnson, Webster, &c.

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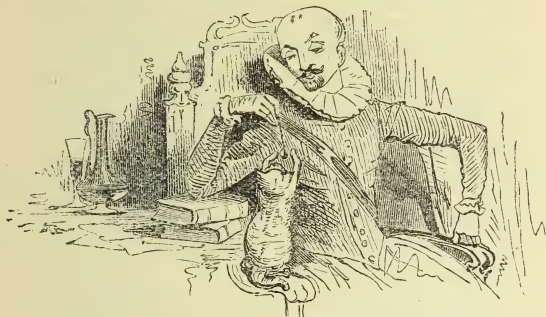
R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

MONTAIGNE.

*From a Print by Chereau*



Mighty he was at both of these,  
 And styled of War as well as Peace. 25  
 So some rats of amphibious nature  
 Are either for the land or water.  
 But here our authors make a doubt,  
 Whether he were more wise or stout.<sup>1</sup> 30  
 Some hold the one, and some the other;  
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,  
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain  
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;  
 Which made some take him for a tool 35  
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
 For t' has been held by many, that  
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,



Complains she thought him but an ass,<sup>2</sup>  
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras: 40  
 For that's the name our valiant knight  
 To all his challenges did write.  
 But they're mistaken very much,  
 'Tis plain enough he was no such;  
 We grant, although he had much wit, 45  
 H' was very shy of using it;

<sup>1</sup> A burlesque on the usual strain of rhetorical flattery, when authors pretend to be puzzled which of their patrons' noble qualities they should give the preference to.

<sup>2</sup> See this playful passage (quoted from Montaigne, *Essays* ii. 12) in Walton's *Angler*, chap. i.

As being loth to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about,  
 Unless on holy-days, or so,  
 As men their best apparel do. 56  
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak : <sup>1</sup>  
 That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.  
 Being rich in both, he never scanted 55  
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;  
 But much of either would afford  
 To many, that had not one word.  
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found  
 To flourish most in barren ground, <sup>2</sup> 60  
 He had such plenty, as sufficed  
 To make some think him circumcised ;  
 And truly so, perhaps, he was,  
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case. <sup>3</sup>  
 He was in Logic a great critic, 65  
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytic ;  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute. <sup>4</sup> 70  
 He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;

<sup>1</sup> " He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease  
 Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."

*Cranfield's Panegyric on Tom Coriate.*

<sup>2</sup> Alluding probably to a notion promulgated by Echard and Sir Thomas Browne, that as Hebrew is the primitive language of man, children, if removed from all society, "brought up in a wood, and suckled by a wolf," would, at four years old, instinctively speak Hebrew. Some students in Hebrew (especially John Ryland, the friend of Robert Hall) have been very angry with these lines, and assert that they have done more to prevent the study of that language, than all the professors have done to promote it.

<sup>3</sup> In the first editions this couplet was differently expressed.

And truly so he was perhaps,  
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

<sup>4</sup> Carneades, the academic, having one day disputed at Rome very copiously in praise of justice, refuted every word on the morrow, by a train of contrary arguments.—Something similar is said of Cardinal Perron.

He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a Lord may be an owl;  
 A calf an Alderman,<sup>1</sup> a goose a Justice,<sup>2</sup> 75  
 And rooks, Committee-Men or Trustees.<sup>3</sup>  
 He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination.  
 All this by syllogism true,  
 In mood and figure, he would do. 80  
 For Rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope :  
 And when he happen'd to break off  
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,<sup>4</sup>  
 H' had hard words ready, to show why,<sup>5</sup> 85  
 And tell what rules he did it by.  
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.  
 For all a Rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90  
 But when he pleased to show 't, his speech  
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;

<sup>1</sup> Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing what he called a malignant psalm.

<sup>2</sup> After the declaration of No more addresses to the king, they who before were not above the condition of ordinary constables now became justices of the peace. Chelmsford, at the beginning of the rebellion, was governed by two tailors, two cobblers, two pedlars, and a tinker.

<sup>3</sup> A rook is supposed to devour the grain ; hence, by a figure, applied to the committee-men, who, under the authority of parliament, harassed and oppressed the country, devouring, in an arbitrary manner, the property of those they did not like. An ordinance was passed in 1649, for the sale of the royal lands, to pay the army ; the common soldiers purchasing by regiments, like corporations, and having *trustees* for the whole. These trustees often purchased the soldiers' shares at a very small price, and cheated both officers and soldiers, by detaining the trust estates for their own use.

<sup>4</sup> The preachers of those days looked upon coughing and hemming as ornaments of speech ; and when they printed their sermons, noted in the margin where the preacher coughed or hemm'd. This practice was not confined to England, for Olivier Maillard, a Cordelier, and famous preacher, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and marked in the margin where the preacher hemm'd once or twice, or coughed.

<sup>5</sup> Amongst the "hard words" of the rhetoricians ridiculed here, were such as hyperbaton, ecphonesis, asyndeton, aporia, homœosis, hyperbole, hypomene, apodioxis, anadiplosis, &c. &c.; for the meanings of which, see Webster's Dictionary.

A Babylonish dialect,  
 Which learned pedants much affect.  
 It was a parti-colour'd dress 95  
 Of patch'd and piebald languages:  
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.<sup>1</sup>  
 It had an odd promiscuous tone  
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 100  
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.  
 This he as volubly would vent 105  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :  
 And truly, to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large.  
 For he could coin, or counterfeit  
 New words, with little or no wit ; 110  
 Words so debased and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on.  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
 The ignorant for current took 'em.  
 That had the orator, who once 115  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones<sup>3</sup>  
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,  
 He would have used no other ways.  
 In Mathematics he was greater  
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :<sup>4</sup> 120

<sup>1</sup> Slashed sleeves and hose may be seen in the pictures of Dobson, Vandyke, and others; they were coarse fustian pinked, or cut into holes, that the satin might appear through it.

<sup>2</sup> Diodorus Siculus mentions some southern islands, the inhabitants of which, having their tongues divided, were capable of speaking two different languages at once, and Rabelais, in his account of the monster Hearsay (see Works, Bohn's Edit. v. 2, p. 45), observes, that his mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts, and that he talked with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages.

<sup>3</sup> Demosthenes.

<sup>4</sup> William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times. The House of Commons had so great a regard to his predictions, that the author of *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (No. 20) styles the members the sons of Erra Pater, an old astrologer, of whose predictions John Taylor, the water poet, makes mention.



R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

TYCHO BRAHE.

*From a piece of paper.*



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For he, by geometric scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale;  
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,  
 If bread or butter wanted weight;<sup>1</sup>  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
 The clock does strike, by Algebra. 125

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,  
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over:  
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,<sup>2</sup>  
 He understood b' implicit faith: 130  
 Whatever Sceptic could inquire for,  
 For every WHY he had a WHEREFORE:<sup>3</sup>  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go.  
 All which he understood by rote, 135  
 And, as occasion served, would quote;  
 No matter whether right or wrong;  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell; 140  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts;<sup>4</sup>  
 Where entity and quiddity, 145  
 The ghost of defunct bodies fly;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As a justice of the peace it was his duty to inspect weights and measures:

“For well his Worship knows, that ale-house sins  
 Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins.”

*A Satyr against Hypocrites*, p. 3, 4.

<sup>2</sup> If any copy would warrant it, I should read “author saith.” *Nash*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, he could answer one question by asking another, or elude one difficulty by proposing another. Ray gives the phrase as a proverb. See *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 142.

<sup>4</sup> A thing is in potentia, when it is possible, but does not actually exist; a thing is in act, when it is not only possible, but does exist. A thing is said to be reduced from power into act, when that which was only possible begins really to exist. How far we can know the nature of things by abstracts, has long been a dispute. See Locke, on the Understanding.

<sup>5</sup> A satire upon the abstract notions of the metaphysicians. Butler humorously calls the metaphysical essences ghosts or shadows of real substances.

Where Truth in person does appear,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.<sup>2</sup>  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly.<sup>3</sup> 150  
 In school-divinity as able  
 As he that hight irrefragable;  
 A second Thomas, or at once,  
 To name them all, another Duns:<sup>4</sup>  
 Profound in all the nominal, 155  
 And real ways, beyond them all;  
 And, with as delicate a hand,  
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand;<sup>5</sup>  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull  
 That's empty when the moon is full;<sup>6</sup> 160  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.

<sup>1</sup> Some authors have represented truth as a real thing or person, whereas it is nothing but a right method of putting man's notions or images of things into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature. See Aristotle, Met. lib. 2.

<sup>2</sup> In Rabelais, Pantagruel throws upon deck three or four handfuls of frozen words. This notion is humorously elaborated in the Tatler, p. 254, and in Munchausen's Travels.

<sup>3</sup> The jest here is in giving a vulgar expression as the translation of the "quid est quid" of our old logicians.

<sup>4</sup> These two lines were omitted after the second edition, but restored in 1704. This whole passage is a smart satire upon the old School divines, many of whom were honoured with some extravagant epithet, and as well known by it as by their proper names: thus *Alexander Hales* was called doctor irrefragable, or invincible; *Thomas Aquinas*, the angelic doctor, or eagle of divines; *Duns Scotus*, the great opponent of the doctrine of Aquinas, acquired, by his logical acuteness, the title of the subtle doctor. This last was father of the Reals, and *William Ockham* of the Nominals. See a full account of these Schoolmen in Tennemann's Manual (Bohn's edit. p. 243 et seq.).

<sup>5</sup> A proverbial saying applicable to those who lose their labour by busying themselves in trifles, or attempting things impossible. The couplet stood thus in the first and all succeeding editions till 1704:—

For he a rope of sand could twist  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist.

The proverb is supposed to be derived from the story of the devil being baulked of a soul for which he had contracted (under the guise of a doctor of the College of Sorbonne), by not being able to make a rope of sand.

<sup>6</sup> That is, subtle questions or foolish conceits, fit for the brain of a lunatic.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice ;  
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165  
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to show with how small pain  
 The sores of Faith are cured again ; 170  
 Altho' by woful proof we find  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it, 175  
 Below the moon, or else above it :  
 What Adam dreamt of when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side :  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a High-Dutch interpreter :<sup>2</sup> 180  
 If either of them had a navel ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Who first made music malleable :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a banter upon the many learned and laborious treatises which have been published on the Site of Paradise ; some affirming it to be above the moon, others above the air ; some that it is the whole world, others only a part of the north ; some thinking that it was nowhere, whilst others supposed it to be God knows where in the West Indies. Rudbeck, a Swede, asserts that Sweden was the real Paradise. The learned Bishop Huet gives a map of Paradise, and says it is situated upon the canal formed by the Tigris and Euphrates, near Aracca. Mahomet assured his followers, that Paradise was seated in heaven, and that Adam was cast out from thence when he transgressed. Humboldt (see *Cosmos*, Bohn, vol. i. p. 364-5) brings up the rear, with telling us that every nation has a Paradise somewhere on the other side of the mountains.

<sup>2</sup> Joh. Goropius Becanus maintained the Teutonic to be the first and most ancient language in the world, and assumed it to have been spoken in Paradise.

<sup>3</sup> "Over one of the doors of the King's antechamber at St James's, is a picture of Adam and Eve, painted by Mabuse, which formerly hung in the gallery at Whitehall, thence called the Adam and Eve Gallery. Evelyn, in the preface to his 'Idea of the Perfection of Painting,' mentions this picture, and objects to the absurdity of representing Adam and Eve with navels." See Sir Thomas Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*. Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, has a chapter expressly on this subject, and is, no doubt, what the poet is quizzing.

<sup>4</sup> This relates to the idea that music was first invented by Pythagoras, on hearing the variations of sound produced by a blacksmith striking his anvil with a hammer—a story which has been frequently ridiculed.

Whether the serpent, at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet, or none at all.<sup>1</sup>  
 All this without a gloss, or comment, 185  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out, and miss the matter.  
 For his Religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit: 190  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue,<sup>2</sup>  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant<sup>3</sup> saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant:<sup>4</sup>  
 Such as do build their faith upon 195  
 The holy text of pike and gun;<sup>5</sup>  
 Decide all controversy by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 By apostolic blows and knocks; 200  
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
 A godly-thorough-Reformation,  
 Which always must be carried on,  
 And still be doing, never done:

<sup>1</sup> That curse upon the serpent, "on thy belly shalt thou go," seeming to imply a deprivation of what he enjoyed before, has been thought to imply that the serpent must previously have had feet. Accordingly St Basil says, he went erect like a man, and had the use of speech, before the fall.

<sup>2</sup> "True blue," which is found in the old proverb, "true blue will never stain," is used here as an indication of stubborn adherence to party, right or wrong. There is another reference to it in Part III., Canto II., line 870. *Blue* has immemorially been regarded as the emblematical colour of fidelity, and was the usual livery of servants.

—came a velvet justice, with a long  
 Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong.

DONNE, *Sat. I.*

<sup>3</sup> Literally, itinerant, such as missionaries. But the poet no doubt uses the word "errant" with a double meaning, that is, in the sense of knights "errant" as well as "errant" knaves.

<sup>4</sup> The church on earth is called militant, as struggling with temptations, and subject to persecutions: but the Presbyterians of those days were literally the church militant, fighting with the establishment, and all that opposed them.

<sup>5</sup> Cornet Joyce, when he carried away the king from Holdenby, being desired by his Majesty to show his instructions, drew up his troop in the inner court, and said, "These, sir, are my instructions."



As if Religion were intended 205  
 For nothing else but to be mended.  
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies:<sup>1</sup>  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss:<sup>2</sup> 210  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick:  
 That with more care keep holy-day  
 The wrong, than others the right way:<sup>3</sup>  
 Compound for sins they are inclined to, 215  
 By damning those they have no mind to:  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.  
 The self-same thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for. 220  
 Free-will they one way disavow,  
 Another, nothing else allow.<sup>4</sup>  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin.  
 Rather than fail, they will defy 225  
 That which they love most tenderly ;

<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterians not only opposed some of the articles of belief held by others, but also the pastimes and amusements of the people. Among other things, they reckoned it sinful to eat plum-porridge, or minced pies, at Christmas. The cavaliers, observing the formal carriage of their adversaries, fell into the opposite extreme, and ate and drank plentifully every day, especially after the Restoration.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Elizabeth was often heard to say, that she knew very well what would content the Catholics, but could never learn what would content the Puritans.

<sup>3</sup> In the year 1645, Christmas-day was ordered to be observed as a *fast*: and on the other hand, Oliver, when Protector, was *feasted* by the lord mayor on Ash-Wednesday. When James the First desired the magistrates of Edinburgh to feast the French ambassadors before their return to France, the ministers proclaimed a fast to be kept the same day. The innovation is thus wittily satirized in a ballad of the time:

"Gone are the golden days of yore,  
 When Christmas was an high day,  
 Whose sports we now shall see no more,—  
 'Tis turn'd into Good Friday."

<sup>4</sup> As maintaining absolute predestination, and denying the liberty of man's will: at the same time contending for absolute freedom in rites and ceremonies, and the discipline of the church.

Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230  
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,<sup>1</sup>  
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct  
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,  
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235  
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward :  
 That next of all we shall discuss ;  
 Then listen, Sirs, it followeth thus : 240  
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;  
 In cut and dye so like a tile,<sup>3</sup>  
 A sudden view it would beguile :  
 The upper part thereof was whey, 245  
 The nether orange, mixt with grey.  
 This hairy meteor did denounce  
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;<sup>4</sup>  
 With grisly type did represent  
 Declining age of government, 250

<sup>1</sup> The Ass is the milk-white beast called Alborach, which Mahomet tells us, in the Koran, the angel Gabriel brought to carry him to the presence of God. Alborach refused to let him get up, unless he would promise to procure him an entrance into paradise. Widgeon means the pigeon, which Mahomet taught to eat out of his ear, that it might be thought to be the means of divine communication. Our poet calls it a widgeon, for the sake of equivoque: widgeon, in the figurative sense, signifying a foolish silly fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Bruno Ryves, in his *Mercurius Rusticus*, gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience, in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him, but refused, because he said it was stolen; but being to march away, he, who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare.

<sup>3</sup> In the time of Charles I., the beard was worn sharply peaked in a triangular form, like the old English tiles. Some had pasteboard cases to put over their beards in the night, lest they should get rumpled during their sleep.

<sup>4</sup> As a comet is supposed to portend some public calamity, so this parliamentary beard threatened monarchy.

And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its own grave and the state's were made.  
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
 In time to make a nation rue;<sup>2</sup>  
 Tho' it contributed its own fall,  
 To wait upon the public downfall:<sup>3</sup>  
 It was canonic,<sup>4</sup> and did grow  
 In holy orders, by strict vow:<sup>5</sup>  
 Of rule as sullen and severe  
 As that of rigid Cordeliere.<sup>6</sup>  
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution  
 And martyrdom with resolution;  
 T' oppose itself against the hate  
 And vengeance of th' incensed state:  
 In whose defiance it was worn,  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,  
 Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the pictures of Time and Death.

<sup>2</sup> Heart-breakers were particular curls worn by the ladies, and sometimes by men. Samson's strength consisted in his hair; when that was cut off, he was taken prisoner; when it grew again, he was able to pull down the house, and destroy his enemies.

<sup>3</sup> Many of the Presbyterians and Independents swore not to cut their beards till monarchy and episcopacy were ruined. Such vows were common among the barbarous nations, especially the Germans. Civilis, as we learn from Tacitus, having destroyed the Roman legions, cut his hair, which he had vowed to let grow from his first taking up arms. And it became at length a national custom among some of the Germans, never to trim their hair, or their beards, till they had killed an enemy.

<sup>4</sup> The later editions, for *canonic*, read *monastic*.

<sup>5</sup> The vow of not shaving the beard till some particular event happened was not uncommon in those times. In a humorous poem, falsely ascribed to Mr Butler, entitled *The Cobbler and Vicar of Bray*, we read,

This worthy knight was one that swore  
 He would not cut his beard,  
 Till this ungodly nation was  
 From kings and bishops clear'd.

Which holy vow he firmly kept,  
 And most devoutly wore  
 A grisly meteor on his face,  
 Till they were both no more.

<sup>6</sup> An order so called in France, from the knotted cord which they wore about their middles. In England they were named Grey Friars, and were the strictest branch of the Franciscans.

Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast  
 As long as monarchy should last ; 270  
 But when the state should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate  
 A sacrifice to fall of state ;  
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters <sup>1</sup> 275  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow. 280  
 So learned Taliacotius, from  
 The brawny part of porter's bum,  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Would last as long as parent breech : <sup>2</sup>  
 But when the date of Nock was out, <sup>3</sup> 285  
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.  
 His back, or rather burthen, show'd  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.  
 For as Æneas bore his sire  
 Upon his shoulders thro' the fire, 290  
 Our knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back :  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.  
 To poise this equally, he bore 295  
 A paunch of the same bulk before :  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;  
 As white-pot, <sup>4</sup> butter-milk, and curds,  
 Such as a country-house affords ; 300

<sup>1</sup> Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the three destinies whom the ancient poets feigned to spin and determine how long the thread of life should last.

<sup>2</sup> Taliacotius was professor of physic and surgery at Bologna, where he was born, 1553. His treatise in Latin, on the art of ingrafting noses, is well known. See a very humorous account of him, Tatler, No. 260.

<sup>3</sup> Nock is a British word, signifying a slit or crack, and hence, figuratively, the fundament ; but the more usual term was *nock-andro*. Nock, Nockys, is used by Gawin Douglas in his version of the Æneid, for the bottom or extremity of anything.

<sup>4</sup> A Devonshire dish.

With other victual, which anon  
 We further shall dilate upon,  
 When of his hose we come to treat,  
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305  
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for *his* use,  
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.<sup>1</sup>

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ; 310  
 To old King Harry so well known,  
 Some writers held they were his own.<sup>2</sup>

Thro' they were lined with many a piece  
 Of ammunition-bread and cheese,  
 And fat black-puddings, proper food 315  
 For warriors that delight in blood.

For, as we said, he always chose  
 To carry vittle in his hose,  
 That often tempted rats and mice,  
 The ammunition to surprise : 320

And when he put a hand but in  
 The one or th' other magazine,  
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
 And from the wounded foe drew blood ;  
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325  
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt :

And tho' knights errant, as some think,  
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,<sup>3</sup>  
 Because when thorough deserts vast,  
 And regions desolate, they past, 330  
 Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,

<sup>1</sup> A man of nice honour suffers more from a kick, or a slap in the face, than from a wound. Sir Walter Raleigh says, to be stricken with a sword is like a man, but to be stricken with a stick is like a slave.

Henry VIII. besieged Boulogne in person, July 14, 1544. He was very fat, and consequently his breeches very large. See the engravings published by the Society of Antiquaries.

<sup>3</sup> "Though I think, says Don Quixote, that I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that knights errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets ; at other times, they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts."



Unless they grazed, there's not one word  
 Of their provision on record :  
 Which made some confidently write, 335  
 They had no stomachs but to fight.  
 'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall  
 Round-table like a farthingal,<sup>1</sup>  
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
 And eke before, his good knights dined. 340  
 Tho' 'twas no table some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose :  
 In which he carried as much meat  
 As he and all his knights could eat,<sup>2</sup>  
 When laying by their swords and truncheons, 345  
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.<sup>3</sup>  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We should forget where we digrest ;  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350  
 His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,  
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both.  
 In it he melted lead for bullets, 355  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets ;  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,<sup>4</sup>  
 For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360

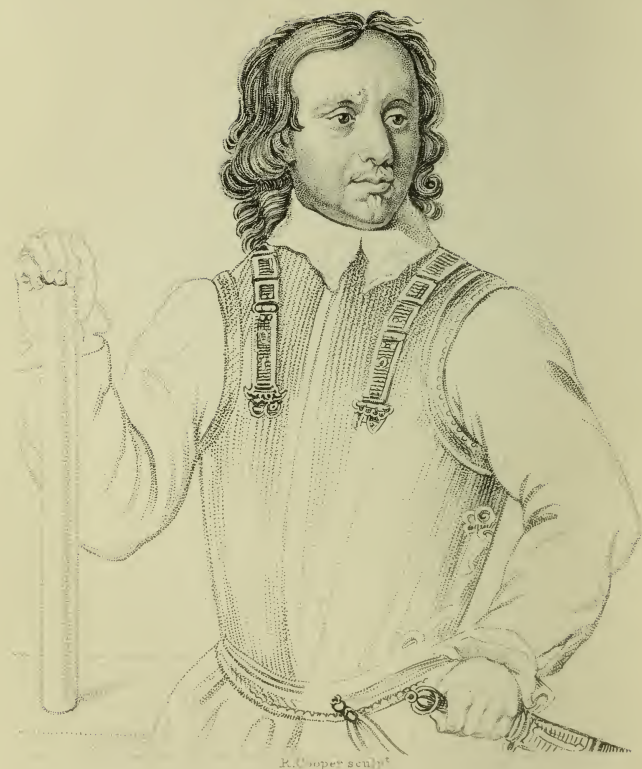
<sup>1</sup> The farthingale was a large hoop petticoat worn by the ladies. King Arthur is said to have made choice of the round table that his knights might not quarrel about precedence.

<sup>2</sup> True-wit, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, says of Sir Amorous La Fool, "If he could but victual himself for half-a-year in his breeches, he is sufficiently armed to overrun a country." Act 4, sc. 5.

<sup>3</sup> A substitute for a regular meal; equivalent to what is now called a luncheon. Our ancestors in the 13th and 14th century had four meals a day,—breakfast at 7; dinner at 10; supper at 4; and livery at 8 or 9; soon after which they went to bed. The tradesmen and labouring people had only three meals a day,—breakfast at 8; dinner at 12; and supper at 6. They had no livery.

<sup>4</sup> Toledo, in Spain, famous for the manufacture of swords: the Toledo blades were generally broad, to wear on horseback, and of great length, suitable to the old Spanish dress.

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R. Cooper sculp.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*From an original Picture by Kneller*

And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of somebody to hew and hack.  
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,  
 The rancour of its edge had felt :  
 For of the lower end two handful 365  
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
 As if it durst not show its face.  
 In many desperate attempts,  
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,<sup>1</sup> 370  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant Bum, invading shoulder :<sup>2</sup>  
 Oft had it ta'en possession,  
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.  
 This sword a dagger had, his page, 375  
 That was but little for his age :<sup>3</sup>  
 And therefore waited on him so,  
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do.  
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,<sup>4</sup>  
 Either for fighting or for drudging :<sup>5</sup> 380  
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,  
 Toast cheese or bacon,<sup>6</sup> though it were  
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385  
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth :  
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
 Where this, and more, it did endure ;  
 But left the trade, as many more  
 Have lately done, on the same score.<sup>7</sup> 390

<sup>1</sup> Exigent is a writ issued in order to bring a person to an outlawry, if he does not appear to answer the suit commenced against him.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the method by which bum-bailiffs, as they are called, arrest persons, by giving them a tap on the shoulder.

<sup>3</sup> Thus Homer accoutres Agamemnon with a dagger hanging near his sword, which he used instead of a knife. *Iliad*. Lib. iii. 271.

<sup>4</sup> A dudgeon was a short sword, or dagger: from the Teutonic *Degen*.

<sup>5</sup> That is, for domestic uses or any drudgery, such as follows in the next verses.

<sup>6</sup> Corporal Nym says, in Shakspeare's *Henry V.*, "I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one, but what though—it will toast cheese."

<sup>7</sup> A joke upon Oliver Cromwell, who was said to be the son of a brewer in Huntingdonshire. It was frequently the subject of lampoons during his life-

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,  
 Two aged pistols he did stow,  
 Among the surplus of such meat  
 As in his hose he could not get.  
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395  
 To forage when the cocks were bent ;  
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,  
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.  
 They were upon hard duty still,  
 And every night stood sentinel, 400  
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose,  
 From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,  
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.  
 But first, with nimble active force, 405  
 He got on th' outside of his horse.<sup>1</sup>  
 For having but one stirrup tied  
 T' his saddle, on the further side,  
 It was so short, h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe. 410  
 But after many strains and heaves,  
 He got upon the saddle eaves,  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
 That he had almost tumbled over 415  
 With his own weight, but did recover,  
 By laying hold on tail and mane,  
 Which oft he used instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,  
 Before we further do proceed, 420  
 It doth behove us to say something  
 Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.

time. Pride had been a brewer, Hewson and Scott brewers' clerks.

<sup>1</sup> Nothing can be more completely droll, than this description of Hudibras mounting his horse. He had one stirrup tied on the off-side very short, the saddle very large; the knight short, fat, and unwieldy, having his breeches and pockets stuffed with black puddings and other provision, over-acting his effort to mount, and nearly tumbling over on the opposite side; his single spur, we may suppose, catching in some of his horse's furniture. Cleveland identifies this picture in his lines: — "like Sir Samuel Luke in a great saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy feather in his crown."



The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;  
I would say eye, for h' had but one, 425  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his gait,  
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.  
At spur or switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt : <sup>1</sup> 430  
And yet so fiery, he would bound,  
As if he grieved to touch the ground :  
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,  
Had corns upon his feet and toes,<sup>2</sup>  
Was not by half so tender-hooft, 435  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft :  
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,  
Some write, to take his rider up : <sup>3</sup>  
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,  
Would often do, to set him down. 440  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of leather was upon his back :  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.  
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445  
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :  
For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
'Twixt every two there was a channel.  
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
Which on his rider he would flirt, 450  
Still as his tender side he prickt,  
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt :  
For Hudibras wore but one spur,  
As wisely knowing, could he stir

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to Sir Roger l'Estrange's story of a Spaniard, who was condemned to run the gauntlet, and disdained to avoid any part of the punishment by mending his pace.

<sup>2</sup> Suetonius relates, that the hoofs of Cæsar's horse were divided like human toes. See also Montfaucon, *Antiquité expliquée*, vol. ii. p. 58.

<sup>3</sup> Stirrups were not in use in the time of Cæsar. Common persons, who were active and hardy, vaulted into their seats; and persons of distinction had their horses taught to bend down towards the ground, or else they were assisted by their equerries.

To active trot one side of's horse, 455  
The other would not hang an arse.<sup>1</sup>

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,<sup>2</sup>  
That in th' adventure went his half.  
Though writers, for more stately tone,  
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one : 460  
And when we can, with metre safe,  
We'll call him so, if not, plain Raph.<sup>3</sup>  
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.  
An equal stock of wit and valour 465  
He had lain in, by birth a tailor.  
The mighty Tyrian queen that gain'd,  
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,<sup>4</sup>  
Did leave it, with a castle fair,  
To his great ancestor, her heir ; 470  
From him descended cross-legg'd knights ;<sup>5</sup>  
Famed for their faith and warlike fights  
Against the bloody Cannibal,<sup>6</sup>  
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.

<sup>1</sup> This jest had previously appeared in an old book called *Gratiæ ludentes*, or *Jests from the Universities*, 1638, where it runs thus : "A scholar being jeered on the way for wearing but one spur, said that if one side of his horse went on, it was not likely the other would stay behind."

<sup>2</sup> As the knight was of the Presbyterian party, so the squire was an Anabaptist or Independent. This gives our author an opportunity of characterizing these several sects, and of showing their joint concurrence against the king and church.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange supposes, that the original of Ralph was one Isaac Robinson, a butcher in Moorfields : another authority thinks that the character was designed for Pemble a tailor, one of the committee of sequestrators. Grey supposes, that the name of Ralph was taken from the grocer's apprentice, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." Mr Pemberton, who was a relation and godson of Mr Butler, said, that the 'squire was designed for Ralph Bedford, esquire, member of parliament for the town of Bedford.

<sup>4</sup> The allusion is to the well-known story of Dido, who purchased as much land as she could surround with an ox's hide. She cut the hide into extremely narrow strips, and so obtained twenty-two furlongs. See Virg. *Æneid*. lib. i. 367.

<sup>5</sup> A double allusion. Tailors sit at their work in this posture ; and Crusaders are represented on funeral monuments with their legs across.

<sup>6</sup> Tailors, as well as Crusaders, are famed for their faith, though of different kinds. The words, bloody cannibal, are meant to be equally applicable to the Saracens and a louse.

This sturdy Squire had, as well 475  
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold lace.  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 The knight's, but of another kind, 480  
 And he another way came by't;  
 Some call it Gifts, and some New Light.  
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 His wits were sent him for a token,<sup>2</sup> 485  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
 Like commendation nine-pence, crookt  
 With—to and from my love—it lookt.<sup>3</sup>  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth; 490  
 And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.<sup>4</sup>  
 But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too.  
 For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495  
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this, with hem and cough,  
 Prolongers to enlighten'd snuff,<sup>5</sup>  
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,  
 As easily as thread a needle; 500

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Æneas's descent into hell, and the tailor's receptacle for his filchings, also called hell.

<sup>2</sup> Var. "His wit was sent him."

<sup>3</sup> From this passage, and the proverb "he has brought his noble to ninepence," one would be led to conclude, that coins were commonly struck of that value; but only two instances of the kind are recorded by Mr Folkes, both during the civil wars, the one at Dublin, and the other at Newark. Long before this period, however, by royal proclamation of July 9, 1551, the base testoons or shillings of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. were rated at ninepence, and these were as abundant as sixpences or shillings until 1696, when all money not milled was called in. Such pieces were often bent and given as love-tokens, and were called "To my love and from my love." See Tatler, No. 240.

<sup>4</sup> When the barber came to shave Sir Thomas More, the morning of his execution, the prisoner told him, "that there was a contest betwixt the King and him for his head, and he would not willingly lay out more upon it than it was worth."

<sup>5</sup> *Enlighten'd snuff*.—This reading, which is confirmed by Butler's *Ge*.

For as of vagabonds we say,  
 That they are ne'er beside their way :  
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,  
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
 'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit, 505  
 Which none see by but those that bear it :  
 A light that falls down from on high,<sup>1</sup>  
 For spiritual trades to cōzen by :  
 An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,  
 And leads men into pools and ditches,<sup>2</sup> 510  
 To make them dip themselves, and sound  
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;  
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,  
 And fish to catch regeneration.  
 This light inspires, and plays upon 515  
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal ear  
 But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear. 520  
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,  
 Into small poets song infuse ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,  
 Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.  
 Thus Ralph became infallible, 525  
 As three or four legg'd oracle,  
 The ancient cup, or modern chair ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

nuine Remains, seems preferable to "enlightened stuff," and is a good allusion. As a lamp just expiring with a faint light, for want of oil, emits flashes at intervals ; so the *tailor's* shallow discourse, like the extempore preaching of his brethren, was lengthened out with hems and coughs, with stops and pauses, for want of matter.

<sup>1</sup> A burlesque parallel between traders in spiritual gifts, and traders who show their goods to advantage by means of sky-lights. \*

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the Anabaptists, or Dippers. There were two sorts of Anabaptists, one called the *Old Men* or *Aspersi*, because they were only sprinkled ; the other called *New Men* or *Immersi*, because they were overwhelmed in their rebaptization. See *Mercurius Rusticus*, No. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Poetry and Enthusiasm are closely allied : a Poet is an Enthusiast in jest ; an Enthusiast a Poet in earnest.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to Joseph's divining-cup, Gen. xlv. 5 ; the Pope's infallible chair ; and the tripes, or three-legged stool of the priestess of Apollo a'

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HENRIKUS CORNELIUS ARMINIUS.

*From a skull found.*

For mystic learning wondrous able  
 In magic talisman, and cabal,<sup>1</sup> 530  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches,  
 As far as Adam's first green breeches:<sup>2</sup>  
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences;  
 And much of terra incognita, 535  
 Th' intelligible world could say;<sup>3</sup>  
 A deep occult philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
 And solid lying much renown'd:<sup>5</sup> 540

Delphi. Four-legg'd oracle probably means telling fortunes from quadrupeds.

<sup>1</sup> Talisman was a magical inscription or figure, engraved or cast by the direction of astrologers, under certain positions of the heavenly bodies, and thought to have great efficacy as a preservative from diseases and all kinds of evil. Cabal, or cabbala, is a sort of divination by letters or numbers: it signifies likewise the secret or mysterious doctrines of any religion or sect. In the time of Charles II. it obtained its present signification as being applied to the intriguing junto composed of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, the first letters of whose names form the word.

<sup>2</sup> The author of the *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove, that the learning of the ancient Magi was derived from the knowledge which God communicated to Adam in paradise. The second line is a burlesque on the Genevan translation of the Bible, Genesis iii., which reads *breeches*, instead of aprons. In Mr Butler's character of an hermetic philosopher we read: "he derives the pedigree of magic from Adam's first green breeches; because fig-leaves, being the first covering that mankind wore, are the most ancient monuments of concealed mysteries."

<sup>3</sup> "Ideas, according to my philosophy, are not in the soul, but in a superior intelligible nature, wherein the soul only beholds and contemplates them." See Norris's Letter to Dodwell, on the Immortality of the Soul, p. 114. *Nash*. But it is more probable that Butler is alluding to Gabriel John's Theory of an Intelligible World, publ. London, 1700; a book which created much sensation at the time, and is supposed to have furnished Swift with some of his material.

<sup>4</sup> See the ancient and modern customs of the Irish, in Camden's Britannia, and Speed's Theatre of Great Britain.

<sup>5</sup> Agrippa was born at Cologne, ann. 1486, and knighted for his military services under the Emperor Maximilian. When very young, he published a book *De Occultâ Philosophiâ*, which contains almost all the stories that ever roguery invented, or credulity swallowed, concerning the operations of magic. But in his riper years Agrippa was thoroughly ashamed of this book, and suppressed it in his collected works.

He Anthroposophus,<sup>1</sup> and Floud,  
 And Jacob Behmen understood ;  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm ;  
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned,<sup>2</sup> 545  
 As he that *verè adeptus*<sup>3</sup> earned.  
 He understood the speech of birds <sup>4</sup>  
 As well as they themselves do words ;  
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean ;<sup>5</sup> 550  
 What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
 When they cry Rope—and Walk, Knave, walk.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A nickname given to Dr Vaughan, author of a discourse on the condition of man after death, entitled, *Anthroposophia theomagica*,—which, according to Dean Swift, is “a piece of the most unintelligible fustian that perhaps was ever published in any language.” Robert Floud (or *Fludd*), son of Sir Thomas Floud, Treasurer of War to Queen Elizabeth, was Doctor of Physic, and devoted to occult philosophy. He wrote an apology for the Rosicrucians, also a system of physics, called the Mosaic Philosophy, and many other mystical works, to the extent of 6 vols. folio. Jacob Behmen was an enthusiast of the same period, and wrote unintelligibly in mystical terms. Mr Law, who revived some of his notions, calls him a Theosopher.

<sup>2</sup> The Rosicrucians were a sect of hermetical philosophers. They owed their origin to a German, named Christian Rosenkreuz, but frequently went by other names, such as the Illuminati, the Immortales, the Invisible Brothers. Their learning had a great mixture of enthusiasm; and as Lemery, the famous chymist, says, “it was an art without an art, whose beginning was lying, whose middle was labour, and whose end was beggary.”

<sup>3</sup> The title assumed by alchemists, who pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone.

<sup>4</sup> Porphyry, *De Abstinentiâ*, lib. iii. cap. 3, contends that animals have a language, and that men may understand it; and the author of the Targum on Esther says, that Solomon understood the speech of birds.

<sup>5</sup> In allusion, no doubt, to the story of Henry the Eighth's parrot, which falling into the Thames, cried out, *A boat, twenty pounds for a boat*, and was saved by a waterman, who on restoring him to the king claimed the reward. But on an appeal to the parrot he exclaimed, *Give the knave a groat*.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding probably to Judge Tomlinson, who in a ludicrous speech, on swearing in the Sheriffs, said: “You are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, Mr Sheriffs; therefore I shall entreat a favour of you. I have a kinsman, a rope-maker; and as I know you will have many occasions during the year for his services, I commend him to you.” A satirical tract was published by Edw. Gayton, probably levelled at Colonel Hewson, with this title, “Walk, knaves, walk: a discourse intended to have been spoken at court,” &c.



R. Cooper sculp.

ROBERT FLUDD.

*From a Print given to his "Philosophia Sacra", 1626.*

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He'd extract numbers out of matter,<sup>1</sup>  
 And keep them in a glass, like water,  
 Of sov'reign power to make men wise;<sup>2</sup> 555  
 For, dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night,  
 Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.  
 By help of these, as he profest,  
 He had first matter seen undrest: 560  
 He took her naked, all alone,  
 Before one rag of form was on.<sup>3</sup>  
 The chaos too he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite thro', or else he lied:  
 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew 565  
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;<sup>4</sup>  
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,  
 Whence that and Reformation came,  
 Both cousin-germans, and right able  
 T'inveigle and draw in the rabble: 570  
 But Reformation was, some say,  
 O' th' younger house to puppet-play.<sup>5</sup>  
 He could foretell whats'ever was,  
 By consequence, to come to pass:  
 As death of great men, alterations, 575  
 Diseases, battles, inundations:  
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,

<sup>1</sup> Every absurd notion, that could be picked up from the ancients, was adopted by the wild enthusiasts of our author's days. Plato, as Aristotle informs us, *Metaph. lib. i. c. 6*, conceived numbers to exist by themselves, beside the sensibles, like accidents without a substance. Pythagoras maintained that sensible things consisted of numbers. *Ib. lib. xi. c. 6*. And see Plato in his *Cratylus*.

<sup>2</sup> The Pythagorean philosophy held that there were certain mystical harms in certain numbers.

Plato held whatsoe'er encumbers

Or strengthens empire, comes from numbers. *Butler's MS.*

<sup>3</sup> Thus Cleveland, page 110. "The next ingredient of a diurnal is plots, horrible plots, which with wonderful sagacity it hunts dry foot, while they are yet in their causes, before *materia prima* can put on her smock."

<sup>4</sup> The puppet-shows, sometimes called Moralities or Mysteries, exhibited chaos, the Creation, Flood, Nativity, and other subjects of sacred history, on pasteboard scenery. These induced many to read the Old and New Testament; and is therefore called the Elder Brother of the Reformation.

<sup>5</sup> That is, the Sectaries, in their pretence to inspiration, assumed to be passive instruments of the Holy Spirit, directed like puppets.

Or dreadful comet, he hath done  
 By Inward Light, a way as good,  
 And easy to be understood : 580  
 But with more lucky hit than those  
 That use to make the stars depose,  
 Like knights o' th' post,<sup>1</sup> and falsely charge  
 Upon themselves what others forge ;  
 As if they were consenting to 585  
 All mischief in the world men do :  
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em  
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
 They'll search a planet's house, to know  
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590  
 Examine Venus and the Moon,  
 Who stole a thimble and a spoon : <sup>2</sup>  
 And tho' they nothing will confess,  
 Yet by their very looks can guess,  
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595  
 Who stole, and who received the goods.  
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,  
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;  
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.<sup>3</sup> 600  
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies  
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;  
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill.<sup>4</sup>  
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,<sup>5</sup> 605  
 And from positions to be guest on,

<sup>1</sup> Knights of the post were infamous persons, who attended the courts of justice, to swear for hire anything that might be required, and even to confess themselves guilty of crimes, upon sufficient remuneration : they acquired the designation from their habit of loitering at the posts on which the sheriffs' proclamations were affixed.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the old notion, that the moon was the repository of all things that were lost or stolen.

<sup>3</sup> Mercury is the god of thieves, and Mars of pirates.

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to a well-known story told in Henry Stephens's apology for Herodotus. A physician, having prescribed for a countryman, gave him the paper, desiring him to take it, which he did literally, wrapping it up like a bolus, and was cured.

<sup>5</sup> In casting a nativity, astrologers considered it necessary to have the exact time of birth ; but in the absence of this, the position of the heavens at the minute the question was asked was taken as a substitute.

As sure as if they knew the moment  
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.  
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs : 610  
 And tell what crisis does divine  
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine :  
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,  
 What made them cuckolds, poor, or rich ;  
 What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves, 615  
 What makes men great, what fools, or knaves ;  
 But not what wise, for only of those  
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,<sup>1</sup>  
 No more than can the astrologians.  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620  
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took  
 The other course, of which we spoke.<sup>2</sup>

Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endued  
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.  
 Never did trusty squire with knight, 625  
 Or knight with squire, jump more right.  
 Their arms and equipage did fit,  
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :  
 Their valours too, were of a rate,  
 And out they sallied at the gate. 630  
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,  
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;  
 For they a sad adventure met,  
 Of which anon we mean to treat :  
 But ere we venture to unfold 635  
 Achievements so resolved and bold,  
 We should, as learned poets use,  
 Invoke th' assistance of some Muse ;  
 However critics count it sillier,  
 Than jugglers talking t' a familiar : 640  
 We think 'tis no great matter which ;  
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch

<sup>1</sup> *Sapiens dominabitur astris* (the wise man will govern the stars), was an old proverb among the astrologers. Bishop Warburton observes, that the obscurity in these lines arises from the double sense of the word *dispose* ; when it relates to the stars, it signifies *influence* ; when it relates to astrologers, it signifies *deceive*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. did not take to astrological, but to religious imposture.

On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus we do accost: —

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,<sup>1</sup>

And force them, though it were in spite  
Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;

Who, as we find in sullen writs,  
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits. 650

With vanity, opinion, want,

The wonder of the ignorant,

The praises of the author, penn'd

By himself, or wit-insuring friend ;

The itch of picture in the front, 655

With bays, and wicked rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' forked hill <sup>2</sup>

To make men scribble without skill ;

Canst make a poet, spite of fate,

And teach all people to translate ; 660

Though out of languages, in which

They understand no part of speech ;

Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,

And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,<sup>3</sup> 665

To those that dwell therein well known,

Therefore there needs no more be said here,

We unto them refer our reader ;

For brevity is very good,

When w' are, or are not understood.<sup>4</sup> 670

To this town people did repair

On days of market, or of fair,

<sup>1</sup> George Wither, a violent party writer, and author of many poetical pieces ; William Prynne, a voluminous writer, and author of the *Histriomastix*, for which he lost his ears ; John Vickars, a fierce parliamentary zealot. A list of the works of these and other writers of the period will be found in *Lowndes, Bibl. Manual*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, Parnassus, supposed to be cleft on the summit.

<sup>3</sup> He probably means Brentford, about eight miles west of London. See Part ii. Cant. iii. ver. 996.

<sup>4</sup> "If we are understood, more words are unnecessary ; if we are not likely to be understood, they are useless." Charles II. answered the Earl of Manchester with the above couplet, only changing *very* for *ever*, when he was making a long speech in favour of the dissenters.



R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

GEORGE WITHERS.

*From a rare Portrait by Kneller.*



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And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,  
In merriment did drudge and labour ;  
But now a sport more formidable 675  
Had raked together village rabble :  
'Twas an old way of recreating,  
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting ;  
A bold advent'rous exercise,  
With ancient heroes in high prize ; 680  
For authors do affirm it came  
From Isthmian or Nemean game ;  
Others derive it from the bear  
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
And round about the pole does make 685  
A circle, like a bear at stake,  
That at the chain's end wheels about,  
And overturns the rabble-rout.  
For after solemn proclamation,<sup>1</sup>  
In the bear's name, as is the fashion, 690  
According to the law of arms,  
To keep men from inglorious harms,  
That none presume to come so near  
As forty feet of stake of bear ;  
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695  
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
If they come wounded off, and lame,  
No honour's got by such a maim,  
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound  
In honour to make good his ground, 700  
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,  
If any press upon him, who 'tis,  
But lets them know, at their own cost,  
That he intends to keep his post.  
This to prevent, and other harms, 705  
Which always wait on feats of arms,  
For in the hurry of a fray  
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.  
Thither the Knight his course did steer  
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear, 710

<sup>1</sup> The proclamation here mentioned was usually made at bear or bull-baiting. The people were warned by the steward not to come within 40 feet of the bull or bear, at their peril.

As he believed h' was bound to do  
 In conscience, and commission too;<sup>1</sup>  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire: —

We that are wisely mounted higher  
 Than constables, in curule wit, 715

When on tribunal bench we sit,<sup>2</sup>

Like speculators, should foresee,

From Pharos<sup>3</sup> of authority,

Portended mischiefs farther than

Low proletarian tything-men:<sup>4</sup> 720

And therefore being inform'd by bruit,

That dog and bear are to dispute;

For so of late men fighting name,

Because they often prove the same; 725

For where the first does hap to be,

The last does *coincidere*.

*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good

To save th' expense of Christian blood,

And try if we, by mediation 730

Of treaty, and accommodation,

Can end the quarrel, and compose

The bloody duel without blows.

Are not our liberties, our lives,

The laws, religion, and our wives,

<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterians and Independents were great enemies to those sports with which the country people amused themselves, and which King James had most expressly encouraged, and even countenanced on a Sunday, as well by act of Parliament as by writing his "Book of Sports" (published 1618) in their favour. Hume, anno 1660, says, "All recreations were in a manner suspended, by the rigid severity of the Presbyterians and Independents; even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. Colonel Hewson, in his pious zeal, marched with his regiment into London, and destroyed all the bears which were there kept for the diversion of the citizens. This adventure seems to have given birth to the fiction of Hudibras."

<sup>2</sup> Some of the chief magistrates in Rome were said to hold curule offices, from the chair of state or chariot they rode in, called *sella curulis*.

<sup>3</sup> Pharos, a celebrated light-house of antiquity, 500 feet high, whence the English word *Pharos*, a watch-tower.

<sup>4</sup> *Proletarii* were the lowest class of people among the Romans: by affixing this term to tythingmen, the knight implies the little estimation in which they were held.

Enough at once to lie at stake 735  
 For Cov'nant,<sup>1</sup> and the Cause's sake ?<sup>2</sup>  
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,  
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?  
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,  
 By evil counsel is fomented ; 740  
 There is a Machiavelian plot,  
 Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not ;<sup>3</sup>  
 A deep design in't, to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 By setting brother against brother 745  
 To claw and curry one another.  
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,  
 That *cane et angue pejus*<sup>4</sup> hate us ?  
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
 Upon our own selves, without cause ? 750  
 That some occult design doth lie  
 In bloody cynarctomachy,<sup>5</sup>  
 Is plain enough to him that knows  
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.  
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755  
 But sure some mischief will come of it,

<sup>1</sup> This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish parliament, and by them sent to the parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both houses, and by the City of London, and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom ; and every person was bound to give his consent by holding up his hand at the reading of it. See a copy of it in Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Dugdale informs us, that Mr Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute, and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland, for settling of God's cause : I say, quoth he, this is God's cause, and if our God hath any cause, this is it ; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me ; but the devil is got up into heaven."

<sup>3</sup> Meaning, though every nose do not smell it. Nare from *Nares*, the Latin for nostrils.

<sup>4</sup> A proverbial saying, used by Horace, expressive of bitter aversion. The punishment for parricide among the Romans was, to be put into a sack with a snake, a dog, and an ape, and thrown into the river.

<sup>5</sup> A compound of three Greek words, signifying a fight between dogs and bears. Colonel Cromwell, finding the people of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, bear-baiting on the Lord's-day, caused the bears to be seized, tied to a tree, and shot.

Unless by providential wit,  
 Or force, we averruncate<sup>1</sup> it.  
 For what design, what interest,  
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760  
 They fight for no espoused Cause,  
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
 Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor liberty of consciences,<sup>4</sup> 765  
 Nor lords' and commons' ordinances;<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
 To get them in their own no hands;<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor evil counsellors to bring  
 To justice, that seduce the king; 770  
 Nor for the worship of us men,  
 Tho' we have done as much for them.  
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs,<sup>7</sup> and for  
 Their faith made internecine war.  
 Others adored a rat,<sup>8</sup> and some 775  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.

<sup>1</sup> To eradicate, or pluck up by the root.

<sup>2</sup> The lines that follow recite the grounds on which the Parliament began the war against the king, and justified their proceedings. Butler calls the privileges of parliament frail, because they were so very apt to complain of their being broken. Whatever the king did, or refused to do, contrary to the sentiments, they voted a breach of their privilege; his dissenting to any of the bills they offered him was a breach of privilege; his proclaiming them traitors, who were in arms against him, was a high breach of their privilege: and the Commons at last voted it a breach of privilege for the House of Lords to refuse assent to anything that came from the lower house.

<sup>3</sup> The Protestation was a solemn vow entered into, and subscribed, the first year of the long parliament.

<sup>4</sup> The early editions have it *Nor for free liberty of conscience*; and this reading Bishop Warburton approves; "free liberty" being, as he thinks, a satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is what the author here hints at.

<sup>5</sup> The king being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts could be made. An ordinance (says Cleveland, p. 109) is a law still-born, dropt before quickened by the royal assent. "'Tis one of the parliament's by-blows, Acts only being legitimate, and hath no more sire than a Spanish gennet, that is begotten by the wind."

<sup>c</sup> *No hands* here mean *paws*.

<sup>7</sup> Anubis, one of their gods, was figured with a dog's face. The Egyptians also worshipped cats; see an instance in *Diodorus Siculus* of their putting a Roman noble to death for killing a cat, although by mistake.

<sup>8</sup> The Ichneumon, or water-rat of the Nile, called also *Pharaoh's rat*, which destroys the eggs of the Crocodile.



The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;<sup>1</sup>  
 And many, to defend that faith,  
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death.<sup>2</sup> 780  
 But no beast ever was so slight,<sup>3</sup>  
 For man, as for his god, to fight;  
 They have more wit, alas! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 But we, who only do infuse 785  
 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,<sup>4</sup>  
 'Tis our example that instils  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observed, beasts that converse 790  
 With man take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read, in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,<sup>5</sup>  
 And then set dogs about their ears;  
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came<sup>6</sup>  
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800  
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily  
 The point seems very plain to me;  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.  
 First, for the name; the word bear-baiting 805  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The inhabitants of Ceylon and Siam worshipped the teeth of monkeys and elephants. The Portuguese, out of zeal for the Christian religion, destroyed these idols; and the Siamese are said to have offered 700,000 ducats to redeem a monkey's tooth which they had long worshipped. See Linschoten's, Le Blanc's, and Herbert's Travels.

<sup>2</sup> Valiantly, tooth and nail.    <sup>3</sup> That is, so silly.    <sup>4</sup> Incendiaries.

<sup>5</sup> See Tacitus, Annals, B. xv. c. 44. (Bohn's transl. vol. i. p. 423.)

<sup>6</sup> Alluding probably to Prynne's *Histrion-mastix*, p. 556 and 583, who has endeavoured to prove it such from the 61st canon of the sixth Council of Constantinople, which he has thus translated: "Those ought also to be subject to six years' excommunication who carry about bears, or such like creatures, for sport, to the hurt of simple people."

<sup>7</sup> The Assembly of Divines, in their Annotations on Genesis i. 1, assail the King for creating honours.

For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the Scripture on record :  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And so is, secondly, the thing : 810  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be proved by Scripture, than  
 Provincial, Classic, National ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous ; 815  
 For when men run a-whoring thus<sup>3</sup>  
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er  
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,  
 It is idolatrous and pagan,  
 No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820  
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;  
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate :  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true, *ad amussim*,<sup>4</sup> as thou say'st ;  
 For that bear-baiting should appear, 825  
*Jure divino*, lawfuller  
 Than synods are, thou dost deny  
*Totidem verbis* ; so do I :  
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;  
 For if by sly *homœosis*,<sup>5</sup> 830  
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.  
 And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt  
 But bear-baiting may be made out,  
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is 835  
 Provincial, or parochial *Classis* ;

<sup>1</sup> The disciplinarians held, that the Scriptures were full and express on every subject, and that everything was sinful which was not there directed. Some of the Huguenots refused to pay rent to their landlords, unless they could produce a text of Scripture directing them to do so.

<sup>2</sup> These words represent things of man's invention, therefore carnal and unlawful. The vile assembly means the bear-baiting, but alludes covertly to the Assembly of Divines.

<sup>3</sup> See Psalm cvi. 38.

<sup>4</sup> Exactly true, and according to rule.

<sup>5</sup> The explanation of a thing by something resembling it. Between **this** line and the next, the following couplet is inserted in several editions :—

*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f—rt.

And that both are so near of kin,  
 And like in all, as well as sin,  
 That, put 'em in a bag and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em, 840  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness ;  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much, 845  
 But art not able to keep touch.  
*Mira de lente*,<sup>1</sup> as 'tis i' th' adage,  
*Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage ;  
 Thou canst at best but overstrain  
 A paradox, and th' own hot brain ;<sup>2</sup> 850  
 For what can synods have at all  
 With bear that's analogical ?  
 Or what relation has debating  
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?  
 A just comparison still is 855  
 Of things *ejusdem generis* :  
 And then what *genus* rightly doth  
 Include, and comprehend them both ?<sup>3</sup>  
 If animal, both of us may  
 As justly pass for bears as they ; 860  
 For we are animals no less,  
 Although of diff'rent specieses.<sup>4</sup>  
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,  
 Nor time, to argue out the case :  
 For now the field is not far off, 865  
 Where we must give the world a proof

<sup>1</sup> Great cry and little wool, as they say when any one talks much, and proves nothing.

<sup>2</sup> The following lines are substituted, in some editions, for 849 and 850 :—

Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,  
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;

Such a bull is explained by the proverb, "As wise as Waltham's Calf that ran nine miles to suck a bull." See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 322.

<sup>3</sup> The first and second editions read :

Compr'hend them *inclusivè* both.

<sup>4</sup> The additional syllable is humorous, and no doubt intended.

Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
 Another manner of dispute :  
 A controversy that affords  
 Actions for arguments, not words ; 870  
 Which we must manage at a rate  
 Of prowess and conduct, adequate  
 To what our place and fame doth promise,  
 And all the godly expect from us.  
 Nor shall they be deceived, unless 875  
 W' are slurr'd and outed by success ;  
 Success, the mark no mortal wit  
 Or surest hand can always hit :  
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
 We do but row, w' are steer'd by fate,<sup>1</sup> 880  
 Which in success oft disinherits,  
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
 Great actions are not always true sons  
 Of great and mighty resolutions ;  
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth 885  
 Events still equal to their worth ;  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.  
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
 Our actions still have borne us out ; 890  
 Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,  
 We need not copy from example ;  
 We're not the only persons durst  
 Attempt this province, nor the first.  
 In northern clime a val'rous knight<sup>2</sup> 895  
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,  
 And wound a fiddler : we have both  
 Of these the objects of our wroth,  
 And equal fame and glory from  
 Th' attempt, or victory to come. 900

<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterians were great fatalists, and set up the doctrine of predestination to meet all contingencies.

<sup>2</sup> Hudibras encourages himself by two precedents ; first, that of a gentleman who killed a bear and wounded a fiddler ; and secondly, that of Sir Samuel Luke, who had often, as a magistrate, been engaged in similar adventures.

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke  
 In foreign land, yclep'd ——<sup>1</sup>  
 To whom we have been oft compared  
 For person, parts, address, and beard;  
 Both equally reputed stout, 905  
 And in the same Cause both have fought.  
 He oft, in such attempts as these,  
 Came off with glory and success:  
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
 For want of equal resolution. 910  
 Honour is, like a widow, won  
 With brisk attempt, and putting on;  
 With ent'ring manfully and urging;  
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.<sup>2</sup>  
 This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,<sup>3</sup> 915  
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite  
 His Trojan horse, and just as much  
 He mended pace upon the touch;  
 But from his empty stomach groan'd,  
 Just as that hollow beast did sound, 920  
 And, angry, answer'd from behind,  
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
 So have I seen, with armed heel,  
 A wight bestride a Common-weal,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Luke. See the note at line 14. The Mamalukes were persons carried off, in their childhood, from various provinces of the Ottoman empire, and sold in Constantinople and Grand Cairo. They often rose first to be cachefs or lieutenants; and then to be beys or petty tyrants. In like manner in the English civil wars, many rose from the lowest rank in life to considerable power.

<sup>2</sup> These four lines are no doubt in allusion to a celebrated but somewhat indecent proverb, first quoted in *Nath. Smith's Quakers' Spiritual Court*, 1669, and adopted by Ray, with an amusing apology. See *Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs*, page 43.

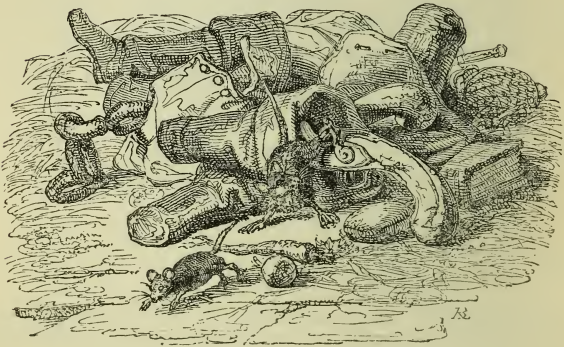
<sup>3</sup> Laocoon; who, at the siege of Troy, suspecting treachery, struck the wooden horse with his spear.

<sup>4</sup> Our poet might possibly have in mind a print engraved in Holland. It represented a cow, the emblem of the Common-wealth, with the King of Spain on her back kicking and spurring her; the Queen of England before, stopping and feeding her; the Prince of Orange milking her; and the Duke of Anjou behind pulling her back by the tail. After the Spaniards, in a war of forty years, had spent an hundred millions of crowns, and had lost four hundred thousand men, they were forced to acknowledge the independence of the Dutch.



While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd, 925  
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr Butler had been witness to the refractory humour of the nation, not only under the weak government of Richard Cromwell, but in many instances under the resolute management of Oliver.





R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

RICHARD CROMWELL

*From a. H. van der Linde*

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## PART II. CANTO II.



### ARGUMENT

The catalogue and character  
Of th' enemy's best men of war ;<sup>1</sup>  
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight<sup>2</sup>  
Defies, and challenges to fight :  
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fiddler prisoner ;  
Conveys him to enchanted castle,  
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

<sup>1</sup> Butler's description of the combatants resembles the list of warriors in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, and especially the laboured characters in the Theban war, both in *Æschylus* and *Euripides*. See *Septem contra Thebas*, v. 383 ; *Supplices*, v. 362 ; *Phœnis*. v. 1139.

<sup>2</sup> In the first edition this and the next two lines stand thus :

To whom the Knight does make a Speech,  
And they defie him : after which  
He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,

## PART I. CANTO II.



**H**ERE was an ancient sage philosopher<sup>1</sup>  
 That had read Alexander Ross over,<sup>2</sup>  
 And swore the world, as he could prove,  
 Was made of fighting, and of love.  
 Just so romances are, for what else      5  
 Is in them all but love and battles?<sup>3</sup>  
 O' th' first of these w' have no great matter  
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:  
 In which to do the injured right,  
 We mean in what concerns just fight.      10  
 Certes, our Authors are to blame,  
 For to make some well-sounding name  
 A pattern fit for modern knights  
 To copy out in frays and fights,  
 Like those that do a whole street raze,      15  
 To build a palace in the place;<sup>4</sup>  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,

<sup>1</sup> Empedocles, a Pythagorean philosopher and poet, held that concord and discord were the two principles (one formative, the other destructive) which regulated the four elements that compose the universe. The great anachronism in these two celebrated lines increases the humour. Empedocles lived about 2100 years before Alexander Ross.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Ross was a very voluminous writer, and chaplain to Charles the First. He wrote a "View of all Religions," which had a large sale; an answer to Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudoxia and Religio Medici*; Commentaries on Hobbes; *Mystagogus Poeticus*, or the Muses' Interpreter; and many other works. Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 60, says, he has heard these lines of *Hudibras* more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem, observing that the jingle of the double rhyme has something in it that tickles the ear.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Butler, in his MS. *Common Place-book*, says,

Love and fighting is the sum  
 Of all romances, from Tom Thumb  
 To Arthur, Gondibert, and *Hudibras*.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding, it is supposed, to the Protector Somerset, who, in the reign of Edward VI., pulled down two churches, part of St Paul's, and three bishops' houses, to build Somerset House in the Strand.





R.Cooper sculp!

ALEXANDER ROSS.

*From a Print prepared to his "View of all Religions" 1655.*

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Or wives, or children, so they can  
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20  
 Composed of many ingredient valours,  
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors.  
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;<sup>1</sup>  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
 As in another is destroy'd:  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30  
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
 A man should have his brains beat out,  
 Because he's tall, and has large bones,<sup>2</sup>  
 As men kill beavers for their stones.<sup>3</sup>  
 But, as for our part, we shall tell 35  
 The naked truth of what befell,  
 And as an equal friend to both  
 The Knight and Bear, but more to troth;  
 With neither faction shall take part,  
 But give to each his due desert, 40  
 And never coin a formal lie on't,  
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.  
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,  
 And now go on where we left off.  
 They rode, but authors having not 45  
 Determin'd whether pace or trot,  
 That is to say, whether tollutation,<sup>4</sup>  
 As they do term't, or succussation,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Carazan, a province of Tartary, Dr Heylin says, "they have an use, when any stranger comes into their houses of an handsome shape, to kill him in the night; that the soul of such a comely person might remain among them." See also Spectator, No. 126.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding probably to the case of Lord Capel and other brave cavaliers, whom the Independents "durst not let live."

<sup>3</sup> Their testes were supposed to furnish a medicinal drug of value. See Juvenal, Sat. xii. l. 34. Browne's Vulgar Errors, III. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Tollutation is pacing, or ambling, moving *per latera*, as Sir Thomas Browne says, that is, lifting both legs of one side together.

<sup>5</sup> Succussation, or trotting, is lifting one foot before, and the cross foot behind.

We leave it, and go on, as now  
 Suppose they did, no matter how ; 50  
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got  
 Mysterious light it was a trot :  
 But let that pass ; they now begun  
 To spur their living engines on :  
 For as whipp'd tops and bandied balls, 55  
 The learned hold, are animals ; <sup>1</sup>  
 So horses they affirm to be  
 Mere engines made by geometry ;  
 And were invented first from engines,  
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins.<sup>2</sup> 60  
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,  
 They their live engines plied,<sup>3</sup> not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal champaign  
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;  
 The dire Pharsalian plain,<sup>4</sup> where battle 65  
 Was to be waged 'twixt puissant cattle,  
 And fierce auxiliary men,  
 That came to aid their brethren ;  
 Who now began to take the field,  
 As knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the atomic theory. Democritus, Epicurus, &c., and some of the moderns likewise, as Des Cartes, Hobbes, and others, deny that there is a vital principle in animals, and maintain that life and sensation are generated from the contexture of atoms, and are nothing but local motion and mechanism. By which argument tops and balls in motion are presumed to be as much animated as dogs and horses.

<sup>2</sup> This is meant to ridicule the opinion adopted by Selden, that America had formerly been discovered by the Britons or Welsh ; inferred from the similarity of some words in the two languages, especially Penguin, the British name of a bird with a white head, which in America signifies a white rock. Butler implies, that it is just as likely horses were derived from engines, as that the Britons came from Penguins. Mr Selden, in his note on Drayton's *Polyolbion*, says, that Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made a sea-voyage to Florida, about the year 1170, and Humphry Llwyd, in his history of Wales, reports, that one Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, some hundred years before Columbus discovered the West Indies, sailed into those parts, and planted a colony ; an idea which Southey has beautifully developed in his "*Madoc*."

<sup>3</sup> That is, Hudibras and his Squire spurred their horses.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to Pharsalia, where Julius Cæsar gained his signal victory over Pompey the Great, of which see *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

For, as our modern wits behold,  
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,<sup>1</sup>  
 Much further off; much further he  
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;  
 Yet not sufficient to descry 75  
 All postures of the enemy;  
 Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,  
 T' observe their numbers, and their order;  
 That when their motions he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own. 80  
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,  
 To fit himself for martial deed:  
 Both kinds of metal he prepared,  
 Either to give blows, or to ward;  
 Courage and steel, both of great force, 85  
 Prepared for better, or for worse.<sup>2</sup>  
 His death-charged pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;<sup>3</sup>  
 These being primed, with force he labour'd  
 To free's blade from retentive scabbard; 90  
 And after many a painful pluck,  
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:<sup>4</sup>  
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;  
 And, raised upon his desp'rate foot, 95  
 On stirrup-side he gazed about,<sup>5</sup>  
 Portending blood, like blazing star,  
 The beacon of approaching war.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ridiculing the disputes formerly subsisting between the advocates for ancient and modern learning. Sir William Temple observes: that as to knowledge, the moderns must have more than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own: which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders, and therefore seeing more and further than the giant.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines, 85 and 86, were in the later editions altered to—

Courage within and steel without,

To give and to receive a rout.

<sup>3</sup> The reader will remember how the holsters were furnished. See note at p. 19.

<sup>4</sup> Altered in later editions to—He cleared at length the rugged tuck.

<sup>5</sup> It will be seen at Canto i. line 407, that he had but one stirrup.

<sup>6</sup> Comets and Meteors were held to be portentous. See *Spenser on Prodigies*, 1658.



The Squire advanced with greater speed  
 Than could b' expected from his steed ;<sup>1</sup> 100  
 But far more in returning made ;  
 For now the foe he had survey'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ranged, as to him they did appear,  
 With van, main battle, wings, and rear.  
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105  
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.<sup>3</sup>  
 Instead of trumpet, and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110  
 For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,  
 Who has not a month's mind<sup>4</sup> to combat ?  
 A squeaking engine he applied  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,<sup>5</sup>  
 Just where the hangman does dispose, 115  
 To special friends, the fatal noose :<sup>6</sup>  
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight  
 Despatch a friend, let others wait.  
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
 Which was but souse to chitterlings :<sup>7</sup> 120

<sup>1</sup> In the original edition, these two lines were :—

Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
 Than Hugo in the forest did.

Hugo was scout-master to Gondibert, and was sent in advance to reconnoitre.

<sup>2</sup> The first two editions read :—

But with a great deal more return'd,  
 For now the foe he had discern'd.

<sup>3</sup> A nick-name, taken from the instrument he used : Crowde, a fiddle, from the Welsh *crwth*. The original of this character is supposed to be one Jackson a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange, in the Strand. He had lost a leg in the service of the Roundheads, and was reduced to the necessity of fiddling from one ale-house to another for his bread.

<sup>4</sup> Used ironically, for no very strong desire. It has been ingeniously conjectured that the term 'a month's mind' is derived from a woman's longing in her first month of gestation.

<sup>5</sup> It is difficult to say, why Butler calls the left the north-east side. Possibly it is a conceit suggested by the card of a mariner's compass ; the north point, with its Fleur-de-lis representing Crowdero's head ; and then the fiddle would be placed at the north-east, when played.

<sup>6</sup> The noose is usually placed under the left ear.

<sup>7</sup> Souse is the pig's ear, and chitterlings are the pig's guts : the former

For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,  
 Are fit for music, or for pudden ;  
 From whence men borrow every kind  
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.<sup>1</sup>  
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 125  
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe  
 For what on his own chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard,<sup>2</sup> had both 130  
 A beard and tail of his own growth ;  
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,  
 He made use only of his beard.  
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth :<sup>3</sup>  
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king<sup>4</sup> 135  
 And ruler o'er the men of string ;  
 As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd b' a horse that neigh'd ;<sup>5</sup>

alludes to Crowdero's ear, which lay upon the fiddle ; the latter to the strings of the fiddle, which are made of catgut.

<sup>1</sup> This whimsical notion is borrowed from a chapter 'de peditu,' in the *Facetiæ Facietiarum*, afterwards amplified in Dean Swift's *Benefit of F—g explained*, where Dr Blow is quoted as asserting in his 'Fundamentals' of Music, that the first discovery of harmony was owing to persons of different sizes and sexes sounding different notes of music from their fundaments. An Essay equally whimsical, on the origin of wind-music, will be found in the *Spectator*, No. 361. An anonymous Essay on this subject is attributed to the Hon. C. J. Fox.

<sup>2</sup> Chiron the Centaur, who, besides being the most famous physician of his time, and teacher of Æsculapius, was an expert musician, and Apollo's governor. He now forms the Sagittarius of the Zodiac.

<sup>3</sup> The Minstrel's Charter and Ceremonies are given in *Plott's Staffordshire*, p. 436.

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to the custom of bull-running in the manor of Tutbury in Staffordshire, where was a charter granted by John of Gaunt, and confirmed by Henry VI., appointing a king of the minstrels, who was to have a bull for his property, which should be turned out by the prior of Tutbury, if his minstrels, or any one of them, could cut off a piece of his skin before he ran into Derbyshire ; but if the bull got into that county sound and unhurt, the prior was to have his bull again. This custom, being productive of much mischief, was, at the request of the inhabitants and by order of the Duke of Devonshire, lord of the manor, discontinued about the year 1788.

<sup>5</sup> Darius, elected King of Persia, under the agreement of the seven princes, who met on horseback, that the crown should devolve on him whose horse neighed first. By the ingenious device of his groom, the horse of Darius

He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,  
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140  
 And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,  
 Had got a deputy of oak;  
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,  
 The knee with one of timber's propt,  
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145  
 And takes place, tho' the younger brother.<sup>1</sup>  
 Next march'd brave Orsin,<sup>2</sup> famous for  
 Wise conduct, and success in war;  
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
 Now marshal to the champion bear. 150  
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led;  
 With solemn march, and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face;  
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,<sup>3</sup> 155  
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.<sup>4</sup>  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge, or for retreat:  
 Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,  
 And when to bring him off as well.<sup>5</sup> 160  
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,  
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,  
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,<sup>6</sup>  
 Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,

was the first to neigh, which secured the throne for his master. See the story at length in Herodotus, lib. iii.; and in Brand's Popular Antiquities (Bohn's Edit., vol. iii. p. 124).

<sup>1</sup> A person with a wooden leg generally puts that leg first in walking.

<sup>2</sup> Orsin is only a name for a bearward. See Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs. The person intended is Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris Garden, Southwark.

<sup>3</sup> See Purchas's Pilgrims, V. b. 5, c. 4, or Mandelso and Olearius's Travels.

<sup>4</sup> See Purchas's Pilgrims, also Lady's Travels into Spain (by the Countess D'Aunois) 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1722.

<sup>5</sup> In the original edition these lines were—

He knew when to fall on pell-mell,  
 To fall back and retreat as well.

<sup>6</sup> The comparison of a lawyer with a bearward is here kept up: the one parts his clients, and keeps them at bay by writ of error and demurrer, as the latter does the dogs and the bear, by interposing his staff or stave, and

To let them breathe awhile, and then  
 Cry whoop, and set them on again. 165  
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nursed by a bear,<sup>1</sup>  
 That fed him with the purchased prey  
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray; 170  
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,  
 In military garden-Paris:<sup>2</sup>  
 For soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens, just as weeds do now,  
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175  
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,<sup>3</sup>  
 For licensing a new invention  
 They'd found out, of an antique engine  
 To root out all the weeds, that grow  
 In public gardens, at a blow, 180  
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,<sup>4</sup>  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done? quoth Statesmen: Yes, an't please ye,  
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.  
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo. 185  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.

holding the dogs by the tails. The bitterness of the satire may be accounted for by the poet's having married a widow, whom he thought possessed of a great fortune; but being placed on bad security, perhaps through the unskilfulness or roguery of a lawyer, it was lost. In his MS. *Common-place Book* he says the lawyer never ends a suit, but prunes it, that it may grow the faster, and yield a greater increase of strife.

<sup>1</sup> That is, maintained by the profits derived by the exhibition of his bear. It probably alludes also, as Grey suggests, to Orson (in the story of Valentine and Orson), who was suckled by a bear.

<sup>2</sup> At Paris Garden, in Southwark, near the river-side, there was a circus, long noted for the entertainment of bear-baiting, which was forbidden in the time of the civil wars. The 'military garden' refers to a society instituted by James I., for training soldiers, who used to practise at Paris Garden.

<sup>3</sup> The whole passage, here a little inverted, by the satirist's humour, is taken from Boccacini's Advertisement from Parnassus, where the gardeners entreat Apollo, who had invented drums and trumpets by which princes could destroy their wild and rebellious subjects, to teach them some such easy method of destroying weeds.

<sup>4</sup> Apollo, after the fashion of chivalry, is here designated "Sir Sun." The expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in *Pembroke's Arcadia*.

A drum! quoth Phœbus; Troth, that's true,  
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:  
 But tho' of voice and instrument  
 We are th' undoubted president, 190  
 We such loud music do not profess;  
 The devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass; if't be a drum,  
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*<sup>1</sup>  
 To him apply yourselves, and he 195  
 Will soon despatch you for his fee.  
 They did so, but it proved so ill,  
 They'ad better let 'em grow there still.<sup>2</sup>  
 But to resume what we discoursing  
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin; 200  
 That which so oft by sundry writers,  
 Has been applied t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascribed to this  
 Than any other warrior, *viz.*  
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent, and high  
 For splendour and antiquity,  
 And from celestial origine,  
 Derived himself in a right line. 210  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base births might be hid,<sup>3</sup>  
 Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore,<sup>4</sup>  
 Made Jupiter himself, and others 215  
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,

<sup>1</sup> During the civil wars, the Rump parliament granted patents for new inventions; these, and all other orders and ordinances, were signed by their clerk, with this addition to his name—Clerk of the Parliament House of Commons. Apollo sends the petitioners to that assembly, which he tells them is directed and governed by the devil, who will sanction the grant with the usual signature.

<sup>2</sup> The expedient of arming the discontented and unprincipled multitude is adventurous, and often proves fatal to the state.

<sup>3</sup> See Ion's address to his mother Creusa, when she had told him that he was son of Apollo. Euripides (Bohn's Transl. vol. ii. p. 121); also Spectator, p. 630.

<sup>4</sup> Wind-door is still the provincial term for "window."



To get on them a race of champions,  
 Of which old Homer first made lampoons.  
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was his undoubted ancestor ; 220  
 From whom his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name :  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,<sup>2</sup> 225  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder ;<sup>3</sup>  
 By skilful chymist, with great cost,  
 Extracted from a rotten post ;<sup>4</sup>  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense ; 230  
 Tho' by Promethean fire made,<sup>5</sup>  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when slovens do amiss  
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235  
 Being prudently applied to it,  
 Will convey mischief from the dung<sup>6</sup>  
 Unto the breech<sup>7</sup> that did the wrong ;  
 So this did healing, and as sure  
 As that did mischief, this would cure. 240  
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endued  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude  
 Incomparable ; and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,

<sup>1</sup> Butler makes the constellation Bootes—which lies in the rear of Ursa Major—the mythological ancestor of the bearward Orsin.

<sup>2</sup> Hermetic, i. e. chemical. The Hermetical philosophy was so called from Hermes Trismegistus.

<sup>3</sup> A banter on the famous sympathetic powder, which was to effect the cure of wounds at a distance, and was much in vogue in the reign of James the First. See Sir Kenelm Digby's "Discourse of the cure of wounds by the powder of sympathy." London, 1644.

<sup>4</sup> Useless powders in medicine are called powders of post.

<sup>5</sup> That is, heat of the sun. The story of Prometheus is very amusingly told by Dean Swift, in No. 14 of his 'Intelligencer.'

<sup>6</sup> Still ridiculing the sympathetic powder. See Sir K. Digby's treatise, where the poet's story of the spit is seriously told.

<sup>7</sup> Thus in the first edition ; altered in the later ones to "part."



A skilful leech is better far, 245  
 Than half a hundred men of war ;<sup>1</sup>  
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.  
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim, 250  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,<sup>2</sup>  
 Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*  
 Of rough, impenetrable fur ; 255  
 And in his nose, like Indian king,  
 He wore, for ornament, a ring ;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern target ;  
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged : 260  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth,  
 Which they do eat their victual with.  
 He was by birth, some authors write, 265  
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,  
 And 'mong the Cossacks<sup>3</sup> had been bred,  
 Of whom we in diurnals read,  
 That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there.<sup>4</sup> 270  
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,<sup>5</sup>  
 With whom he served, and fed on vermin ;

<sup>1</sup> See Homer's Iliad, b. xi. line 514. Leech is the old Saxon term for physician.

<sup>2</sup> Sandys, in his Travels, observes, that the Turks are generally well complexioned, of good stature, except Mahomet's kindred, who are the most ill-favoured people upon earth, branded, perhaps, by God for the sin of their seducing ancestor.

<sup>3</sup> The Cossacks are a people living near Poland, on the borders of the Don, whence the term "Don Cossack." Grey derives that name from Cosa, the Polish for a goat, to which they are compared for their extraordinary nimbleness and wandering habits.

<sup>4</sup> The story of the Russian soldiers marching into the ditch at the siege of Schweidnitz is well known. The Cossacks had, in Butler's time, recently put themselves under the protection of Russia.

<sup>5</sup> Some favourite bear perhaps ; or a caricatured Russian name.

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VINCENT LE BLANC.

*From a Print signed by his Son's hand*

And, when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws.  
 And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,<sup>1</sup>  
 And every man ate up his saddle ;  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But ate it raw when't came in's way. 280  
 He had traced countries far and near,  
 More than Le Blanc the traveller ;  
 Who writes, he 'spoused in India,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of noble house, a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies, 285  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been,  
 Each striving to deserve the crown  
 Of a saved citizen ;<sup>3</sup> the one 290  
 To guard his bear, the other fought  
 To aid his dog ; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;  
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295  
 Never got ought of him but blows ;  
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.  
 Yet Talgol<sup>4</sup> was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ; 300  
 Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,  
 And like a champion, shone with oil.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This fact is related by Ammianus Marcellinus. With such fare did Azim Khan entertain Jenkinson, and other Englishmen, in their Travels to the Caspian Sea from the river Volga. See Busbequius' Letters, Ep. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Le Blanc tells the story of Aganda, a king's daughter, who married a bear.

<sup>3</sup> He, who saved the life of a Roman citizen, was entitled to a civic crown ; and so, says our author, were Talgol and Orsin, who fought hard to save the lives of their dogs and bears.

<sup>4</sup> Talgol was, we are told by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a butcher in Newgate Market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his *rebellious* bravery at Naseby.

<sup>5</sup> The greasiness of a butcher compared with that of the Greek and Roman wrestlers, who anointed themselves with oil to make their joints supple

Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless, had made.  
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305  
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;<sup>1</sup>  
 But Guy, with him in fight compared,  
 Had like the boar or dun-cow fared.  
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;<sup>2</sup> 310  
 And many a serpent of fell kind,  
 With wings before, and stings behind,<sup>3</sup>  
 Subdued; as poets say, long ago,  
 Bold Sir George St George did the dragon.<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315  
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,<sup>5</sup>  
 Tho' stored with deletery med'cines,  
 Which whosoever took is dead since,  
 E'er sent so vast a colony  
 To both the under worlds as he.<sup>6</sup> 320

<sup>1</sup> Guy, Earl of Warwick, one of whose valiant exploits was overcoming the dun-cow at Dunsmore-heath, in Warwickshire.

<sup>2</sup> Ajax, when mad with rage for having failed to obtain the armour of Achilles, attacked and slew a flock of sheep, mistaking them for the Grecian princes who had decided against him. In like manner Don Quixote encountered a flock of sheep, and imagined they were the giant Alifanfaron of Taprobana.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning the flies, wasps, and hornets, which prey upon the butchers' meat, and were killed by the valiant Talgol.

<sup>4</sup> Sir George, because tradition makes him a soldier as well as a saint. All heroes in romance have the appellation of Sir, as Sir Belianis of Greece, Sir Palmerin, &c. But there was a real Sir George St George, who in February, 1643, was made commissioner for the government of Connaught; and it is not improbable that this coincidence of names might strike the playful imagination of Mr Butler. It is whimsical too, that General George Monk (afterwards Sir George), in a collection of loyal songs, is said to have slain a most cruel dragon, meaning the Rump parliament. Or perhaps the poet might mean to ridicule the presbyterians, who refused even to call the apostles Peter and Paul saints, but in mockery called them Sir Peter, Sir Paul, &c.

<sup>5</sup> There is humour in joining the epithet *epidemic* to the doctor as well as the disease, intimating that there is no condition of the air more dangerous than the vicinity of a quack.

<sup>6</sup> Virgil, in his sixth *Æneid*, describes both the Elysian Fields and Tartarus as below, and not far asunder.

For he was of that noble trade  
 That demi-gods and heroes made,<sup>1</sup>  
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,  
 The trade to which they all were bred ;  
 And is, like others, glorious when 325  
 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean : <sup>2</sup>  
 The former rides in triumph for it,  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 So sacred, with vile bungle-ing.<sup>3</sup> 330

Next these the brave Magnano came,  
 Magnano, great in martial fame ;  
 Yet, when with Orsin he waged fight,  
 'Tis sung he got but little by't :  
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335  
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,<sup>4</sup>  
 As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;  
 But brass was feeble to resist  
 The fury of his armed fist ; 340  
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out  
 Against his blows, but they would through't.  
 In magic he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the brazen head ; <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Satirizing those that pride themselves on their military achievements. The general who massacres thousands is called great and glorious ; the assassin who kills a single man is hanged at Tyburn.

<sup>2</sup> Julius Cæsar is said to have fought fifty battles, and to have killed of the Gauls alone eleven hundred ninety-two thousand men, and as many more in his civil wars. In the inscription which Pompey placed in the temple of Minerva, he professed that he had slain, or vanquished and taken, two millions one hundred and eighty-three thousand men.

<sup>3</sup> Simon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who with equal blasphemy would style Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the devil.

<sup>4</sup> Meaning his budget made of pig's skin.

<sup>5</sup> The device of the brazen head, which was to speak a prophecy at a certain time, had by some been imputed to Grosse-tête, Bishop of Lincoln, as appears from the poet Gower ; by others to Albertus Magnus. But the generality of writers, and our poet among the rest, have ascribed it to Roger Bacon, whose great knowledge caused him to be reputed a magician. Some, however, believe the story of the head to be nothing more than a moral fable.



Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345  
 As English Merlin, for his heart;<sup>1</sup>  
 But far more skilful in the spheres,  
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.<sup>2</sup>  
 He could transform himself to colour,  
 As like the devil as a collier;<sup>3</sup> 350  
 As like as hypocrites in show  
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.  
 Of warlike engines he was author,  
 Devised for quick despatch of slaughter:  
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355  
 He was th' inventor of, and maker:  
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum  
 Did both from his invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach  
 To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360  
 A lance he bore with iron pike,  
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;  
 And when their forces he had join'd,  
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.  
 He Trulla loved,<sup>5</sup> Trulla, more bright 365  
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight;  
 A bold virago, stout, and tall,  
 As Joan of France, or English Mall.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Lilly the astrologer, who adopted the title of *Merlinus Anglicus* in some of his publications.

<sup>2</sup> The literal sense would be, that he was skilful in the heavenly spheres; that is, astrology; but a sphere is anything round, and the tinker's skill lay in mending pots and kettles, which are commonly of that shape. There was a kind of divination practised by means of a sieve, which was put upon the point of a pair of shears, and expected to turn round when the person or thing inquired after was named. This silly method of applying for information is mentioned by Theocritus, as Coseinomancy. (See Bohn's Transl. p. 19.)

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to a common proverb, "Like will to like, as the devil said to the collier." Handbook of Proverbs, p. 111.

<sup>4</sup> Tinkers are said to mend one hole, and make two.

<sup>5</sup> Trull is a low profligate woman, that follows the camp, or takes up with a strolling tinker. Trulla signifies the same in Italian. The person here alluded to was a daughter of James Spencer, debauched by Magnano the tinker.

<sup>6</sup> Joan of Arc, celebrated as the Maid of Orleans. English Moll was famous about the year 1670. Her real name was Mary Carlton; but she was more commonly known as Kentish Moll, or the German princess



R. Cooper sculp.

MARY FRETTE alias MALL CUTPURSE.

*From a rare Print preserved to our Life, 1602.*

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Through perils both of wind and limb,  
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him 370  
 In every adventure h' undertook ;  
 And never him, or it forsook.  
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
 She shared i' th' hazard, and the prize :  
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375  
 Behaved herself with matchless courage ;  
 And laid about in fight more busily  
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.<sup>1</sup>  
 And tho' some critics here cry Shame,  
 And say our authors are to blame, 380  
 That ; spite of all philosophers,  
 Who hold no females stout but bears,  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war,  
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385  
 To swear by Hercules his name ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;<sup>3</sup>

She was transported to Jamaica in 1671 ; and being soon after discovered at large, was hanged at Tyburn, January 22, 1672-3. So far Dr Grey. Bp Percy thinks it more probable that Butler alluded to the valorous Mary Ambree, celebrated in a ballad, contained in his 'Reliques,' 2nd ser. book ii. But it is more likely than either, that he meant Moll Cutpurse (Mary Frith), to whom Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, Act ii. s. 3, alludes. See a long note on the subject in Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare, edited by Isaac Reed, 1803, vol. v. pages 254—56, where Dr Grey's notion is expressly corrected. The life of Moll Cutpurse was printed in 1662, with a portrait of her, copied in Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons."

<sup>1</sup> Queen of the Amazons, killed by Achilles. In the first editions it is printed Pen-thesile. See her story in any *Classical Dictionary*.

<sup>2</sup> Men and women, among the Romans, did not use the same oath, or swear by the same deity. According to Macrobius, the men did not swear by Castor, nor the women by Hercules ; but *Edepol*, or swearing by Pollux, was common to both.

<sup>3</sup> The word termagant now signifies a noisy and troublesome female. In Chaucer's rhyme of Sire Thopas, it appears to be the name of a deity. And Hamlet says (Act iii. sc. 2), "I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant, it out-herods Herod." Mr Tyrwhitt states that this Saracen deity is called Tervagan, in an old MS. romance in the Bodleian Library. Bishop Warburton observes, that this passage is a fine satire on the Italian epic poets, Ariosto, Tasso, and others ; who have introduced their female warriors, and are followed in this absurdity by Spenser and Davenant.

To lay their native arms aside,  
 Their modesty, and ride astride ; <sup>1</sup> 390  
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field ;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris, <sup>2</sup>  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 Of Gondibert, but he had grace, 395  
 And rather took a country lass : <sup>3</sup>  
 They say 'tis false, without all sense  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government, which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in prose ; <sup>4</sup> 400  
 Strip nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so, yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,  
 Shall be deposed by those have seen't, 405  
 Or, what's as good, produced in print ; <sup>5</sup>  
 And if they will not take our word,  
 We'll prove it true upon record.  
 The upright Cerdon next advanc't, <sup>6</sup>  
 Of all his race the valiant'st ; 410  
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,  
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :  
 He raised the low, and fortified  
 The weak against the strongest side. <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Camden says that Anne, wife of Richard II., daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., taught the English women the present mode of riding, about the year 1388 ; before which time they rode astride. And Gower, in a poem dated 1394, describing a company of ladies on horseback, says, "everich one ride on side."

<sup>2</sup> Two formidable women-at-arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants. See *Classical Dictionary*.

<sup>3</sup> It was the humble BIRTHA, daughter of the sage Astragon, who supplanted the princess Rhodalind in the affections of Gondibert.

<sup>4</sup> Butler loses no opportunity of rallying Sir William Davenant, who, in his preface to Gondibert, endeavours to show that government could not be upheld either by statesmen, divines, lawyers, or soldiers, without the aid of poetry.

<sup>5</sup> The vulgar imagine that everything which they see in print must be true.

<sup>6</sup> A one-eyed cobbler, and great reformer : there is an equivouque upon the word upright.

<sup>7</sup> Meaning that he supplied and pieced the heels, and strengthened a weak sole.



R. Cooper sculp.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*From a Print by Goussier, presented to his Works, 1673.*



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Ill has he read, that never hit 415  
 On him in muses' deathless writ.  
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,<sup>1</sup>  
 That thro' a bull-hide shield would pierce,  
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,<sup>2</sup> 420  
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor<sup>3</sup>  
 Was comrade in the ten years' war :  
 For when the restless Greeks sat down  
 So many years before Troy town,  
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425  
 For well-soled boots no less than fights ;<sup>4</sup>  
 They owed that glory only to  
 His ancestor, that made them so.  
 Fast friend he was to Reformation,  
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430  
 Next rectifier of wry law,  
 And would make three to cure one flaw.  
 Learned he was, and could take note,  
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :  
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,<sup>5</sup> 435  
 Or argument, in which being valiant,  
 He used to lay about, and stickle,  
 Like ram or bull at conventicle :  
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,  
 Do fight with arms that spring from skulls. 440

<sup>1</sup> That is, a sharp knife, with which he cut leather.

<sup>2</sup> The shield of Ajax. See Description of it in Iliad, v. 423 (Pope).

<sup>3</sup> According to the old distich :

The higher the plum-tree, the riper the plum ;  
 The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb.

<sup>4</sup> "Well-greaved Achæans:" the "greave" (*κνημίς*) was armour for the legs, which Butler ludicrously calls boots. In allusion, no doubt, to a curious "Dissertation upon Boots" (in the Phoenix Britannicus, p. 268,) written in express ridicule of Col. Hewson, and perhaps having in mind Alexander Ross, who says that Achilles was a shoemaker's boy in Greece, and had he not pawned his boots to Ulysses, would not have been pierced in the heel by Paris. In further illustration, the Shakspearian reader will remember Hotspur's punning reply to Owen Glendower's brag, "I sent thee bootless home," Henry IV. p. 1, Act iii. sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> The encouragement of preaching by persons of every degree amongst the laity was one of the principal charges brought against the dominant party under the Commonwealth, by their opponents.

Last Colon came, bold man of war,<sup>1</sup>  
 Destined to blows by fatal star;  
 Right expert in command of horse,  
 But cruel, and without remorse.  
 That which of Centaur long ago 445  
 Was said, and has been wrested to  
 Some other knights, was true of this:  
 He and his horse were of a piece.  
 One spirit did inform them both,  
 The self-same vigour, fury, wrath; 450  
 Yet he was much the rougher part,  
 And always had the harder heart,  
 Altho' his horse had been of those  
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.<sup>2</sup>  
 Strange food for horse! and yet, alas! 455  
 It may be true, for flesh is grass.<sup>3</sup>  
 Sturdy he was, and no less able  
 Than Hercules to cleanse a stable;<sup>4</sup>  
 As great a drover, and as great  
 A critic too, in hog or neat. 460  
 He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,  
 Dame Tellus,<sup>5</sup> 'cause he wanted fother,  
 And provender, wherewith to feed  
 Himself and his less cruel steed.  
 It was a question, whether he, 465  
 Or's horse, were of a family  
 More worshipful; till antiquaries,  
 After they'd almost pored out their eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Ned Perry, an ostler.

<sup>2</sup> The horses of Diomedes, king of Thrace, were said to have been fed with human flesh, and that he himself was ultimately eaten by them, his dead body having been thrown to them by Hercules. The moral, perhaps, may be, that Diomedes was ruined by keeping his horses, as Actæon was said to be devoured by his dogs, because he was ruined by keeping them.

<sup>3</sup> A banter on the following passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "All flesh is grass, not only metaphorically, but literally: for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves," &c. See Works (Bohn's Edit. vol. ii. p. 317).

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the fabulous story of Hercules, who cleansed the stables of Augeas, king of Elis, by turning the river Alpheus through them.

<sup>5</sup> This means no more than his ploughing the ground. A happy example of the magniloquence which belongs to mock epics.

Did very learnedly decide  
 The business on the horse's side ; 470  
 And proved not only horse, but cows,  
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house :  
 ( For beasts, when man was but a piece  
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess. )

These worthies were the chief that led 475

The combatants, each in the head  
 Of his command, with arms and rage  
 Ready and longing to engage.  
 The numerous rabble was drawn out  
 Of several countries round about, 480  
 From villages remote, and shires,  
 Of east and western hemispheres.

From foreign parishes and regions,  
 Of different manners, speech, religions,<sup>1</sup>  
 Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight 485  
 For fame and honour, some for sight.

And now the field of death, the lists,  
 Were enter'd by antagonists,  
 And blood was ready to be broach'd,  
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490  
 With Squire and weapons to attack 'em ;  
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em :

What rage, O Citizens !<sup>2</sup> what fury  
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?

<sup>1</sup> In a thanksgiving sermon preached before Parliament, on the taking of Chester, Mr Case said that there were no less than 180 new sects then in London, who propagated the "damnable doctrines of devils." And Mr Ford, in an assize sermon, stated "that in the little town of Reading, he was verily persuaded, if St Augustin's and Epiphanius's Catalogues of Heresies were lost, and all other modern and ancient records of the kind, yet it would be no hard matter to restore them, with considerable enlargements, from that place ; that they have Anabaptism, Familism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, Ranting, and what not ? and that the devil was served in heterodox assemblies, as frequently as God in theirs. And that one of the most eminent church-livings in that country was possessed by a blasphemer, in whose house he believed some of them could testify that the devil was as visibly familiar as any one of the family."

<sup>2</sup> Butler certainly had the following lines of Lucan in view (Phars. 1—8):

"What rage, O citizens ! has turned your swords  
 Against yourselves, and Latian blood affords  
 To envious foes ?——"

What œstrum,<sup>1</sup> what phrenetic mood 495  
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast,  
 And unrevenged walks —— ghost?<sup>2</sup>  
 What towns, what garrisons might you,  
 With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500  
 Which now ye're bent to throw away  
 In vain, untriumphable fray?<sup>3</sup>  
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?<sup>4</sup>  
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?  
 Then because quarrels still are seen  
 With oaths and swearings to begin,  
 The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Will seem a mere God-damme rant, 510  
 And we that took it, and have fought,  
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.  
 For as we make war for the king  
 Against himself,<sup>5</sup> the self-same thing

<sup>1</sup> *Æstrum* is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or horse-fly, which torments cattle in summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

<sup>2</sup> Vies, or *Devizes*, in Wiltshire. The blank should be filled up with Waller. This passage alludes to the defeat of Sir William Waller, by Wilmot, near that place, July 13, 1643. After the battle, Sir William was entirely neglected by his party. Clarendon calls it the battle of Roundway-down, and some in joke call it Runaway-down.

<sup>3</sup> The Romans never granted a triumph to the conqueror in a *civil* war.

<sup>4</sup> Walker, in his *History of Independency*, observes that all the cheating, ambitious, covetous persons of the land were united together under the title of 'the Godly,' 'the Saints,' and shared the fat of the land between them. He calls them "Saints who were canonized in the Devil's Calendar." The support of the discipline, or ecclesiastical regimen by presbyters, was called *the Cause*.

<sup>5</sup> "To secure the king's person from danger," says Lord Clarendon, "was an expression they were not ashamed always to use, when there was no danger that threatened, but what themselves contrived and designed against him." They not only declared that they fought for the king, but that the raising and maintaining of soldiers for their own army would be an acceptable service to the king, parliament, and kingdom. They insisted on a difference between the king's *political* and his *natural* person; and that his *political* must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his *natural person* was at war with them.



R. Cooper sculp

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

*Engraved by W. Pether in the Collection of the Earl of Harcourt*



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Some will not stick to swear we do 515  
 For God and for religion too.  
 For if bear-baiting we allow,  
 What good can Reformation do?  
 The blood and treasure that's laid out  
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520  
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,<sup>1</sup>  
 The prototype of Reformation,  
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,<sup>3</sup>  
 When 'twas resolved by their house, 525  
 Six members' quarrel to espouse? <sup>4</sup>  
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
 With zeal, and noises formidable;  
 And make all cries about the town  
 Join throats to cry the bishops down? <sup>5</sup> 530  
 Who having round begirt the palace,  
 As once a month they do the gallows,<sup>6</sup>  
 As members gave the sign about,  
 Set up their throats, with hideous shout.  
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud,<sup>7</sup> to settle 535  
 Church-discipline, for patching kettle.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Protestation was drawn up, and taken in the House of Commons, May 3, 1641; and immediately printed, and dispersed over the nation, the people carrying it about on the points of their spears. It was the first attempt at a national combination against the establishment, and was harbinging of the Covenant.

<sup>2</sup> Those that were killed in the war.

<sup>3</sup> The protesters, when they came tumultuously to the parliament-house, Dec. 27, 1641, to demand justice on the Earl of Strafford, stuck printed copies of the Protestation in their hats, in token of their zeal.

<sup>4</sup> Charles I. ordered the following members, Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hollis, Hampden, Haselrig, and Stroud, to be prosecuted, for plotting with the Scots, and stirring up sedition. The Commons voted against their arrest, upon which the king went to the house with his guards, to seize them; but they, having intelligence of his design, made their escape. This was one of the first acts of open violence which preceded the civil wars.

<sup>5</sup> It is fresh in memory, says the author of *Lex Talionis*, how this city sent forth its spurious scum in multitudes to cry down bishops, root and branch, with lying pamphlets, &c.,—so far, that a dog with a black-and-white face was commonly called a bishop.

<sup>6</sup> The executions at Tyburn were generally once a month.

<sup>7</sup> All these Cries, so humorously substituted for the common street-cries of the times, represent the popular demands urged by the Puritans, before and under the Long Parliament.

<sup>8</sup> For, that is, instead of.

No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
 To geld a cat, but cried Reform.  
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,  
 And trudged away to cry No Bishop : 540  
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
 And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry.  
 Butchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
 And fell to turn and patch the church  
 Some cried the Covenant, instead 545  
 Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread :  
 And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,  
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House :  
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry  
 A Gospel-preaching ministry : 550  
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
 No Surplices, nor Service-book.  
 A strange harmonious inclination <sup>1</sup>  
 Of all degrees to Reformation :  
 And is this all ? is this the end 555  
 To which these carr'ings-on did tend ?  
 Hath public faith, like a young heir,  
 For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,  
 And run int' every tradesman's book,  
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke ? 560  
 Did saints for this bring in their plate,<sup>2</sup>  
 And crowd, as if they came too late ?  
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,  
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565  
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons ;  
 And into pikes and musketeers  
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers ?

<sup>1</sup> The Scots, in their large Declaration (163), begin their petition against the Common Prayer-book thus :—*We, men, women, children, and servants, having considered, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> Zealous persons, on both sides, lent their plate, to raise money for recruiting the army. Even poor women brought a spoon, a thimble, or a bodkin. The king, or some one for the parliament, gave notes of hand to repay with interest. Several colleges at Oxford have notes to this day, for their plate delivered to the king : and many other notes of the same nature are still in existence. Purchases were also made by both parties, on the "public faith," and large interest promised, but nothing ever paid.

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R. Cooper sculp.

THOMAS CASE, M.A.

*From a Print prefixed to the Farewell Sermons of the Synodical Ministers.*

A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men, as soon 570  
 As in the furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then was the Cause all gold and plate,  
 The brethren's off'rings consecrate,  
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575  
 The saints fell prostrate, to adore it.<sup>2</sup>  
 So say the wicked—and will you  
 Make that sarcasmous scandal true,  
 By running after dogs and bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580  
 Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,<sup>3</sup>  
 And laid themselves out, and their lungs;  
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
 I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?  
 Have they invented tones, to win 585  
 The women, and make them draw in  
 The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590  
 Discover'd th' enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the fable of Cadmus; Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, iii. 106 (Bohn's Translation, page 85).

<sup>2</sup> Exod. xxxii.

<sup>3</sup> Calamy, Case, and other Puritan preachers, exhorted their flocks, in the most moving terms and tones, to contribute their money towards the support of the parliament army, using such terms as "O happy money that will purchase religion," "All ye that have contributed to the Parliament, come and take this sacrament to your comfort."

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the profane familiarity which characterized the prayers of the most violent of the Presbyterian ministers and leaders. Grey says it was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. And for those that were 'grown up in grace' it was thought comely enough to take a great chair at the end of the table, and sit with cocked hats on their heads, to say: "God, we thought it not amiss to call upon Thee this evening and let Thee know how affairs stand; we do somewhat long to hear from Thee, and if thou pleasest to give us such and such victories, we shall be good to Thee in something else when it lies in our way."



Told it the news o' th' last express,<sup>1</sup> 595  
 And after good or bad success  
 Made prayers, not so like petitions,  
 As overtures and propositions,  
 Such as the army did present  
 To their creator, th' parliament; 600  
 In which they freely will confess,  
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,<sup>2</sup>  
 Unless the work be carry'd on  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 By setting Church and Common-weal 605  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a bear and dog?  
 The parliament drew up petitions<sup>3</sup>  
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610  
 To well-affected persons, down  
 In every city and great town,  
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen?  
 For this did many, many a mile, 615  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,

<sup>1</sup> The prayers of the Presbyterians, in those days, were very historical. Mr G. Swaithe, in his *Prayers* (pub. 1645), p. 12, says: "I hear the king hath set up his standard at York, against the parliament and the city of London. Look thou upon them; take their cause into thine own hand, appear thou in the cause of thy saints; the cause in hand."

"Tell them from the Holy Ghost," says Beech, "from the word of truth, that their destruction shall be terrible, it shall be timely, it shall be total."

"Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.—Who remembered us at Naseby, for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in Pembrokeshire, for his mercy, &c.

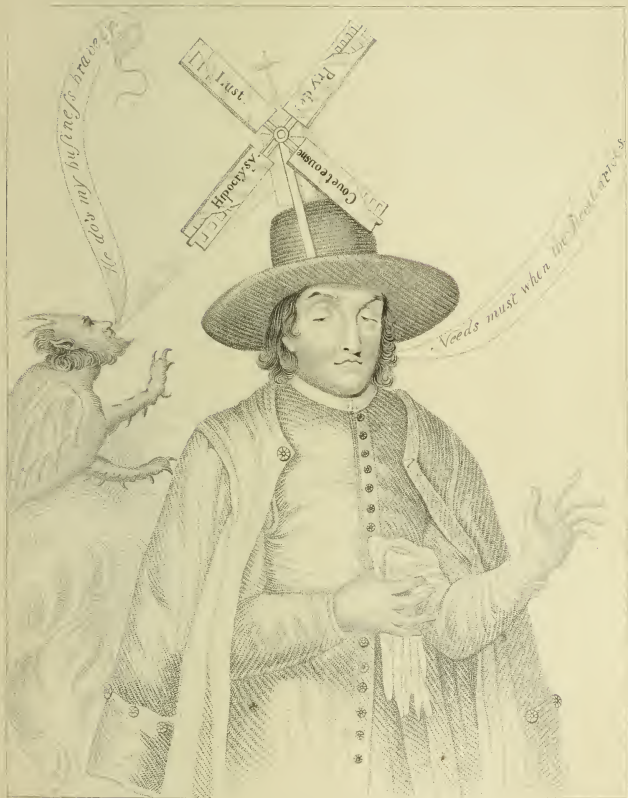
Who remembered us at Leicester, for his mercy, &c.

Who remembered us at Taunton, for his mercy, &c.

Who remembered us at Bristol, for his mercy, &c."

<sup>2</sup> Alluding probably to their saucy expostulations with God from the pulpit, such as: "What dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling us into a ditch and there to leave us?" Again, "Put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

<sup>3</sup> It was customary for active members of parliament, having special objects in view; to draw up petitions "very modest and reasonable," and send them into the country to be signed, then substituting something more suitable to their purpose. The Hertfordshire petition, at the beginning of the war, took notice of things which had occurred in parliament only the night before its delivery, although it was signed by many thousands.



R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

ADONIRAM BYFIELD.

*From an unique Print in the Collection at Strawberry Hill.*

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With papers in their hats, that show'd  
 As if they to the pillory rode ?  
 Have all these courses, these efforts,  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 623  
*Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,*<sup>1</sup>  
 And all t' advance the Cause's service,  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine fray ?  
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore, 625  
 Each man of us to run before  
 Another<sup>2</sup> still in Reformation,  
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation ?  
 How will dissenting brethren relish it ?  
 What will Malignants<sup>3</sup> say ? *videlicet,* 630  
 That each man swore to do his best,  
 To damn and perjure all the rest ;  
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,  
 Which at this race is like to win most.  
 They'll say, our bus'ness to reform 635  
 The Church and State is but a worm ;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,<sup>4</sup>  
 T' an unknown Church's discipline,  
 What is it else, but, before-hand,  
 T' engage, and after understand ? 640  
 For when we swore to carry on  
 The present Reformation,  
 According to the purest mode  
 Of Churches best reform'd abroad,<sup>5</sup>  
 What did we else but make a vow 645  
 To do, we knew not what, nor how ?

<sup>1</sup> That is, with all their might. See Bohn's *Dictionary of Latin Quotations*.

<sup>2</sup> This was a common phrase in those days, particularly with the zealous preachers, and is inserted in the Solemn League and Covenant.

<sup>3</sup> The name given to the king's party by the parliament.

<sup>4</sup> This refers to the haste with which the nation was made to "engage" in the Solemn League and Covenant, as the price of the assistance of the Scotch army on the parliament's side.

<sup>5</sup> The Presbyterians pretended to desire such a reformation as had taken place in the neighbouring Churches ; the king offered to invite any Churches to a National Synod, and could not even obtain an answer to the proposal.

For no three of us will agree  
 Where or what Churches these should be;  
 And is indeed the self-same case  
 With theirs that swore *et cæteras*;<sup>1</sup> 650  
 Or the French league, in which men vow'd  
 To fight to the last drop of blood.<sup>2</sup>  
 These slanders will be thrown upon  
 The cause and work we carry on,  
 If we permit men to run headlong 655  
 T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,  
 Rather than gospel-walking times,<sup>3</sup>  
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.  
 But we the matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious scandal. 660  
 In name of king and parliament,<sup>4</sup>  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen;  
 And to those places straight repair 665  
 Where your respective dwellings are:

A sly stroke of the poet's at his own party. By the convocation which sat in the beginning of 1640 all the clergy were required to take an oath in this form: "Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, *et cætera*." Dr Heylin, a member of the Convocation, endeavoured to make it appear that the *et cætera* was inserted by mistake. The absurdity of the oath is thus lashed by his brother satirist, Cleveland, p. 33:

"Who swears *et cætera*, swears more oaths at once  
 Than Cerberus, out of his triple sconce."

<sup>2</sup> The 'Holy League' entered into for the extirpation of Protestantism in France, 1576, was the original of the Scotch 'Solemn League and Covenant.' Nor did they differ much in their result. Both ended with the murder of two kings whom they had sworn to defend. This comparison has also been made, paragraph by paragraph, by Sir William Dugdale, in his 'Short View of the Troubles.'

<sup>3</sup> A cant phrase of the time.

<sup>4</sup> The Presbyterians made a distinction between the king's person politic, and his person natural: when they fought against the latter, it was in defence of the former, always inseparable from the parliament. The commission granted to the Earl of Essex was in the name of the king and parliament. But when the Independents got the upper hand, the name of the king was omitted, and the commission of Sir Thomas Fairfax ran only in the name of the parliament,

But to that purpose first surrender  
 The fiddler, as the prime offender,<sup>1</sup>  
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author, and engineer of mischief; 670  
 That makes division between friends,  
 For profane and malignant ends.  
 He and that engine of vile noise,  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought 675  
 To condign punishment, as th' ought.  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:  
 For then I'll take another course,  
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680  
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,  
 To show he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long supprest  
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685  
 Implacably as flame in furnace,  
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,<sup>2</sup>  
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched;  
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow  
 On rump of justice as of cow; 690  
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage  
 O' th'self, old iron,<sup>3</sup> and other baggage,  
 With which thy steed of bones and leather  
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the fable of the trumpeter, who was put to death for setting people together by the ears without fighting himself. It is meant to ridicule the clamours made by parliament against supposed evil counselors; by which Strafford, Laud, and others were sacrificed.

<sup>2</sup> The speech, though coarse, and becoming the mouth of a butcher (see Canto II. l. 295), is an excellent satire upon the justices of the peace in those days, who were often shoemakers, tailors, or common livery servants. Instead of making peace with their neighbours, they hunted impertinently for trifling offences, and severely punished them. "But it may be asked (says Grey) why Talgol was the first in answering the knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the bearward to make the defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the poet has given him does not infer the contrary, and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture."

<sup>3</sup> Meaning his sword and pistols.



How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695  
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?  
 Could thine impertinence find out  
 No work t' employ itself about,  
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
 Thy busy vanity might show ? 700  
 Was no dispute afoot between  
 The caterwauling bretheren ?  
 No subtle question rais'd among  
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?  
 No prize between those combatants 705  
 O' th' times, the land and water saints ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard  
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,<sup>2</sup>  
 And not, for want of bus'ness, come  
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710  
 To interrupt our better sort  
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?  
 Was there no felony, no bawd,  
 Cut-purse,<sup>3</sup> nor burglary abroad ?  
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715  
 To tie thee up from breaking loose ?  
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
 For which thou statute might'st allege,  
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,  
 And shame due to thee from the devil ? 720  
 Did no committee sit,<sup>4</sup> where he  
 Might cut out journey-work for thee ;

<sup>1</sup> That is, the Presbyterians and Anabaptists.

<sup>2</sup> Face or head, see Wright's Provincial Dict., *sub voce*. Mazer is used for a head, seriously by Sylvester, and ludicrously in two old plays. From mazer comes mazzard, as from visor, vizard.

<sup>3</sup> Men formerly hung their purses, by a silken or leathern strap, to their belts, outside their garments. Hence the term cut-purse.

<sup>4</sup> In many counties certain persons appointed by the parliament to promote their interest, had power to raise money for their use, and to punish their opponents by fine and imprisonment: these persons were called a *Committee*. Walker, in his History of Independency, says that "to historicalise at large the grievances of committees would require a volume as big as the Book of Martyrs, and that the people might as easily expect to find charity in hell, as justice in any committee."

And set th' a task, with subornation,  
To stitch up sale and sequestration ;  
To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725  
All parties and the common-weal ?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be ;  
Or sent th' on business any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither. 730  
But if th' hast brain enough in skull  
To keep itself in lodging whole,  
And not provoke the rage of stones,  
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones ;  
Tremble and vanish while thou may'st, 735  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the Knight grew high in wroth,  
And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
From whence, at length, these words broke out: 740

Was I for this entitled Sir,  
And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
For fame and honour to wage battle,  
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?  
Not all the pride that makes thee swell 745  
As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;  
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
And sell thy carrion for good meat ;  
Not all thy magic to repair  
Decay'd old age, in tough lean ware, 750  
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;  
Not all the force that makes thee proud,  
Because by bullock ne'er withstood :  
Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755  
And axes made to hew down lives,  
Shall save, or help thee to evade  
The hand of justice, or this blade,  
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,  
For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall these words of venom base,  
Which thou hast from their native place,

Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free :<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em 765  
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.  
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight  
 With gauntlet blue and bases white,<sup>2</sup>  
 And round blunt dudgeon by his side,<sup>3</sup>  
 So great a man at arms defy'd, 770  
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.<sup>4</sup>  
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal ;  
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775  
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;  
 And bending cock, he levell'd full  
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull ;  
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther. 780  
 But Pallas came in shape of rust,<sup>5</sup>  
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
 Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock  
 Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.  
 Meanwhile fierce Talgol gath'ring might, 785  
 With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;  
 But he with petronel<sup>6</sup> upheav'd,  
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Free, that is, untouched by your accusations, as being free from what you charge me with. So *Shakspeare*, "We that have free souls," &c., *Hamlet*. III. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning a butcher's blue sleeves and white apron. Gauntlets were gloves of plate-mail; bases were mantles which hung from the middle to about the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback.

<sup>3</sup> The steel on which a butcher whets his knife, called humorously a "dudgeon," or dagger. Some editions put *truncheon*.

<sup>4</sup> The patience of Griselda is celebrated by Chaucer in the *Clerke's Tale*. The story is taken from Petrarch's "Epistola de historia Griseldidis," and was the subject of a popular English Chap-book in 1619, often reprinted.

<sup>5</sup> A banter upon Homer, Virgil, and other epic poets, who have always a deity at hand to protect their heroes. See also lines 864-5.

<sup>6</sup> A horseman's pistol.

<sup>7</sup> These lines were changed to the following in 1674, and restored in 1704.

And he his rusty pistol held,  
 To take the blow on, like a shield.

The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790  
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
Knock'd down, and stunn'd, with mortal stripe :  
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,  
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795  
Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back ;  
But when his nut-brown<sup>1</sup> sword was out,  
Courageously he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal foe, the truncheon. 800  
The trusty cudgel did oppose  
Itself against dead-doing blows,  
To guard its leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd itself again :  
And though the sword, some understood, 805  
In force had much the odds of wood,  
'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was valian'st.  
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810  
Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.  
And now both knights were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;  
Whilst all the rest, amaz'd, stood still, 815  
Expecting which should take,<sup>2</sup> or kill.  
This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting  
Conquest should be so long a-getting,  
He drew up all his force into  
One body, and that into one blow. 820  
But Talgol wisely avoided it  
By cunning sleight ; for had it hit  
The upper part of him, the blow  
Had slit, as sure as that below.

<sup>1</sup> "Rugged," in the first two editions ; changed perhaps because the term is just previously applied to a truncheon. The description of the combat is a ludicrous imitation of the conflicts recorded in the old romances.

<sup>2</sup> Take, that is, take prisoner, as in line 905.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825  
 To aid his friend, began to fall on;  
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two:  
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other wood;  
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830  
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;  
 While none that saw them could divine  
 To which side conquest would incline:  
 Until Magnano, who did envy 835  
 That two should with so many men vie,  
 By subtle stratagem of brain  
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;  
 For he, by foul hap, having found  
 Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840  
 In haste he drew his weapon out,  
 And having cropp'd them from the root,  
 He clapp'd them under th' horse's tail,<sup>1</sup>  
 With prickles sharper than a nail.  
 The angry beast did straight resent 845  
 The wrong done to his fundament,  
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
 As if h' had been beside his sense,  
 Striving to disengage from thistle,  
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail; 850  
 Instead of which he threw the pack  
 Of Squire and baggage from his back,  
 And blund'ring still with smarting rump,  
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855  
 And sat on further side aslope.  
 This Talgol viewing, who had now,  
 By flight, escap'd the fatal blow,  
 He rally'd, and again fell to 't;  
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860  
 He lifted with such might and strength,  
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,

<sup>1</sup> The same trick was played upon Don Quixote's Rosinante and Sancho's dapple.

And dash'd his brains, if any, out :  
But Mars, who still protects the stout,  
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865  
And under him the bear convey'd ;  
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
The Knight, with all his weight, fell down.  
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound, 870  
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,<sup>1</sup>  
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,<sup>2</sup>  
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well  
In body, though his mighty spirit, 875  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The bear was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880  
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from  
His jaws of death he threw the foam ;  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more, than ever herald drew him.<sup>3</sup>  
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885  
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd ;  
And vex'd the more, because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the Law of arms ;  
For men he always took to be  
His friends, and dogs the enemy, 890  
Who never so much hurt had done him  
As his own side did falling on him.  
It griev'd him to the guts, that they,  
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895  
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;  
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition ;  
For which he flung down his commission,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the protective measures recommended in old works on military fortification.

<sup>2</sup> Sancho's adventure at the inn, where he was toss'd in a blanket.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the remarkable and unnatural positions in which animals are conventionally portrayed in coats of arms.

<sup>4</sup> A ridicule on the petulant behaviour of the military men in the Civil



And laid about him, till his nose  
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
 And made way through th' amazed crew,  
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,  
 But took none; for, by hasty flight, 905  
 He strove t' avoid the conquering Knight,  
 From whom he fled with as much haste  
 And dread as he the rabble chased.  
 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 Each and his fear<sup>1</sup> a several way. 910  
 Crowdero only kept the field,  
 Not stirring from the place he held,  
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore,  
 I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore  
 One side of him, not that of bone, 915  
 But much its better, th' wooden one.  
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd  
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,  
 And loss of urine, in a swoond;<sup>2</sup> 920  
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,  
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,  
 And fitting it for sudden fight,  
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight;  
 For getting up on stump and huckle,<sup>3</sup> 925  
 He with the foe began to buckle,  
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
 Of crowd and shin upon the wretch,  
 Sole author of all detriment  
 He and his fiddle underwent. 930  
 But Ralpho, who had now begun  
 T' adventure resurrection<sup>4</sup>

Wars, it being common for those of either party, at a distressful juncture, to come to the king or parliament with some unreasonable demands; and if they were not complied with, to throw up their commissions, and go over to the opposite side: pretending, that they could not in honour serve any longer under such unsoldier-like indignities.

<sup>1</sup> That is, that which he feared.

<sup>2</sup> The twofold effect of the Knight's fear.

<sup>3</sup> Put here for "knee;" the word means "hip."

<sup>4</sup> A ridicule on the Sectaries who were fond of using Scripture phrases.

From heavy squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup,  
 Looking about beheld the bard 935  
 To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed,  
 As rats do from a falling house,  
 To hide itself from rage of blows ; 940  
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue Knight from black and blue.  
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen, 945  
 When Ralpho thrust himself between ;  
 He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the Knight from further harm ;  
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 O' th' wooden member such a load, 950  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate frenzy 955  
 Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy  
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able ?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship  
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960  
 And Hudibras or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear our<sup>3</sup> blows as that of wood ?  
 Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965  
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* Looking about, beheld pernicion  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.

<sup>2</sup> A ridicule of the poetical way of expressing numbers. It occurs in Shakespeare. Thus Justice Silence, in *Henry IV.* Act v. "Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now." And the witch in *Macbeth*, Act v. "Twice and once the hedge pig whined."

<sup>3</sup> "Out," is the usual reading ; but the first edition has "our," which seems preferable.

To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
 And ankle free from iron gin?  
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care  
 Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970  
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright:  
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,<sup>1</sup>  
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump<sup>2</sup>  
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been 975  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.  
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room to window eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,  
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980  
 This gladded Ralpho much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A self-denying conqueror;<sup>3</sup>  
 As high, victorious, and great, 985  
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give yourself but leave  
 To make out what y' already have;  
 That's victory. The foe, for dread  
 Of your nine-worthiness,<sup>4</sup> is fled, 990  
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;  
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,

<sup>1</sup> Compare this with the situation of Hector, who was stunned by a severe blow received from Ajax, and then comforted by Apollo.—*Iliad* xv. 240.

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare represents Adonis attempting after this fashion to rouse Venus from her swoon—

“He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheek.”

See also Beaumont and Fletcher, “The Nice Valour,” Act iii.

<sup>3</sup> Ridiculing the Self-denying Ordinance, by which the members of both Houses, who were in the army, pledged themselves to renounce either their civil or their military appointments. Grey thinks that Butler here meant to sneer at Sir Samuel Luke, who, notwithstanding the Self-denying Ordinance, continued for 20 days to hold office as governor of Newport Pagnel.

<sup>4</sup> Thrice worthy is a common appellation in romances. This is borrowed from the History of the “Nine Worthies.”

Either for life, or death, or sale,<sup>1</sup> 995  
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;  
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye  
 Must sentence him to live or die.  
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,<sup>2</sup>  
 Won in the service of the Churches; 1000  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd:  
 For tho' success did not confer  
 Just title on the conqueror;<sup>3</sup>  
 Tho' dispensations were not strong 1005  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;  
 Altho' out-goings did not<sup>4</sup> confirm,  
 And owning were but a mere term;<sup>5</sup>  
 Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' creature,<sup>6</sup> tho' usurp'd by might, 1010  
 The property is in the saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;  
 All which the saints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.  
 What we take from them is no more  
 Than what was ours by right before; 1020  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.  
 At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow valorous:  
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025  
 Of all his foes remain but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him,

<sup>1</sup> The phrases bantered here, were popular amongst the Puritans.

<sup>2</sup> That is, acquisition by conquest; the original meaning of the word.

<sup>3</sup> Success was pleaded by the Presbyterians as a proof of the justice of their cause. <sup>4</sup> So in the three first editions. But 1710 omits 'not.'

<sup>5</sup> Dispensations, out-goings, carryings-on, nothingness, ownings, &c., were cant words of the time. For others see Canto I. ver. 109.

<sup>6</sup> It was maintained by the Puritans of those days that all Dominion is

Vowing to make Crowdero pay  
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030  
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood:  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit  
 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1035  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction; I that am  
 A nothingness<sup>1</sup> in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,  
 Or ill entreat his fiddle or case: 1040  
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword  
 To break a fiddle, and your word?  
 For tho' I fought and overcame, 1045  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:<sup>2</sup>  
 For great commanders always own  
 What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.  
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
 Argues your pow'r above your will; 1050  
 And that your will and pow'r have less  
 Than both might have of selfishness.  
 This pow'r which, now alive, with dread  
 He trembles at, if he were dead,  
 Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1055  
 Than if you were a knight of straw;  
 For death would then be his conqueror,  
 Not you, and free him from that terror.  
 If danger from his life accrue,  
 Or honour from his death to you, 1060  
 'Twere policy, and honour too,  
 To do as you resolv'd to do:

founded in grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace, and was not a saint-like or godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels; and that the Saints had a right to all, and might take it wherever they had power to do so.

<sup>1</sup> One of the cant terms of the times.

<sup>2</sup> Obviously a satire upon the parliament, who made no scruple at infringing articles of capitulation granted by their generals, if they found them too advantageous to the enemy.

But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,  
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.  
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065  
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :  
 The laurels that adorn their brows  
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,  
 And living foes : the greatest fame  
 Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your pain ;  
 Th' honour can but on one side light,  
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight.  
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075  
 To keep him prisoner of war ;  
 And let him fast in bonds abide,  
 At court of justice to be try'd ;  
 Where, if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
 There may be danger in his safety : <sup>1</sup> 1080  
 If any member there dislike  
 His face, or to his beard have pike ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Or if his death will save, or yield  
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085  
 Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please.<sup>4</sup>  
 This has been often done by some  
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;

<sup>1</sup> The conduct of Cromwell in the case of Lord Capel will explain this line. After pronouncing high encomiums on him, and when every one expected he would vote to save his life, he took the opposite course, because of his firm loyalty! See *Clarendon*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, pique.

<sup>3</sup> One of the most objectionable of all the cant religious phrases of the time, as it involved the pretence of supernatural instruction. In some cases, after the Rebels had taken a prisoner, upon the promise of quarter, they would say that it had since been revealed to such a one that he should die, whereupon they would hang him. Dr South observes of Harrison, the regicide, a butcher by profession and a preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it : 'Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently.'"

<sup>4</sup> The arbitrary proceedings of the Long Parliament and the Committees appointed by it, in respect of the lives and property of royalists, and of any who had enemies to call them royalists, are here referred to. A contemporary MS. note in our copy of the first edition states that this line refers to Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, who were executed "after quarter given them by General Fairfax."



And has by most of us been held  
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090  
 For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own  
 Directions and advice put on.

For if we should fight for the Cause 1095  
 By rules of military laws,  
 And only do what they call just,  
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 This we among ourselves may speak ;  
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.<sup>1</sup>

This said, the high outrageous mettle  
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.  
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105  
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done ;  
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place, and use,  
 The wooden member to reduce ; 1110  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.<sup>2</sup>

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,  
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, while the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The Squire, in state, rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120  
 The trophy-fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder<sup>3</sup> like a mace.

<sup>1</sup> Truths revealed only to the perfect, or the initiated in the higher mysteries ; and here signifying esoteric doctrines in morals, such as were avowed by many of the Parliamentary leaders and advisers.

<sup>2</sup> The poet in making the wooden leg take an oath not to serve again against his captor, ridicules those who obliged their prisoners to take such oaths. The prisoners taken at Brentford were so sworn by the Royalists, but Dr Downing and Mr Marshall absolved them from this oath, and they immediately served again in the parliament army.

<sup>3</sup> *Var.* Plac'd on his shoulder.

The Knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side ;  
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, 1125  
 Like boat against the tide and wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,  
 Until quite thro' the town they'd gone :  
 At further end of which there stands  
 An ancient castle, that commands <sup>1</sup> 1130  
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabrick  
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,  
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell  
 Of magic made impregnable :  
 There's neither iron bar nor gate, 1135  
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;  
 And yet men durance there abide,  
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;  
 With roof so low, that under it  
 They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140  
 And yet so foul, that whoso is in,  
 Is to the middle-leg in prison ;  
 In circle magical confin'd,  
 With walls of subtle air and wind,  
 Which none are able to break thorough, 1145  
 Until they're freed by head of borough.  
 Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight  
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight  
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands  
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ; <sup>2</sup> 1150  
 By strange enchantment made to fetter  
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :  
 For tho' the body may creep through,  
 The hands in grate are fast enow :  
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155  
 Is made by beadle exorcist,  
 The body feels the spur and switch,  
 As if't were ridden post by witch,

<sup>1</sup> The Stocks are here pictured as an enchanted castle, with infinite wit and humour, and in the true spirit of burlesque poetry.

<sup>2</sup> A description of the whipping-post ; and a satire upon the great State-prison at Paris, of which there were many tales abroad, strange to English ears even in Star-chamber times.

At twenty miles an hour pace,  
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160  
 On top of this there is a spire,  
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire  
 The fiddle, and its spoils,<sup>1</sup> the case,  
 In manner of a trophy, place.  
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165  
 And let Crowdero down thereat.  
 Crowdero making doleful face,  
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,<sup>2</sup>  
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
 And the survivor of his feet ; 1170  
 But th' other, that had broke the peace,  
 And head of knighthood, they release,  
 Tho' a delinquent false and forged,  
 Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged ;<sup>3</sup>  
 While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175  
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.  
 So justice, while she winks at crimes,  
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

<sup>1</sup> That is, its hide, skin, or covering ; as in "spoils of the chase."

<sup>2</sup> This is the first line of a love-song, in great vogue about the year 1650. It is given entire in Walton's *Angler* (Bohn's edit. p. 159).

<sup>3</sup> This alludes to the case of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was condemned at Colchester with Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, but respited from execution on account of his being a foreigner, and a person of some interest in his own country (Italy). See *Clarendon's Rebellion*.



## PART I. CANTO III.



### ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
Surround the place ; the Knight does sally,  
And is made pris'ner : then they seize  
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place :  
I should have first said Hudibras.

<sup>1</sup> The Author follows the example of Spenser, and the Italian poets, in the division of his work into parts and cantos. Spenser contents himself with a quatrain at the head of each canto ; Butler more fully informs his readers what they are to expect, by an argument in the same style with the poem ; and shows that he knew how to enliven so dry a thing as a summary.

## PART I. CANTO III.



Y me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!<sup>1</sup>  
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
Do dog him still with afterclaps!  
For tho' dame Fortune seem to smile, 5  
And leer upon him for a while,  
She'll after show him, in the nick  
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say  
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a day?<sup>2</sup> 10  
For Hudibras, who thought he'd won  
The field as certain as a gun,<sup>3</sup>  
And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A parody on Spenser's verses:

Ay me, how many perils do enfold  
The virtuous man to make him daily fall.

Fairy Queen: Book i. canto 8.

These two lines are become a kind of proverbial expression, partly owing to the moral reflection, and partly to the jingle of the double rhyme: they are applied sometimes to a man mortally wounded with a sword, and sometimes to a lady who pricks her finger with a needle. It was humorously applied by the Cambridge wits to Jeffreys, on the publication of Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Butler, in his MS. Common Place-book, on this passage, observes: "Cold iron in Greenland burns as grievously as hot." Some editions read "Ah me."

<sup>2</sup> An old ballad, which begins:

What if a day, or a month, or a year  
Crown thy delights,  
With a thousand wish't contentings!  
Cannot the chance of a night or an hour,  
Cross thy delights,  
With as many sad tormentings?

<sup>3</sup> The first edition reads: Suer as a gun.

<sup>4</sup> That is, crowing or rejoicing. Handbook of Proverbs, p. 154.



Thinking he'd done enough to purchase  
 Thanksgiving-day among the churches,<sup>1</sup> 15  
 Wherein his metal and brave worth  
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth,  
 And register'd by fame eternal,  
 In deathless pages of diurnal;<sup>2</sup> 20  
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
 He did but count without his host;<sup>3</sup>  
 And that a turn-stile is more certain  
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.  
 For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25  
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear,  
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,  
 All but the dogs, who, in pursuit  
 Of the Knight's victory, stood to't, 30  
 And most ignobly sought<sup>4</sup> to get  
 The honour of his blood and sweat,<sup>5</sup>  
 Seeing the coast was free and clear  
 O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,  
 Took heart of grace,<sup>6</sup> and fac'd about, 35  
 As if they meant to stand it out:  
 For now the half defeated bear,<sup>7</sup>  
 Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
 Finding their number grew too great  
 For him to make a safe retreat, 40  
 Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;  
 But wisely doubting to hold out,  
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,

<sup>1</sup> The parliament was accustomed to order a day of public Thanksgiving, on occasion of every advantage gained over the Royalists, however trifling. And at these seasons the valour and worthiness of the leader, who had gained the victory, were lauded and enlarged upon.

<sup>2</sup> The gazettes or newspapers, on the side of the parliament, were published daily, and called Diurnals.

<sup>3</sup> Handbook of Proverbs, p. 542.

<sup>4</sup> *Var.* Fought.

<sup>5</sup> An allusion to the complaint of the Presbyterian commanders against the Independents, when the Self-denying Ordinance had excluded them.

<sup>6</sup> Altered in subsequent editions to "took heart again."

<sup>7</sup> The first editions read: For by this time the routed bear.



Retiring still, until he found 45  
He'd got th' advantage of the ground;  
And then as valiantly made head  
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,  
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick  
Of warrior stout and politick; 50  
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
On better terms, and stop the course  
Of the proud foe. With all his force  
He bravely charg'd, and for a while 55  
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;  
But still their numbers so increas'd,  
He found himself at length oppress'd,  
And all evasions so uncertain,  
To save himself for better fortune, 60  
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
To die with honour in the field,  
And sell his hide and carcase at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e'er he could. This resolution 65  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
Th' enemy i' th' greatest throng;  
But what could single valour do  
Against so numerous a foe? 70  
Yet much he did, indeed too much  
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;  
But one against a multitude  
Is more than mortal can make good:  
For while one party he oppos'd, 75  
His rear was suddenly enclos'd,  
And no room left him for retreat,  
Or fight against a foe so great.  
For now the mastiffs, charging home,  
To blows and handy-gripes were come; 80  
While manfully himself he bore,  
And, setting his right foot before,  
He rais'd himself, to show how tall  
His person was, above them all.

This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85  
 In th' enemy, that one should beard  
 So many warriors, and so stout,  
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,  
 And yield on honourable terms. 90  
 Enraged thus, some in the rear  
 Attack'd him, and some ev'rywhere,  
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,  
 And, being down, still laid about;  
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95  
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.<sup>1</sup>

But all, alas! had been in vain,  
 And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,  
 To rescue him had not been quick: 100  
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,  
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot;<sup>2</sup>  
 But not so light as to be borne  
 Upon the ears of standing corn,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105  
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,<sup>4</sup>  
 As some report, was got among  
 The foremost of the martial throng;  
 Where, pitying the vanquish'd bear,  
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110  
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,  
 Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,  
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,  
 By numbers basely overthrown?

<sup>1</sup> So in the famous song of Chevy Chase:

For Witherington needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful dumps,  
 For when his legs were smitten off  
 He fought upon his stumps.

<sup>2</sup> *Long-field* is a term of archery, and a *long-fielder* is still a hero at a cricket match.

<sup>3</sup> A satirical stroke at the character of Camilla, whose speed is hyperbolically described by Virgil, at the end of the seventh book of the *Æneid*.

<sup>4</sup> Witches are said to ride upon broomsticks, and to liquor, or grease them, that they may go faster. See Lucan, vi. 572.

Such feats already he 'as achiev'd, 115  
 In story not to be believ'd,  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
 I would, quoth he, venture a limb  
 To second thee, and rescue him ; 120  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late ;  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125  
 About their heads, to clear the ground ;  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130  
 Meanwhile th' approach'd th' place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd ;  
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Until the mastiffs loos'd their hold : 135  
 And yet, alas ! do what they could,  
 The worsted bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before :<sup>2</sup>  
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,  
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel  
 All over, but the pagan heel ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Trulla interposed her staff between the dogs and the bear, in order to part them ; and Cerdon drew the dogs away by their tails. Staving and tailing are technical terms used in the bear-garden, but are sometimes applied metaphorically to higher pursuits, as law, divinity, &c.

<sup>2</sup> That is, honourable wounds. The reader familiar with Shakspeare will remember Old Siward, in the last scene of *Macbeth* :

*Siw.* ———— Had he his hurts before ?

*Ross.* Aye, in the front.

Why then God's soldier is he !

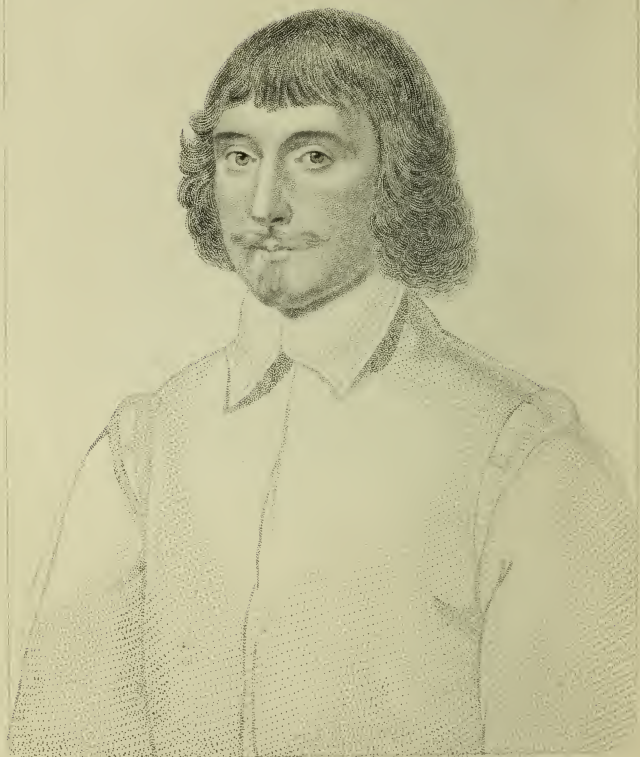
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death.

And so his knell is knoll'd.

<sup>3</sup> The Anabaptists insisted upon the necessity of immersion in baptism ; so Butler uses the word "anabaptized" as equivalent to "dipt" : but as the vulnerable heel was not dipt, he calls it "pagan."





R. Cooper sculp.

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

*From an Original Picture, in the possession of Mr. T. H. Evans.*

So did our champion's arms defend  
 All of him but the other end,  
 His head and ears, which in the martial 145  
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel;  
 For as an Austrian archduke once  
 Had one ear, which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin, in battle par'd  
 Close to his head,<sup>1</sup> so Bruin far'd; 150  
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd;<sup>2</sup>  
 Or like the late-corrected leathern  
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.<sup>3</sup>  
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155  
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which eglantine and roses made; 160  
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers use to loll and dream:  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,

<sup>1</sup> Albert, archduke of Austria, brother to the emperor Rodolph the Second, had one of his ears grazed by a spear, when he had taken off his helmet, and was endeavouring to rally his soldiers, in an engagement with Prince Maurice of Nassau, ann. 1598. A ducatoon is half a ducat.

<sup>2</sup> In those days lawyers or scriveners, guilty of dishonest practices, were sentenced to lose their ears.

<sup>3</sup> Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, who were placed in the pillory, and had their ears cut off, by order of the Star-chamber, in 1637, for writing seditious libels. They were banished into remote parts of the kingdom; but recalled by the parliament in 1640. At their return the populace received them with enthusiasm. They were met, near London, by ten thousand persons, carrying boughs and flowers; and the members of the Star-chamber, concerned in punishing them, were fined £4000 for each.

<sup>4</sup> The passage which commences with this line is an admirable satire on the romance writers of those days; who imitated the well-known passages in Homer and Virgil, which represented the care taken by the deities of their favourites, after combats. "In this passage (says Ramsay) the burlesque is maintained with great skill, the imagery is descriptive, and the verse smooth; showing that the author might, had he chosen, have produced something in a very different strain to 'Hudibras'; though of less excellence. He perhaps knew the true bent of his genius, and probably felt a contempt for the easy smoothness and pretty feebleness of his contemporaries, of whom Waller and Denham were the two most striking examples."



And wanting nothing but a song,<sup>1</sup> 165  
 And a well-tuned theorbo<sup>2</sup> hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.<sup>3</sup>  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 Of his great leader, and the rest. 170  
 For Orsin, who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground  
 In standing fights, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot,  
 Was not long able to keep pace 175  
 With others that pursu'd the chase,  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of heart and out of wind;  
 Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd  
 So basely by a multitude, 180  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers, of his coward foes.  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;<sup>4</sup>  
 Forcing the vallies to repeat 185  
 The accents of his sad regret:  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony bear;  
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,<sup>5</sup>  
 His doleful wailings did resound 190

<sup>1</sup> The ancients believed that Music had the power of curing hemorrhages, gout, sciatica, and all sorts of sprains, when once the patient found himself capable of listening to it. Thus Homer, *Odyssey*, book xix. line 534 of Pope.

<sup>2</sup> A large lute for playing a thorough bass, used by the Italians.

<sup>3</sup> In Grey's edition it is thus pointed:

His tugg'd ears suffer'd; with a strain  
 They both drew up—

But the poet probably meant a well-tuned theorbo, to ease the pain with a strain, that is, with music and a song.

<sup>4</sup> Hercules, when he bewails the loss of Hylas. See Val. Flac. *Argon.* iii. 593, and Theocritus, *Idyl.* xiii. 58.

<sup>5</sup> A fine satire (says Grey) on that false kind of wit which makes an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. Echoes were frequently introduced by the ancient poets (*Ovid. Metam.* iii. 379; *Anthol. Gr.* iii. 6, &c.), and had become a fashion in England from the Elizabethan era to the time when Butler wrote. Addison, see *Spectator* 59, reproves this, as he calls it, "silly

More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,<sup>1</sup>  
 That make her, in their ruthless stories,  
 To answer to inter'gatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose 195  
 To things of which she nothing knows;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled to my—Echo, *ruin*. 200  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, *Marry quep*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Am not I here to take thy part?  
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205  
 So often in thy quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever wince or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum budget*.<sup>3</sup>  
 Thinks't thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish*. 210  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum*.  
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy?

kind of device," and cites Erasmus's Dialogues, where an Echo is made to answer in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. But all the ancient Echoes are outdone by the Irish Echo, which in answer to "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" echoed, "Pretty well, thank you."

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to be a sneer at Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Arcadia* has a long poem between the speaker and Echo.

<sup>2</sup> An exclamation or small oath, having no particular import, apparently the origin of our *Marry come up*. It is used by Taylor the Water Poet, Ben Jonson, and Gayton in his Translation of Don Quixote.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "be silent," in allusion to what Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Master Slander: "I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another."—*Merry Wives*, Act v. sc. 2.

<sup>4</sup> To lay in one's dish, to make an accusation against one, to lay a charge at one's door.

Last night you *lay it*, madam, *in our dish*,  
 How that a maid of ours (whom we must check)  
 Had broke your bitches leg.

Sir John Harrington, Epigr. i. 27.

Or, if thou hast no thought of me, 215  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :  
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause ? Quoth she, *a Puddin.* 220  
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;  
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.  
 He vow'd the authors of his woe 225  
 Should equal vengeance undergo ;  
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd and his bear.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And rage, he hasted to proceed 230  
 To action straight, and giving o'er  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hudibras,  
 To find him out, where'er he was ;  
 And if he were above ground, vow'd 235  
 He 'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.  
 But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew  
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240  
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.  
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,  
 And Talgol, tie to Hudibras ;  
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245  
 And resolute, as ever fought ;  
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :  
 Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that paltry ass,  
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250  
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle ?

For my part, it shall ne'er be said 255  
 I for the washing gave my head : <sup>1</sup>  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;  
 For whether these fell wounds, or no, 260  
 He has received in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretel ;  
 Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome,<sup>3</sup>  
 But if I can but find them out 265  
 That caused it, as I shall no doubt,  
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,<sup>4</sup>  
 I'll make them rue their handiwork,  
 And wish that they had rather dar'd  
 To pull the devil by the beard.<sup>5</sup> 270  
 Quoth Cerdon, noble Orsin, th' hast  
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
 And so has ev'rybody here,  
 As well as thou hast, or thy bear :  
 Others may do as they see good ; 275  
 But if this twig be made of wood  
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
 Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur,

<sup>1</sup> That is, behaved cowardly, or surrendered at discretion : jeering obliquely perhaps at the anabaptistical notions of Ralpho. Hooker, or Vowler, in his description of Exeter, written about 1584, speaking of the parson of St Thomas, who was hanged during the siege, says, "he was a stout man, who would not give his head for the polling, nor his beard for the washing." Grey gives the following quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, Act iv. "*1st Citizen*. It holds, he dies this morning. *2nd Citizen*. Then happy man be his fortune. *1st Citizen*. And so am I and forty more good fellows, that will not *give their heads for the washing*."

<sup>2</sup> *Var.* Of them, but losing of my bear. In all editions between 1674 and 1704.

<sup>3</sup> This common saying is a sneer at the Pope's infallibility.

<sup>4</sup> The confusion or want of order occasioned by haste and secrecy.

——and we have done but greenly  
 In *hugger-mugger* to inter him.

Hamlet, iv. 5. See also Wright's Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> A proverbial expression used for any bold or daring enterprise : so we say, To take a lion by the beard. The Spaniards deemed it the most unpardonable of affronts to be pulled by the beard, and would resent it at the hazard of life.

And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,  
 That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280  
 Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;  
 Myself and Trulla made a shift  
 To help him out at a dead lift ;  
 And having brought him bravely off, 285  
 Have left him where he's safe enough :  
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,  
 The slaves may hap to get away.  
 This said, they all engag'd to join  
 Their forces in the same design, 290  
 And forthwith put themselves, in search  
 Of Hudibras, upon their march :  
 Where leave we them awhile, to tell  
 What the victorious Knight befell ;  
 For such, Crowdero being fast 295  
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
 Nowhere so green as on his brow ;  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300  
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang.  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.  
 But all in vain : he 'ad got a hurt  
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure-land,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The widow is presumed by Grey to be Mrs Tomson, who had a jointure of £200 a year. The courtship appears to be a fact dressed up by Butler's humour (although the editor of 1819 thinks it apocryphal) from Walker's History of Independency, i. p. 170. We learn that Sir Samuel Luke, to repair his decayed estate, sighed for the widow's jointure, but met with fatal obstacles in his suit, for she was a mere coquet, and, what was worse as regarded her suitor's principles, she was a royalist. Her inexorableness, says Mr Walker, was eventually the cause of the knight's death.

For he, in all his am'rous battles,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,  
 Drew home his bow, and aiming right, 315  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight;  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall him in the purtenance;<sup>1</sup>  
 But time had somewhat 'swaged his pain,  
 After he had found his suit in vain: 320  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,  
 That belly that so oft did ake,  
 And suffer griping for her sake,  
 Till purging comfits and ant's eggs<sup>2</sup> 325  
 Had almost brought him off his legs,—  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old *Pyg*—what d' y' call him—*malion*,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,<sup>3</sup>  
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330  
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad;  
 She could love none but only such 335  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.<sup>4</sup>  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;  
 Not love, if any lov'd her? hey-day!<sup>5</sup>  
 So cowards never use their might,  
 But against such as will not fight. 340

<sup>1</sup> A ludicrous name for the knight's heart: taken from a calf's head and purtenance, as it is vulgarly called, instead of appurtenance (or pluck), which, among other entrails, contains the heart. The word is used in the same sense in the Bible. See Exodus xii. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Ants' eggs were formerly supposed, by some, to be antaphrodisiacs, or antidotes to love passions. See Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, b. vi. ch. 7.

<sup>3</sup> Pygmalion, as the mythologists say, fell in love with a statue of his own carving; which Venus, to gratify him, turned into a living woman. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. x. l. 247.

<sup>4</sup> Such capricious kind of love is described by Horace: *Satires*, book i. ii. 105.

<sup>5</sup> So in the edition of 1678, in others it is *ha-day*, but either may stand, as they both signify a mark of admiration. See Skinner and Junius.



So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.<sup>1</sup>  
 He that gets her by heart, must say her  
 The back-way, like a witch's prayer.<sup>2</sup>  
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 345  
 To compass what he durst not ask :  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;  
 Her ignorance is his devotion :<sup>3</sup>  
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
 Rides with his face to rump of steed ;<sup>4</sup> 350  
 Or rowing scull, he 's fain to love,  
 Look one way and another move ;  
 Or like a tumbler that does play  
 His game, and look another way,<sup>5</sup>  
 Until he seize upon the coney ; 355  
 Just so does he by matrimony.

<sup>1</sup> "It is common for horses, as well as men, to be afflicted with sciatica, or rheumatism, to a great degree, for weeks together, and when they once get clear of the fit, never perhaps hear any more of it while they live: for these distempers, with some others, called salutary distempers, seldom or never seize upon an unsound body." Bracken's *Farriery Improved*, ii. 46. The meaning then, from ver. 338, is this: As the widow loved none that were disposed to love her, so cowards fight with none that are disposed to fight with them: so some diseases seize upon none that are already distempered, but upon those only who, through the firmness of their constitution, seem least liable to such attacks.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the Lord's Prayer read backwards. The *Spectator*, No. 61, speaking of an epigram called the *Witch's Prayer*, says, it fell into verse whether read backwards or forwards, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other." See *Spectator*, No. 110, 117, upon Witchcraft.

<sup>3</sup> A banter on the Papists, who, denying to the laity the use of the Bible or Prayer-book in the vulgar tongue, are charged with asserting, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." The wit here is in making the widow's ignorance of his love the cause of the Knight's devotion.

<sup>4</sup> Dr Grey supposes this may allude to five members of the army, who, on the 6th of March, 1648, were forced to ride in New Palace yard with their faces towards their horses' tails, had their swords broken over their heads, and were cashiered, for petitioning the Rump for relief of the oppressed commonwealth.

<sup>5</sup> A dog, called by the Latins *Vertagus*, that rolls himself in a heap, and tumbles over, disguising his shape and motion, till he is near enough to his object to seize it by a sudden spring. The tumbler was generally used in hunting rabbits. See Caius de *Canibus Britannicis* (Kay, on *Englishe Dogges*, sm. 4to, *Lond.* 1576), and Martial. lib. xiv. *Epig.* 200.

But all in vain : her subtle snout  
 Did quickly wind his meaning out ;  
 Which she return'd with too much scorn,  
 To be by man of honour borne ; 360  
 Yet much he bore, until the distress  
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress  
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain  
 He had endur'd from her disdain  
 Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365  
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite,  
 Or for a while play least in sight.  
 This resolution b'ing put on,  
 He kept some months, and more had done, 370  
 But being brought so nigh by fate,  
 The vict'ry he achiev'd so late  
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
 A door to discontinu'd hope,<sup>1</sup>  
 That seem'd to promise he might win 375  
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;  
 And that his valour, and the honour  
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her :  
 These reasons made his mouth to water,  
 With am'rous longings to be at her. 380  
 Thought he unto himself, who knows  
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?  
 If nothing can oppugne love,<sup>2</sup> 385  
 And virtue invious<sup>3</sup> ways can prove,  
 What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both love and virtue too ?  
 But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,  
 Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390  
 Valour 's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft are taken in :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One of the canting phrases used by the sectariës, when they entered on any new mischief.

<sup>2</sup> Read oppugné, as three syllables, to make the line of sufficient length.

<sup>3</sup> That is, impassable. See Horace, III. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Assuming that women are often captivated by a red coat or a copy of verses.

Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear  
To be, that art a conqueror?

Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,<sup>1</sup>

395

But lets the timidous<sup>2</sup> miscarry:

Then, while the honour thou hast got

Is spick and span new, piping hot,<sup>3</sup>

Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,

And trust thy fortune with the rest.

400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep

More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;

And as an owl, that in a barn

Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,

Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,

405

As if he slept, until he spies

The little beast within his reach,

Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;

So from his couch the Knight did start,

To seize upon the widow's heart;

410

Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,

Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse!

And 'twas but time; for now the rout,

We left engag'd to seek him out,

By speedy marches were advanc'd

415

Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,

And all the avenues possest

About the place, from east to west.

That done, awhile they made a halt,

To view the ground, and where t' assault:

420

Then call'd a council, which was best,

By siege, or onslaught, to invest

The enemy; and 'twas agreed

By storm and onslaught to proceed.

This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort

425

They now drew up t' attack the fort;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the familiar quotation, *Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*, "Fortune favours the bold."

<sup>2</sup> *Timidous*, from *timidus*; the hero being in a latinizing humour.

<sup>3</sup> *Spick* and *span* is derived by Dr Grey from *spike*, which signifies a nail of iron, as well as a nail in measure, and *span*, which is a measure of nine inches, or quarter of a yard. This applied to a new suit means that it has just been measured by the nail and span. Ray gives a different derivation; see Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, page 178.

When Hudibras, about to enter  
 Upon another gates adventure,<sup>1</sup>  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430  
 Whether dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger.  
 To which he was an utter stranger,  
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435  
 The glory he had newly got;  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed:  
 To them we leave it to expound,  
 That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
 When setting ope the postern gate,  
 Which they thought best to sally at,<sup>2</sup>  
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445  
 Ready to charge them in the field.  
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:  
 The bruises of his bones and flesh  
 He thought began to smart afresh; 450  
 Till recollecting wonted courage,  
 His fear was soon converted to rage,  
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,  
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455  
 As if they had outrun their fears;  
 The glory we did lately get,  
 The Fates command us to repeat;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, an adventure of another kind; so Sanderson, p. 47, third sermon ad clerum. "If we be of the spirituality, there should be in us another gates manifestation of the spirit." The Americans, in conformity with a prevailing form, might read it "another guess."

<sup>2</sup> Variation in editions 1674 to 1704—

To take the field and sally at.

<sup>3</sup> This is exactly in the style of victorious leaders. Thus Hannibal encouraged his men: "These are the same Romans whom you have beaten so often." And Octavius addressed his soldiers at Actium: "It is the same

And to their wills we must succumb,  
*Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom. 460  
 This is the same numeric crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue ;  
 The self-same individuals that  
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,  
 When we courageously did wield 465  
 Our martial weapons in the field,  
 To tug for victory : and when  
 We shall our shining blades agen  
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
 They 'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470  
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes  
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain  
 And blows they felt to-day, again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home, 475  
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his mistress' name ;<sup>2</sup>  
 His pistol next he cock'd anew,  
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;<sup>3</sup> 480  
 And placing Ralpho in the front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warriors use ; then ply'd,  
 With iron heel, his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed 485  
 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handy-blows : 490  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone  
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one

Antony whom you once drove out of the field before Mutina : Be, as you have been, conquerors." And so, too, Napoleon on several occasions.

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* Haunts by turns, in the editions of 1663.

<sup>2</sup> A hit at the old Romances of Knight-errantry. In like manner Cervantes makes Don Quixote invoke his Dulcinea upon almost every occasion.

<sup>3</sup> Whinyard signifies a sword ; it is chiefly used in contempt or banter. Johnson derives it from whin, furze ; so whinniard, the short scythe or instrument with which country people cut whins.

As that which Diomed did maul  
 Æneas on the bum withal ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495  
 T' have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above ground, or below,  
 Which saints, twice dipt, are destin'd to.<sup>2</sup>  
 The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire ; 500  
 But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.  
 He wisely doubting lest the shot  
 O' th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close 505  
 To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,  
 And that he might their aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;  
 But prudently forbore to fire,  
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher ;<sup>3</sup> 510  
 As expert warriors use to do,  
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
 This order the advent'rous Knight,  
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,  
 When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle, 515  
 And for the foe began to stickle.  
 The more shame for her Goodyship  
 To give so near a friend the slip.  
 For Colon, choosing out a stone,  
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520  
 His manly paunch, with such a force,  
 As almost beat him off his horse,  
 He loos'd his whinyard,<sup>4</sup> and the rein,  
 But laying fast hold on the mane,  
 Preserv'd his seat : and, as a goose 525  
 In death contracts his talons close,

<sup>1</sup> See Iliad v. 304. Virgil. Æn. I. 101. Juvenal. Sat. xv. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the Anabaptists, who thought they obtained a higher degree sanctification by being re-baptized.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to Cromwell's prudent conduct in this respect, who seldom suffered his soldiers to fire till they were near enough to the enemy to be sure of doing execution.

<sup>4</sup> *Var.* He lost his whinyard.



So did the Knight, and with one claw  
 The trigger of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off; and as it was  
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 533  
 In all his feats of arms, when least  
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best;  
 So now he far'd: the shot let fly,  
 At random, 'mong the enemy,  
 Pierced Talgol's gaberdine,<sup>1</sup> and grazing 535  
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who straight, A surgeon! cried—a surgeon!  
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
 Did murder! murder! murder! yell. 540  
 This startled their whole body so,  
 That if the Knight had not let go  
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 H' had won, the second time, the fight;  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545  
 He had inevitably done.  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of Hudibras his wound,<sup>3</sup> forbare  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
 In close encounter, they both wag'd  
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.  
 And now the busy work of death 555  
 Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,  
 Preparing to renew the fight,  
 When th' hard disaster of the knight,  
 And th' other party, did divert  
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.<sup>4</sup> 560  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
 And Cerdon where Magnano was,

<sup>1</sup> A coarse robe or mantle; the term is used by Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, Act I. sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Habergeon, a diminutive of the French word *hauberg*, a little coat of mail. But here it signifies the tinker's budget.

<sup>3</sup> *Var.* Hudibras, his *hurt*. <sup>4</sup> *Var.* And force their sullen rage to part.

Each striving to confirm his party  
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565

And let revenge and honour stir  
Your spirits up; once more fall on,  
The shatter'd foe begins to run:

For if but half so well you knew  
To use your vict'ry as subdue,<sup>1</sup> 570

They durst not, after such a blow  
As you have giv'n them, face us now;  
But from so formidable a soldier,  
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.<sup>2</sup>

Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575

Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft:

But if you let them recollect

Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,

You'll have a harder game to play

Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire; but was heard

By Hudibras with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang

He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;

To which he answer'd, Cruel fate, 585

Tells me thy counsel comes too late,

The clotted blood<sup>3</sup> within my hose,

That from my wounded body flows,

With mortal crisis doth portend

My days to appropinque an end.<sup>4</sup> 590

I am for action now unfit,

Either of fortitude or wit;

Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,

Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

<sup>1</sup> This perhaps has some reference to Prince Rupert, who, at Marston Moor, and on some other occasions, was successful at his first onset by charging with great fury, but lost his advantage by too long a pursuit. See Echard, vol. ii. p. 480.

<sup>2</sup> This belief still prevails in all rural districts. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says: "If the crows towards harvest-time are mischievous, the farmers dig holes near the corn, and fill them with cinders and gunpowder, sticking crow feathers about them, which they find successful."

<sup>3</sup> Var. The knotted blood.

<sup>4</sup> One of the knight's hard words, signifying to approach, or draw near.

I am not apt, upon a wound, 595  
 Or trivial basting, to despond;  
 Yet I'd be loath my days to curta'l;  
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
 Or that we'd time enough as yet  
 To make an honourable retreat, 600  
 'Twere the best course; but if they find  
 We fly, and leave our arms behind  
 For them to seize on, the dishonour,  
 And danger too, is such, I'll sooner  
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605  
 To let them see I am no starter.  
 In all the trade of war no feat  
 Is nobler than a brave retreat:  
 For those that run away, and fly,  
 Take place at least o' th' enemy.<sup>1</sup> 610  
 This said, the Squire, with active speed,  
 Dismounted from his bony<sup>2</sup> steed  
 To seize the arms, which by mischance  
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
 These being found out, and restor'd 615  
 To Hudibras, their natural lord,  
 As a man may say,<sup>3</sup> with might and main,  
 He hasted to get up again.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These two lines were not in the first editions of 1663, but added in 1674. This same notion is repeated in part iii. canto iii. 241—244. But the celebrated lines of similar import, commonly supposed to be in Hudibras,

“For he that fights and runs away  
 May live to fight another day,”

are found in the *Musarum Deliciæ* (by Sir Jno. Mennis and James Smith) 12mo, Lond. 1656, and the type of them occurs in a much earlier collection, viz. The *Apophthegmes* of Erasmus, by Nico. Udall, 12mo, Lond. 1542, where they are thus given:

That same man that renneth awaie  
 Maie again fight, an other daie.

<sup>2</sup> In some editions it is *bonny*, but I prefer *bony*, which is the reading of 1678.—*Nash*.

<sup>3</sup> A sneer at the expletives then used in common conversation, such as: and he said, and she said, and so sir, d'ye see, &c. See *Spectator*, 371.

<sup>4</sup> *Var.* The active Squire, with might and main,  
 Prepar'd in haste to mount again.

Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft ;  
 But by his weighty bum, as oft 620  
 He was pull'd back : 'till having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike steed,  
 And having plac'd him right, with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast, 625  
 When Orsin, who had newly drest  
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,<sup>1</sup>  
 And now was searching for the shot  
 That laid Magnano on the spot, 630  
 Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side ;  
 He left his cure, and laying hold  
 Upon his arms, with courage bold  
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635  
 The enemy begin to rally :  
 Let us that are unhurt and whole  
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.<sup>2</sup>  
 This said, like to a thunderbolt,  
 He flew with fury to th' assault, 640  
 Striving the enemy to attack  
 Before he reach'd his horse's back.  
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,  
 Wriggling his body to recover 645  
 His seat, and cast his right leg over ;  
 When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd  
 On horse and man so heavy a load,  
 The beast was startled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650  
 Bearing the tough Squire, like a sack,  
 Or stout king Richard, on his back ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See canto ii. ver. 225.—Prometheus boasts especially of communicating to mankind the knowledge of medicines. *Æschyli Prometh. Vinct.* v. 491.

<sup>2</sup> A common saying, repeatedly occurring in Shakspeare and the old poets, equivalent to,—“May it be his lot (dole) to be a happy man !”

<sup>3</sup> After the battle of Bosworth Field, where Richard III. fell, his body was stripped, and, in an ignominious manner, laid across a horse's back like a slaughtered deer ; his head and arms hanging on one side, and his legs on the other, besmeared with blood and dirt.

'Till stumbling, he threw him down,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sore bruise'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess;  
 He thrust his hand into his hose,  
 And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
 'Twas only choler,<sup>2</sup> and not blood,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd. 660  
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
 Inflam'd him with despightful ire;  
 Courageously he fac'd about,  
 And drew his other pistol out,  
 And now had half-way bent the cock, 665  
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,  
 With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,  
 That down it fell, and did no harm:  
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
 Essay'd to pull him off his steed. 670  
 The Knight his sword had only left,  
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
 Or at the least cropt off a limb,  
 But Orsin came and rescu'd him.  
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675  
 Upon his quarters opposite.  
 But as a bark, that in foul weather,  
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
 Is bruise'd and beaten to and fro,  
 And knows not which to turn him to: 680  
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
 And knew not which of them t' oppose;  
 'Till Orsin charging with his lance  
 At Hudibras, by spightful chance  
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685  
 And laid him flat upon the ground.  
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,  
 And raising up himself on stirrup,  
 Cry'd out, Victoria! lie thou there,  
 And I shall straight dispatch another, 690

<sup>1</sup> We must here read stumble-ing, to make three syllables.

<sup>2</sup> The delicate reader will easily guess what is here intended by the word choler.

To bear thee company in death :  
 But first I'll halt awhile, and breathe.  
 As well he might : for Orsin griev'd  
 At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
 Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695  
 And cure the hurt he made before.  
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,  
 To breathe himself, and next find out  
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 He might the ruffled foe infest. 700  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care  
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :  
 But he was quick, and had already 705  
 Unto the part apply'd remedy ;  
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard :  
 Then, like a warrior, right expert  
 And skilful in the martial art, 710  
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
 And then, in order, to retire ;  
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,  
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruise'd ; his limbs all o'er,  
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore ; 720  
 Right fain he would have got upon  
 His feet again, to get him gone ;  
 When Hudibras to aid him came.

Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,<sup>1</sup>  
 Courage, the day at length is ours, 725  
 And we once more as conquerors,  
 Have both the field and honour won,  
 The foe is profligate,<sup>2</sup> and run ;

<sup>1</sup> A parody on a phrase continually recurring in Homer.

<sup>2</sup> That is, routed : from the Latin, *profligo*, to put to flight.



I mean all such as can, for some  
 This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730  
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
 With many a gash and bloody wound.  
 Cæsar himself could never say,  
 He got two vict'ries in a day,  
 As I have done, that can say, twice I, 735  
 In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*.<sup>1</sup>  
 The foe's so numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,<sup>2</sup>  
 And they *perire*, and yet enow  
 Be left to strike an after-blow. 740  
 Then, lest they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,  
 Get up, and mount thy steed ; dispatch,  
 And let us both their motions watch.  
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745  
 In case for action, now be here ;  
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
 It was for you I got these harms,  
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750  
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,  
 I shall lie here, and be a prey 755  
 To those who now are run away.  
 That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras :  
 We read, the ancients held it was  
 More honourable far *servare*  
*Civem*, than slay an adversary ; 760  
 The one we oft to-day have done,  
 The other shall dispatch anon :

<sup>1</sup> I came, I saw, I overcame : the words in which Cæsar announced to the Senate his victory over Pharnaces. In his consequent triumph at Rome they were inscribed on a tablet, and carried before him.

<sup>2</sup> A great general, being informed that his enemies were very numerous, replied, then there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.

And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,  
I will not leave thee in the lurch.<sup>1</sup>  
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 735  
And steer'd him gently toward the Squire;  
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;  
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
Charg'd him like lightning behind. 770  
She had been long in search about  
Magnano's wound, to find it out;  
But could find none, nor where the shot  
That had so startled him was got:  
But having found the worst was past 775  
She fell to her own work at last,  
The pillage of the prisoners,  
Which in all feats of arms was hers:  
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780  
To succour him; for, as he bow'd  
To help him up, she laid a load  
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
On th' other side, that down he fell.  
Yield, scoundrel, base, quoth she, or die, 785  
Thy life is mine, and liberty:  
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790  
Thy arms and baggage, now my right:<sup>2</sup>  
And if thou hast the heart to try't,  
I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,  
And once more, for that carcase vile,  
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795  
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
And I shall take thee at thy word.  
First let me rise, and take my sword;

<sup>1</sup> This is a sneer at the Independents, who, when they got possession of the government, deserted their old allies, the Presbyterians, and treated them with great hauteur.

<sup>2</sup> The application of the "law of arms," as expounded in the old romances, to this case, is exquisitely ludicrous.

That sword, which has so oft this day  
 Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800  
 And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805  
 Consider, while thou may'st, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a victor's course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial force.  
 For if with conquest I come off,  
 And that I shall do sure enough, 810  
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,<sup>1</sup>  
 By law of arms, in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,  
 Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815  
 To show how much she priz'd his speech,  
 Quarter or counsel from a foe :  
 If thou canst force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 When I have once more won thy head, 820  
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the Knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and prest so home, 825  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.  
 Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy,  
 It is not fighting arsie-versie<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> L'Estrange records a parallel to this at the siege of Pontefract. An officer having had his horse shot under him, saw two or three common soldiers with their muskets over him as he lay on the ground, ready to beat out his brains ; the officer, with great presence of mind, told them to strike at their peril, for if they did, he swore a great oath he would not give quarter to a man of them. This so surprised them that they hesitated for an instant, during which the officer got up and made his escape.

<sup>2</sup> That is, wrong end uppermost, or b——e foremost. So Ray, quoting Ben Jonson, has :—

Passion of me, was ever man thus cross'd ?  
 All things run arsi-vearsi, upside down.

See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 148.

Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in, 830  
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
 Although th' already made him reel.  
 Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,  
 At once into his stomach came ;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835  
 Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,  
 As if he meant to hash her quick.  
 But she upon her truncheon took them,  
 And by oblique diversion broke them ; 840  
 Waiting an opportunity  
 To pay all back with usury,  
 Which long she fail'd not of ; for now  
 The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,  
 Resolving to decide the fight, 845  
 And she with quick and cunning slight  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight  
 He charg'd upon it was so great,  
 As almost sway'd him to the ground :  
 No sooner she th' advantage found, 850  
 But in she flew ; and seconding,  
 With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,  
 She laid him flat upon his side,  
 And mounting on his trunk astride,  
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855  
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum.  
 Say, will the law of arms allow<sup>1</sup>  
 I may have grace, and quarter now ?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword ? 860  
 A man of war to damn his soul,  
 In basely breaking his parole.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of this and the nine following lines (857 to 866), these four stood in the two first editions of 1663.

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?  
 Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing ?  
 Thou said'st th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou :  
 Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?

And when before the fight, th' hadst vow'd  
 To give no quarter in cold blood ;  
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,<sup>1</sup> 865  
 To make m' against my will take quarter ;  
 Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own ;  
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down : 870  
 My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :  
 My loss of honour 's great enough,  
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :  
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875  
 But cannot blur my lost renown :  
 I am not now in fortune's power,  
 He that is down can fall no lower.<sup>2</sup>  
 The ancient heroes were illustr'ous  
 For being benign, and not blust'rous 880  
 Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords  
 Where sharp and trenchant, not their words ;  
 And did in fight but cut work out  
 T' employ their courtesies about.<sup>3</sup>

Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd, 885  
 Base Slubberdegullion,<sup>4</sup> to be serv'd  
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,  
 If thou hadst got the victory ;  
 Yet I should rather act a part  
 That suits my fame, than thy desert. 890

<sup>1</sup> The Tartars (says Purchas, in his *Pilgrimes*, p. 478) would rather die than yield, which makes them fight with desperate energy ; whence the proverb, Thou hast caught a Tartar.—A man catches a Tartar when he falls into his own trap, or having a design upon another, is caught himself. "Help, help, cries one, I have caught a Tartar. Bring him along, answers his comrade. He will not come, says he. Then come without him, quoth the other. But he will not let me, says the Tartar-catcher."

<sup>2</sup> A literal translation of the proverb : Qui jacet in terrâ non habet unde cadat.

<sup>3</sup> See Cleveland, in his letter to the Protector. "The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesies."

<sup>4</sup> That is, a drivelling fool : to slubber, in British, is to drivel ; and gul, or its diminutive gullion, a fool, or person easily imposed upon. The word is used by Taylor the Water Poet, in his "Laugh and grow fat."

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of which I will not bate one straw ;  
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895  
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late  
 For me to treat or stipulate ;  
 What thou command'st I must obey ;  
 Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day, 900  
 Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too,  
 Both dogs and bear, upon their parol,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905  
 Let one another run away,  
 Concerns not me ; but was't not thou  
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?  
 Crowdero, whom in irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,<sup>2</sup> 910  
 Where still he lies, and with regret  
 His generous bowels rage and fret :  
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915  
 And laid his weapons at her feet :  
 Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,  
 And with it did himself resign.  
 She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The mantle that she wore, said, jesting, 920  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake ;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back :

<sup>1</sup> In public duels all horses, pieces of broken armour, or other furniture that fell to the ground, after the combatants entered the lists, were the fees of the marshal ; but the rest became the property of the victor.

<sup>2</sup> A cant term for a jail or the stocks, used by the old Dramatists. See Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, III. 2.—Dr Grey mentions a story of Mr Lob, a preacher among the dissenters, who, when their meetings were prohibited, contrived a trap-door in his pulpit, which led through many dark windings into a cellar. His adversaries once pursued him into these recesses, and, groping about in perplexity, one of them said that they had got into Lob's pound.



And as the French, we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
 The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925  
 Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers,<sup>1</sup>  
 Just so the proud, insulting lass  
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile the other champions, yerst<sup>3</sup>  
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 930  
 Arriv'd, when Trulla'd won the day,  
 To share in th' honour and the prey,  
 And out of Hudibras his hide,  
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;  
 Which now they were about to pour 935  
 Upon him in a wooden show'r:  
 But Trulla thrust herself between,  
 And striding o'er his back agen,  
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword  
 And vow'd they should not break her word; 940  
 Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,  
 Or theirs, should make that quarter good.  
 For she was bound, by law of arms,  
 To see him safe from further harms.  
 In dungeon deep Crowdero cast 945  
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,  
 Where to the hard and ruthless stones,  
 His great heart made perpetual moans;

<sup>1</sup> We seem at no time to have been averse to the French fashions, but they were quite the rage after the Restoration. Pantaloons were then a kind of loose breeches, commonly made of silk, and puffed, which covered the legs, thighs, and part of the body. They are represented in some of Vandyke's pictures. Port-cannons were streamers of ribands which hung from the knees of the short breeches; they had grown to such excess in France, that Molière was thought to have done good service by laughing them out of fashion. Perriwigs were brought from France in the reign of Elizabeth, but were not much used till after the Restoration. At first they were of various colours, to suit the complexion, and of immense size in large flowing curls, as we see on monuments in Westminster Abbey and in old portraits. Lord Bolingbroke is said to be the first who tied them up in knots; which was esteemed so great an undress, that when his lordship first went to court in a wig of this fashion Queen Anne was offended, and said to those about her, "This man will come to me next court-day in his night-cap."

<sup>2</sup> Dighted, from the Anglo-Saxon *dihtan*, to dress, fit out.

<sup>3</sup> Yerst, or erst, means first.

Him she resolved that Hudibras  
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950  
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting  
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.  
They thought it was but just and right,  
That what she had achiev'd in fight,  
She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955  
Crowdero ought to be releas'd :  
Nor could that any way be done  
So well, as this she pitch'd upon :  
For who a better could imagine ?  
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960  
The Knight and Squire first they made  
Rise from the ground where they were laid,  
Then mounted both upon their horses,  
But with their faces to the arses.  
Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965  
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest ;  
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
And Colon, waited as a guard on ;  
All ush'ring Trulla, in the rear,  
With th' arms of either prisoner. 970  
In this proud order and array,  
They put themselves upon their way,  
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,  
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.  
Thither with greater speed than shows, 975  
And triumph over conquer'd foes,  
Do use t' allow ; or than the bears,  
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,<sup>1</sup>  
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,  
In order, soldier-like contriv'd : 980  
Still marching in a warlike posture,  
As fit for battle as for muster.  
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
They all advanc'd, and round about 985  
Begirt the magical redoubt.

<sup>1</sup> I believe at the lord-mayor's show bears were led in procession, and afterwards baited for the diversion of the populace.—*Nash*.

Magnan' led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter :  
 For he was skilful in black art,<sup>1</sup>  
 No less than he that built the fort, 990  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowdero laid upon the ground :  
 Him they release from durance base, 995  
 Restored t' his fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious veng'ance to assuage ;  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The Knight and Squire, where he was shut ;  
 Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,<sup>2</sup>  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005  
 Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away :  
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To fortune, or be said to droop, 1010  
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
 And sayings of philosophers.  
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfined,<sup>3</sup>  
 And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the tinker Magnano. See Canto ii. l. 336.

<sup>2</sup> In the edition of 1704 it is printed *in Hockly hole*, a pun on the place where their hocks or ankles were confined. Hockley Hole, or Hockley i' th' Hole, was the name of a place near Clerkenwell Green, resorted to for vulgar diversions. There is an old ballad entitled "Hockley i' th' hole, to the tune of the Fiddler in the Stocks." See Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 294.

<sup>3</sup> Referring to that distinction in the civil law which separates the jurisdiction over the body from that over the mind ; (see Justinian's Institutes, III. tit. 8.)—and perhaps to Spinoza, who says that "knowledge makes us free by destroying the dominion of the passions and the power of external things over ourselves." In the succeeding lines the author shows his learning, by bantering the stoic philosophy ; and his wit, by comparing Alexander the Great with Diogenes.

'Tis not restraint, or liberty,  
 That makes men prisoners or free ;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 The mind, or equanimities. 1020  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,<sup>1</sup>  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
 Diogenes : who is not said, 1025  
 For aught that ever I could read,  
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.  
 The ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
 Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030  
 The active and the passive valiant,  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are equi-necessary :  
 But in defeats, the passive stout 1035  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to out-do  
 The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe :  
 Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd ; 1040  
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel 1045  
 Not to be forfeited in battel.  
 If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the bed of honour lain,<sup>3</sup>  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 To lie in honour's truckle-bed.<sup>4</sup> 1050

<sup>1</sup> See Juven. Sat. x. 168 ; xiv. 308.

<sup>2</sup> Beaten black and blue ; from the Latin *suggillare*.

<sup>3</sup> "The bed of honour," says Farquhar (in the Recruiting Officer), "is a mighty large bed. Ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another."

<sup>4</sup> The truckle-bed is a small bed upon wheels, which goes under the larger one. The pun is upon the word "truckle."

For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;  
 So valour, in a low estate, 1055  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may, by being beaten, grow ;  
 But none that see how here we sit,  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass,<sup>1</sup> do imply  
 Illumination, can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much ; so well enough 1065  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off.  
 For who, without a cap and bauble,<sup>2</sup>  
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof : 1070  
 A politic exploit, right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.<sup>3</sup>

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon ;  
 When thou at anything would'st rail, 1075  
 Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale

<sup>1</sup> In those days there was always an hour-glass placed conspicuously on or near the pulpit, in an iron frame, which was set immediately after giving out the text. An hour, or the sand run out, was considered the legitimate length of a sermon. This preaching by the hour gave rise to an abundance of jokes, of which the following are examples : " A tedious spin-text having tired out his congregation by a sermon which had lasted through one turn of his glass and three parts of the second, without any prospect of its coming to a close, was, out of compassion to the yawning auditory, greeted with this short hint by the sexton, ' Pray, Sir, be pleased, when you have done, to leave the key under the door ; ' and thereupon departing, the congregation followed him." Another : A punning preacher, having talked a full hour, turned his hour-glass, and said : " Come, my friends, let us take another glass."

<sup>2</sup> Who but one who deserves a fool's cap.

<sup>3</sup> Ralpho, being chagrined by his situation, not only blames the misconduct of the Knight, which had brought them into the scrape, but sneers at him for his religious principles. The Independents, at one time, were as inveterate against the Presbyterians as both were against the Church.

To take the height on't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane :  
 Whats'ever will not with thy—what d'ye call  
 Thy light—jump right, thou call'st synodical. 1080  
 As if presbytery were a standard  
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.  
 Dost not remember how this day  
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,  
 That thou could'st prove bear-baiting equal 1085  
 With synods, orthodox and legal ?  
 Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,  
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.<sup>1</sup>  
 Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
 Hard matter for a man to do, 1090  
 That has but any guts in's brains,<sup>2</sup>  
 And could believe it worth his pains ;  
 But since you dare and urge me to it,  
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.  
 Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095  
 Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,  
 And other members of the court,  
 Manage the Babylonish sport.  
 For prolocutor, scribe, and bearward,  
 Do differ only in a mere word. 1100  
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues  
 Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs :  
 Both antichristian assemblies,  
 To mischief bent, as far's in them lies :  
 Both stave and tail with fierce contests, 1105  
 The one with men, the other beasts.  
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
 The tongue, the other with the teeth ;  
 And that they bait but bears in this,  
 In th' other souls and consciences ; 1110

<sup>1</sup> The Independents were great pretenders to inward light, for such they assumed to be the light of the spirit. They supposed that all their actions, as well as their prayers and preachings, were immediately directed by it.

<sup>2</sup> A proverbial expression for one who has some share of common sense ; used by Sancho Pança to Don Quixote (Gayton's Translation) upon his mistaking the barber's bason for a helmet. See Ray, in Handbook of Proverbs, p. 163.



Where saints themselves are brought to stake<sup>1</sup>  
 For gospel-light, and conscience-sake ;  
 Expos'd to scribes and presbyters,  
 Instead of mastiff dogs and curs ;  
 Than whom th' have less humanity, 1115  
 For these at souls of men will fly.  
 This to the prophet did appear,  
 Who in a vision saw a bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of church-rule, in this latter age :<sup>2</sup> 1120  
 As is demonstrated at full  
 By him that baited the pope's bull.<sup>3</sup>  
 Bears naturally are beasts of prey,  
 That live by rapine ; so do they.  
 What are their orders, constitutions, 1125  
 Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
 To tie poor Christians to the stake ?  
 And then set heathen officers,  
 Instead of dogs, about their ears. 1130  
 For to prohibit and dispense,  
 To find out, or to make offence ;  
 Of hell and heav'n to dispose,  
 To play with souls at fast and loose ;  
 To set what characters they please, 1135  
 And mulcts on sin or godliness ;  
 Reduce the church to gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;  
 To make presbytery supreme,  
 And kings themselves submit to them ;<sup>4</sup> 1140

<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterians, when in power, by means of their synods, assemblies, classes, scribes, presbyters, triers, orders, censures, curses, &c. &c., persecuted the ministers, both of the Independents and of the Church of England, with violence and cruelty little short of the Inquisition.

<sup>2</sup> Daniel vii. 5. "And behold another beast, a second, like to a bear ; and it raised up itself on one side ; and it had three ribs in the mouth of it, between the teeth of it : and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much flesh."

<sup>3</sup> The Baiting of the Pope's Bull was the title of a polemic pamphlet written against the Pope, by Henry Burton, rector of St Matthew, Friday-street, London, 1627.

<sup>4</sup> The Disciplinaryans, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained in



R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

HENRY BURTON.

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And force all people, tho' against  
 Their consciences, to turn saints;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When saints monopolists are made:  
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts,  
 Are dispensations and gifts;  
 There godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,  
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,<sup>1</sup>  
 And growing up, became the sires  
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;<sup>2</sup>

1145

1155

their book, called Ecclesiastical Discipline, that kings ought to be subject to ecclesiastical censures, as well as other persons. This doctrine was revived by the Presbyterians, and actually put in practice by the Scots, in their treatment of Charles II. The Presbyterians, in the civil war, maintained "that princes must submit their sceptres, and throw down their crowns before the church, yea, lick the dust off the feet of the church;" and Buchanan, in his famous "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," asserted, that "ministers may excommunicate princes, and that they, being by excommunication cast into hell, are not worthy to enjoy any life upon earth."

<sup>1</sup> The word pernicion appears to have been coined by our author from the Latin *perniciēs*, and means destructive effect. It is given in *Webster's Dictionary*.

<sup>2</sup> The Presbyterians had a set of officers called Triers, commissioned by the two houses, who examined candidates for orders, and presentees to benefices, and sifted the qualifications of ruling elders in every congregation. See Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*. As the Presbyterians demanded of the Church of England, What command or example have you for kneeling at the communion, for wearing a surplice, for lord bishops, for a penned liturgy, &c. &c., so the Independents retorted upon them; Where are your lay elders, your presbyters, your classes, your synods, to be found in Scripture? where your steeple-houses, and your national church, or your tithes, or your metre psalms, or your two sacraments? show us a command or example for them. See Dr Hammond's *View of the Directory*. The learned Dr Pocock was called before the Triers for ignorance and insufficiency of learning, and after an attendance of several months was acquitted, and then not on his own merits, but on the remonstrance of a deputation of the most learned men of Oxford, including Dr Owen, who was of their own party. This is confirmed by Dr Owen, in a letter to Secretary Thurloe. "One thing," says he, "I must needs trouble you with: there are in Berkshire some men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady, enemies of tythes, who are the commissioners for ejecting ministers: they alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out, on very slight and trivial pretences, very worthy men; one in special they intend next week to eject, whose name is Pocock, a man of as unblameable a conversation as any that I know living, and of repute for learning throughout the world, being the

Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight,  
 To cast a figure for men's light ;  
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155  
 The physiognomy of grace ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be sound within disclose,  
 Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,  
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ;<sup>2</sup> 1160  
 By black caps, underlaid with white,<sup>3</sup>  
 Give certain guess at inward light ;  
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,<sup>4</sup>  
 To make the sp'ritual calling clear.  
 The handkerchief about the neck, 1165  
 —Canonical cravat of smeck,<sup>5</sup>

professor of Hebrew and Arabic in our University: so that they exceedingly exasperate all men, and provoke them to the height."

<sup>1</sup> The Triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the face or beard of a man, if he happened to be of a ruddy complexion, or cheerful countenance, they would reject him at once. Their questions were such as these: When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? In what month? On what day? About what hour of the day had you the secret call or motion of the Spirit to undertake and labour in the ministry? &c. &c. And they would try whether he had the true whining voice and nasal twang. Dr South, in his Sermon, says they were most properly called Cromwell's Inquisition, and that, "as the chief pretence of those Triers was to inquire into men's gifts, if they found them well gifted in the hand they never looked any further."

The reader (says Nash) may be inclined to think the dispute between the Knight and the Squire rather too long. But if he considers that the great object of the poem was to expose to scorn and contempt those sectaries and pretenders to extraordinary sanctity, who had overturned the constitution in Church and State, he will not wonder that the author indulges himself in this fine train of wit and humour.

<sup>2</sup> They judged of men's inward grace by his outward complexion. Dr Echard says, "If a man had but a little blood in his cheeks, his condition was accounted very dangerous, and it was almost an infallible sign of reprobation: and I will assure you," he adds, "a very honest man, of a very sanguine complexion, if he chance to come by an officious zealot's house, might be put in the stocks for only looking fresh in a frosty morning."

<sup>3</sup> Many persons, particularly the dissenters in our poet's time, were fond of wearing black caps lined with white. See the print of Baxter, and others.

<sup>4</sup> A black coif, worn on the head, is the badge of a serjeant-at-law.

<sup>5</sup> A club or junto, which wrote several books against the king, consisting of five Parliamentary holders-forth, namely: Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow; the

From whom the institution came,  
 When Church and State they set on flame,  
 And worn by them as badges then  
 Of spiritual warfaring-men,— 1170  
 Judge rightly if regeneration  
 Be of the newest cut in fashion :  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
 That grace is founded in dominion.<sup>1</sup>  
 Great piety consists in pride ; 1175  
 To rule is to be sanctified :  
 To domineer, and to control,  
 Both o'er the body and the soul,  
 Is the most perfect discipline  
 Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180  
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were  
 More moderate than those by far :<sup>2</sup>  
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,  
 To get their wives and children meat ;  
 But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185  
 They must have wealth and power too ;  
 Or else with blood and desolation,  
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.  
 Sure these themselves from primitive  
 And heathen priesthood do derive, 1190

initials of their names make the word *Smectymnus* : and, by way of distinction, they wore handkerchiefs about their necks, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. Hall, bishop of Exeter, presented a humble remonstrance to the high court of parliament, in behalf of liturgy and episcopacy ; which was answered by the junto under the title of *The Original of Liturgy and Episcopacy*, discussed by *SMECTYMNUUS*. (See John Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*.) They are remarkable also for another book, "*The King's Cabinet unlocked*," in which all the chaste and endearing expressions in letters that passed between Charles I. and his Queen are, by their painful labours in the Devil's vineyard, turned into ridicule.

<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterians held that those only who possessed grace were entitled to power.

<sup>2</sup> The priests, their wives, and children, feasted upon the provisions offered to the idol, and pretended that he had devoured them. See the *Apocrypha*, *Bel and the Dragon*, v. 15. The great gorbellied idol, called the *Assembly of Divines* (says Overton in his arraignment of *Persecution*), is not ashamed in this time of state necessity, to guzzle down and devour daily more at an ordinary meal than would make a feast for *Bell and the Dragon* ; for, besides their fat benefices forsooth, they must have their four shillings a day for setting in constollidation.



When butchers were the only clerks,<sup>1</sup>  
 Elders and presbyters of kirks ;  
 Whose Directory was to kill ;  
 And some believe it is so still.<sup>2</sup>  
 The only difference is, that then 1195  
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For them to sacrifice a bullock,  
 Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,  
 They count a vile abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200  
 Presbytery does but translate  
 The papacy to a free state,<sup>3</sup>  
 A commonwealth of popery,  
 Where ev'ry village is a see  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205  
 A tithe-pig metropolitan ;  
 Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By's holiness, the church's head,<sup>5</sup> 1210

<sup>1</sup> Both in the Heathen and Jewish sacrifices the animal was slaughtered by the priests.

<sup>2</sup> A banter on the Directory, or form of service drawn up by the Presbyterians, and substituted for the Common Prayer.

<sup>3</sup> The resemblance between Papacy and Presbytery, which is here implied, is amusingly set forth by Dean Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, under the names of Peter and Jack.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the well-known influence which dissenting ministers of all sects and denominations exercise over the purses of the female part of their flocks. As an illustration, Grey gives the following anecdote : Daniel Burgess, dining with a gentlewoman of his congregation, and a large uncut Cheshire cheese being brought to table, he asked where he should cut it. She replied, where you please, Mr Burgess. Upon which he ordered the servant in waiting to carry it to his own house, for he would cut it there.

<sup>5</sup> The gentlemen of Cheshire sent a remonstrance to the parliament, wherein they complained that, instead of having twenty-six bishops, they were then governed by a numerous presbytery, amounting, with lay elders and others, to 40,000. This government, say they, is purely papal, for every minister exercises papal jurisdiction. Dr Grey quotes from Sir John Birkenhead revived :

But never look for health nor peace  
 If once presbytery jade us,  
 When every priest becomes a pope,  
 When tinkers and sow-gelders  
 May, if they can but 'scape the rope,  
 Be princes and lay-elders.

More haughty and severe in's place  
 Than Gregory and Boniface.<sup>1</sup>  
 Such church must, surely, be a monster  
 With many heads: for if we conster<sup>2</sup>  
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215  
 According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon,  
 With many heads, did ride upon;<sup>3</sup>  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1220  
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As loins of patriarchs, princē-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular.<sup>5</sup> This zealot  
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind, 1225  
 Cleric before, and lay behind;<sup>6</sup>  
 A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,<sup>7</sup>  
 Half of one order, half another;

<sup>1</sup> Two most insolent and assuming popes, who endeavoured to raise the tiara above all the crowned heads in Christendom. Gregory VII., elected 1073, the son of a Smith, and commonly called Hildebrand, was the first pontiff who arrogated to himself the authority to excommunicate and depose the emperor. Boniface VIII., elected 1294, one of the most haughty, ambitious, and tyrannical men, that ever filled the papal chair, at the jubilee instituted by himself, appeared one day in the habit of a pope, and the next in that of an emperor; and caused two swords to be carried before him, to show that he was invested with all power ecclesiastical and temporal. Walsingham says that "he crept into the papacy like a fox, ruled like a lion, and died like a dog."

<sup>2</sup> Meaning "construe."

<sup>3</sup> The Church of Rome has often been compared to the whore of Babylon. The beast which the whore rode upon is here said to signify the Presbyterian establishment: and the seven, or many heads of the beast, are interpreted, by the poet, to mean their several officers, deacons, priests, scribes, lay-elders, &c.

<sup>4</sup> That is, lay-elder, an associate to the priesthood, for interested, if not for iniquitous purposes. Alluding to Genesis xlix. 5, 6. "Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations: O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man."

<sup>5</sup> Such were formerly several of the bishops in Germany.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his key to Hudibras, tells us that one Andrew Crawford, a Scotch preacher, is here intended; others say William Dunning, a Scotch presbyter of a turbulent and restless spirit, diligent in promoting the cause of the kirk. But, probably, the author meant no more than to give a general picture of the lay-elders.

<sup>7</sup> It was forbidden by the Levitical law to wear a mixture of linen and woollen in the same garment.

A creature of amphibious nature,  
 On land a beast, a fish in water : 1230  
 That always preys on grace or sin ;  
 A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief  
 Dominion over men's belief  
 And manners ; can pronounce a saint 1235  
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
 When superciliously he sifts,  
 Through coarsest bolter, others' gifts.<sup>1</sup>  
 For all men live and judge amiss,  
 Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240  
 He'll lay on gifts with hand, and place  
 On dullest noddle light and grace,  
 The manufacture of the kirk,  
 Whose pastors are but th' handiwork  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245  
 Divinity in them by feeling.  
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,  
 Made by contact, as men get measles.  
 So cardinals, they say, do grope  
 At th' other end the new-made pope.<sup>2</sup> 1250  
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,  
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast ;  
 For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255  
 Are false, and built upon mistake :  
 And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And put your arguments in mood  
 And figure to be understood. 1260  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination  
 To leave your vitiligation.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A bolter is a coarse sieve for separating bran from flour.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the stercorary chair, used at the installations of some of the popes, and which, being perforated at the bottom, has given rise to the assertion that, to prevent the recurrence of a Pope Joan, the Pontiff elect is always examined through it by the youngest deacon.

<sup>3</sup> Elenchi are arguments which deceive under an appearance of truth. The *Elenchus*, says Aldrich, is properly a syllogism which refutes an opponent by establishing that which contradicts his opinion.

<sup>4</sup> That is, a perverse humour of wrangling, or, "contentious litigation."



R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

JOHN the 8<sup>th</sup> or POPE JOAN.

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And make you keep to the question close,  
And argue dialecticōs.<sup>1</sup>

The question then, to state it first, 1265

Is, which is better, or which worst,

Synods or bears. Bears I avow

To be the worst, and synods thū.

But, to make good th' assertion,

Thou say'st th' are really all one. 1270

If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*,<sup>2</sup>

Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the same, by course

Neither is better, neither worse.

But I deny they are the same, 1275

More than a maggot and I am.

That both are *animalia*,<sup>3</sup>

I grant; but not *rationalia*:

For though they do agree in kind,

Specific difference we find; <sup>4</sup> 1280

And can no more make bears of these,

Than prove my horse is Socrates.<sup>5</sup>

That synods are bear-gardens too,

Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:

And thus I prove it, in a word, 1285

Whats'ever assembly's not impow'r'd

To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,

Can be no synod: but bear-garden

<sup>1</sup> That is, dialectically, or logically.

<sup>2</sup> These are technical terms of school-logic.

<sup>3</sup> Suppose (says Nash) to make out the metre, we read:

That both *indeed* are *animalia*.

The editor of 1819 proposes to read *of them* in place of *indeed*. But it was probably intended in the next line to ellipse *rationalia* into *rat'nalia* (pronounced rashnalia).

<sup>4</sup> Between animate and inanimate things, as between a man and a tree, there is a generic difference, that is, one "in kind;" between rational and sensitive creatures, as a man and a bear, there is a specific difference; for though they agree in the genus of animals, or living creatures, yet they differ in the species as to reason. Between two men, Plato and Socrates, there is a numerical difference; for, though they are of the same species as rational creatures, yet they are not one and the same, but two men. See Part ii. Canto i. l. 150.

<sup>5</sup> Or that my horse is a man. Aristotle, in his disputations, uses the word Socrates as an appellative for man in general; from him it was taken up in the schools.



Has no such power, ergo 'tis none ;  
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are beside the question  
Which thou didst raise the first contest on :  
For that was, Whether bears are better  
Than synod-men ? I say, Negatur. 1295

That bears are beasts, and synods men,  
Is held by all : they're better then,  
For bears and dogs on four legs go,  
As beasts ; but synod-men on two.  
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails ;  
But prove that synod-men have tails : 1300

Or that a rugged, shaggy fur  
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter ;  
Or that his snout and spacious ears  
Do hold proportion with a bear's.  
A bear's a savage beast, of all 1305

Most ugly and unnatural,  
Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
Has lickt it into shape and frame : <sup>1</sup> \*  
But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
That ever synod-man was lickt, 1310

Or brought to any other fashion  
Than his own will and inclination.  
But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,  
Thou would'st have presbyters to go 1315

For bears and dogs, and bearwards too ;  
A strange chimæra <sup>2</sup> of beasts and men,  
Made up of pieces het'rogene ;  
Such as in nature never met,  
*In eodem subjecto* yet. 1320

<sup>1</sup> It was in Butler's time, and long afterwards, a popular notion that the cubs of the bear were mere "lumps of flesh," until fashioned by the tongue of their dam. See Ovid's *Metam.* XV. ; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 36 (Bohn's *Edit.* vol. ii. p. 305). It is alluded to in Pope's *Dunciad*, i. 99, 100 :

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,  
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the fable of Chimæra in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book IX. :  
——— and where Chimæra raves

On craggy rocks, with lion's face and mane,  
A goat's rough body, and a serpent's train.

Described also by Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 180.

Thy other arguments are all  
 Supposures hypothetical,  
 That do but beg; and we may chuse  
 Either to grant them, or refuse.  
 Much thou hast said, which I know when, 1325  
 And where thou stol'st from other men;  
 Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts  
 Are all but plagiary shifts;  
 And is the same that Ranter said,  
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,<sup>1</sup> 1330  
 And tore a handful of my beard;  
 The self-same cavils then I heard,  
 When b'ing in hot dispute about  
 This controversy, we fell out;  
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then 1335  
 Will serve to answer thee agen.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse  
 Of human learning you produce;  
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
 Profane, erroneous, and vain;<sup>2</sup> 1340

<sup>1</sup> The Ranters were a vile sect, that denied all the doctrines of religion, natural and revealed, and believed sin and vice to be *the whole duty of man*. They held, says Alexander Ross, that God, Devil, Angels, Heaven, and Hell, were fictions; that Moses, John the Baptist, and Christ, were impostors, and that preaching was but public lying. With one of these the knight had entered into a dispute, and at last came to blows. Whitelocke says that the soldiers in the parliament army were frequently punished for being Ranters.

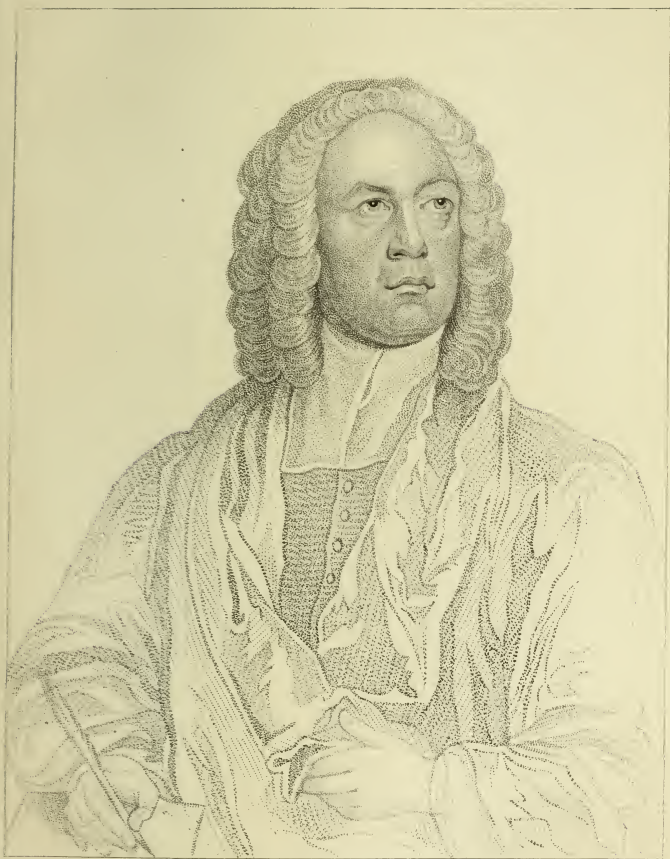
<sup>2</sup> The Independents and Anabaptists were great enemies to all human learning: they thought that preaching, and everything else, was to come by inspiration. Dr South says: "Latin unto them was a mortal crime, and Greek looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning was then cried down, so that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments they so highly pretended to the spirit, that they hardly could spell the letter." We are told in the *Mercurius Rusticus*, that the tinkers and tailors who governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, asserted "that learning had always been an enemy to the gospel, and that it would be a happy state if there were no universities, and all books were burnt except the Bible." Their enmity to learning is well satirized by Shakspeare, who makes Jack Cade say when he ordered Lord Say's head to be struck off: "I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books, but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown

A trade of knowledge as replete,  
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;  
 An art t' incumber gifts and wit,  
 And render both for nothing fit ;  
 Makes light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345  
 Like little David in Saul's doublet : <sup>1</sup>  
 A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other men's reason and their own ;  
 A fort of error to ensconce  
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth impervious, and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By art perplex'd, and intricate :  
 For nothing goes for sense or light 1355  
 That will not with old rules jump right,  
 As if rules were not in the schools  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.<sup>2</sup>  
 This pagan, heathenish invention  
 Is good for nothing but contention. 1360  
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight,  
 All blows do on the target light ;  
 So when men argue, the greatest part  
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365  
 And then they fall to th' argument.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast  
 Out-run the constable at last ;  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white ;

and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb ; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. sc. 7.

<sup>1</sup> See 1 Samuel xvii. 38.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Warburton, in a note on these lines, says : "This observation is just, the logicians have run into strange absurdities of this kind : Peter Ramus, the best of them, in his *Logic*, rejects a very just argument of Cicero's as sophistical, because it did not jump right with his rules."



R. Cooper sculp<sup>r</sup>

BISHOP WARBURTON.

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Mere *disparata*,<sup>1</sup> that concerning  
 Presbytery, this human learning ;  
 Two things s' averse, they never yet, 1375  
 But in thy rambling fancy, met.<sup>2</sup>  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,  
 Some other time, in place more proper  
 Than this w' are in : therefore let's stop here, 1380  
 And rest our weary'd bones awhile,  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

<sup>1</sup> Things so different from each other, that they cannot be compared.

<sup>2</sup> The Presbytery of those times had little learning among them, though many made pretences to it ; but, seeing all their boasted arguments and doctrines, wherever they differed from the Church of England, controverted and baffled by the learned divines of that Church, they found that without more learning they should not maintain their ground. Therefore, about the time of the Revolution, they began to think it very necessary, instead of Calvin's Institutes, and a Dutch System or two, to help them to arguments against Episcopacy, to study more polite books. It is certain that dissenting ministers, since that time, have both preached and written more learnedly and politely.







#### ARGUMENT.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,  
 The last unhappy expedition,<sup>1</sup>  
 Love brings his action on the case,<sup>2</sup>  
 And lays it upon Hudibras.  
 How he receives <sup>3</sup> the lady's visit,  
 And cunningly solicits his suit,  
 Which she defers: yet, on parole,  
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.


<sup>1</sup> In the editions previous to 1674, the lines stand thus:

The knight, by damnable magician,  
 Being cast illegally in prison.

<sup>2</sup> An action on the case, is an action for redress of wrongs and injuries, done without force, and not specially provided against by law.

<sup>3</sup> The first editions read *revi's*. To revie means to cover a sum put down upon a hand at cards with a larger sum; also to retort or recriminate. See Wright's Provincial Dictionary.

## PART II. CANTO I.


 UT now, t' observe romantique method,<sup>1</sup>  
 Let bloody<sup>2</sup> steel awhile be sheathed;  
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds<sup>3</sup>  
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,  
 Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,                   5  
 To let our reader breathe awhile:<sup>4</sup>  
 In which, that we may be as brief as  
 Is possible, by way of preface.  
 Is't not enough to make one strange,<sup>5</sup>  
 That some men's fancies<sup>6</sup> should ne'er change,                   10  
 But make all people do and say  
 The same things still the self-same way?  
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:<sup>7</sup>  
 Others make all their knights, in fits                   15  
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;

<sup>1</sup> The abrupt opening of this Canto is designed; being in imitation of the commencement of the fourth book of the *Æneid*,

“*At regina gravi jam dudum saucia cura,*” &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Var.* *rusty* steel in 1674—84, and *trusty* in 1700. Restored to *bloody* steel in 1704.

<sup>3</sup> In like manner Shakspeare, *Richard III.* Act i. sc. 1, says:

“Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.”

For this and the three previous lines, the first edition has:

And unto love turn we our style  
 To let our reader breathe awhile,  
 By this time tir'd with th' horrid sounds  
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

<sup>5</sup> That is, to make one wonder.

<sup>6</sup> *Var.* That a man's fancy.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding, probably, to Don Quixote's account of the enchanted Dulcineas, flying from him, like a whirlwind, in Montesino's Cave.

Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
 They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some always thrive in their amours,  
 By pulling plasters off their sores;<sup>2</sup> 20  
 As cripples do to get an alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their dames.  
 Some force whole regions, in despite  
 O' geography, to change their site;  
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25  
 And that which was before, come after;<sup>3</sup>  
 But those that write in rhyme still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake;  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom<sup>4</sup> left the captiv'd Knight  
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body  
 And conjur'd into safe custody.  
 Tir'd with dispute and speaking Latin, 35  
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,  
 And desperate of any course  
 To free himself by wit or force,  
 His only solace was, that now  
 His dog-bolt<sup>5</sup> fortune was so low, 40

<sup>1</sup> It was a vulgar notion that if you drew blood from a witch, she could not hurt you. Thus Cleveland, in his *Rebel Scot*:

Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,  
 Scratch till the blood comes, they'll not hurt you then.

See also Shakspeare, *Henry VI. Part I. Act i. sc. 5.*

<sup>2</sup> By showing their wounds to the ladies, who, it must be remembered, in the times of chivalry, were instructed in surgery and the healing art. In the romance of *Perceforest*, a young lady sets the dislocated arm of a knight.

<sup>3</sup> A banter on these common faults of romance writers: even Shakspeare and Virgil have not wholly avoided them. The former transports his characters, in a quarter of an hour, from France to England; the latter has formed an intrigue between Dido and Æneas, who probably lived in very distant periods. The Spanish writers are rebuked for these violations of the unities in *Don Quixote*, ch. 21, where the canon speaks of having seen a play "in which the first act begins in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa."

<sup>4</sup> *Var.* Lately.

<sup>5</sup> In English, dog, in composition, like *δύς* in Greek, implies that the

That either it must quickly end  
Or turn about again, and mend :<sup>1</sup>  
In which he found the event, no less  
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,—<sup>2</sup> 45  
But wond'rous light—ycleped Fame,  
That like a thin chameleon boards  
Herself on air,<sup>3</sup> and eats her words ;<sup>4</sup>  
Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears, 50  
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
Made good by deep mythologist.  
With these she thro' the welkin flies,<sup>5</sup>  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;  
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,<sup>6</sup> 55  
And Mercuries of furthest regions ;

thing denoted by the noun annexed to it is vile, bad, savage, or unfortunate in its kind : thus dog-rose, dog-latin, dog-trick, dog-cheap, and many others. Wright, in his Glossary, explains *dog-bolt* as a term of reproach, and gives quotation from Ben Jonson and Shadwell to that effect. The happiest illustration of the text is afforded in Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate :

“For, to say truth, the lawyer is a *dog-bolt*,  
An arrant worm.”

<sup>1</sup> It was a maxim among the Stoic philosophers that things which were violent could not be lasting : Si longa est, levis est ; si gravis est, brevis est.

<sup>2</sup> Our author has evidently followed Virgil (*Æneid.* iv.) in some parts of this description of Fame.

<sup>3</sup> The vulgar notion is, that chameleons live on air, but they are known to feed on flies, caterpillars, and other insects. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, book iii. ch. 21.

<sup>4</sup> The beauty of this simile, says Mr Warburton, “consists in the double meaning : the first alluding to Fame's living on report ; the second implying that a report, if narrowly inquired into and traced up to the original author, is made to contradict itself.”

<sup>5</sup> Welkin is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wole*, *wolen*, clouds, and is generally used by the English poets to denote the sky or visible region of the air.

<sup>6</sup> The pigeons of Aleppo served as couriers. They were taken from their young ones, and conveyed to distant places in open cages, and when it became necessary to send home any intelligence, one was let loose, with a billet tied to her foot, when she flew back with great swiftness. They would return in less than ten hours from Alexandretto to Aleppo, and in two days from Bagdad. This method was practised at Mutina, when besieged by Antony. See Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. x. 37.

Diurnals writ for regulation  
 Of lying, to inform the nation,<sup>1</sup>  
 And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.<sup>2</sup> 60  
 About her neck a packet-mail,  
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And cows of monsters brought to bed:<sup>3</sup>  
 Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs, 65  
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs:<sup>4</sup>  
 A blazing star seen in the west,  
 By six or seven men at least.  
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,<sup>5</sup>  
 But both of clean contrary tones; 70  
 But whether both with the same wind,  
 Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not, only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;  
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75  
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

<sup>1</sup> The newspapers of those times, called *Mercuries* and *Diurnals*, were characterised by many of the contemporary writers as lying journals. Each party had its *Mercuries*: there was *Mercurius Rusticus*, and *Mercurius Aulicus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Whetstone* is a proverbial term, denoting an excitement to lying, or a subject that gave a man an opportunity of whetting his wit upon another. See Ray, in *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 60. Thus Shakspeare makes Celia reply to Rosalind upon the entry of the Clown: "Fortune hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits." Lying for the whetstone appears to have been a jocular custom. In Lupton's "*Too good to be true*" occur these lines: "*Omen*. And what shall he gain that gets the victory in lying? *Sylla*. He shall have a silver whetstone for his labours." See a full account in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edit.), vol. iii. p. 389—393.

<sup>3</sup> Some stories of the kind are found in Morton's *History of Northamptonshire*, p. 447; Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*; and *Philosophical Transactions*, xxvi. p. 310.

<sup>4</sup> To make this story as wonderful as the rest, we ought to read thrice two, or twice four legs.

<sup>5</sup> Chaucer makes *Æolus*, an attendant on Fame, blow the clarion of laud, and the clarion of slander, alternately, according to her directions; and in Pope's *Temple of Fame*, she has the trumpet of eternal praise, and the trumpet of slander.

This tattling<sup>1</sup> gossip knew too well,  
 What mischief Hudibras befell;  
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears,  
 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears. 80  
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,<sup>2</sup>  
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
 Or funerals with stately pomp,  
 March slowly on in solemn dump,  
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85  
 As well as sides, was like to crack.  
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,  
 And visit the distressed Knight,  
 To do the office of a neighbour,  
 And be a gossip at his labour;<sup>3</sup> 90  
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,<sup>4</sup>  
 To set at large his fetter-locks,  
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95  
 And usher, implements abroad<sup>5</sup>  
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.  
 All which appearing, on she went  
 To find the Knight in limbo pent. 100  
 And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him, and his stout Squire, in the pound;  
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
 By further leg behind together:

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* "Twattling gossip," in the two first editions.

<sup>2</sup> Democritus was the "laughing philosopher." He regarded the common cares and pursuits of men as simply ridiculous, and ridiculed them accordingly.

<sup>3</sup> Gossip, from God sib; that is, *sib*, or related by means of religion; a god-father or sponsor at baptism.

<sup>4</sup> The original reading of this and the following line explains the meaning of the preceding one. In the two editions of 1664, they stand:

That is, to see him deliver'd safe  
 Of 's wooden burthen, and Squire Ralph.

<sup>5</sup> Some have doubted whether the word *usher* means an attendant, or part of her dress; but from Part III., Canto II., line 399, it is plain that it signifies the former.



For as he 'sat upon his rump,  
 His head like one in doleful dump,<sup>1</sup> 105  
 Between his knees, his hands applied  
 Unto his ears on either side,  
 And by him, in another hole,  
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,<sup>2</sup> 110  
 She came upon him in his wooden  
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
 When in their dreadful'st shapes th' appear.  
 No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115  
 But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
 To b' seen by her in such a place ;  
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl  
 And wink and goggle like an owl ; 120  
 He felt his brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the Dame accosted him :  
 This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted ;  
 That here are tied in chains, and scourg'd, 125  
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :  
 Look, there are two of them appear  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere :  
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130  
 With saucer-eyes and horns ; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum : <sup>3</sup>  
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
 That give a wrong account of faces,  
 That beard and I should be acquainted, 135  
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted.  
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if 't had lately been in combat,

<sup>1</sup> See above, Part I., Canto II., line 95, and note.

<sup>2</sup> That is, cheek to cheek : derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, *ceac*, and *ceole*. See *jig by jowl* in Wright's Glossary.

<sup>3</sup> The story of Mr Mompesson's house being haunted by a drummer, made a great noise about the time our author wrote. The narrative is told in Glanvil on Witchcraft.

It did belong t' a worthy Knight,  
Howe'er this goblin is come by't. 140

When Hudibras the lady heard,  
Discoursing thus upon his beard,<sup>1</sup>  
And speak with such respect and honour,  
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,<sup>2</sup>  
He thought it best to set as good 145

A face upon it as he could,  
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright  
And radiant eyes are in the right;  
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,  
The same numerically true: 150

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?  
I do begin to fear 'tis you;  
Not by your individual whiskers, 155

But by you dialect and discourse,  
That never spoke to man or beast,  
In notions vulgarly exprest:

But what malignant star, alas!  
Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,  
Which I am less afflicted for,

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* To take kind notice of his beard. The clergy in the middle ages threatened to excommunicate the Knights who persisted in wearing their beards, because their clipped chins, "like stubble land at harvest home," made them disagreeable to their ladies.

<sup>2</sup> See the dignity of the beard maintained by Dr Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, p. 196. He says, shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy, as appears by eunuchs, who produce not a beard, the sign of virility. Alexander and his officers did not shave their beards till they were effeminated by Persian luxury. It was late before barbers were in request at Rome: they first came from Sicily 454 years after the foundation of Rome. Varro tells us, they were introduced by Ticinius Mena. Scipio Africanus was the first who shaved his face every day: the emperor Augustus used this practice. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. vii. c. 56. Diogenes, seeing one with a smooth-shaved chin, said to him, "Hast thou whereof to accuse nature for making thee a man and not a woman?"—The Rhodians and Byzantines, contrary to the practice of modern Russians, persisted against their laws and edicts in shaving and the use of the razor,—Ulmus, in his *de fine barbæ humanæ*, is of opinion that nature gave to mankind a beard, that it might remain as an index of the masculine generative faculty.—Beard-haters are by Barclay clapped on board the ship of fools.

Than to be seen with beard and face  
By you in such a homely case.<sup>1</sup>

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165  
For being honourably main'd ;  
If he that is in battle conquer'd  
Have any title to his own beard,  
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
It does your visage more adorn 170  
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,<sup>2</sup>  
And cut square by the Russian standard.<sup>3</sup>  
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
That petticoat, about your shoulders, 175  
Does not so well become a soldier's ;  
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Altho' i' th' rear your beard the van led ;<sup>4</sup>  
And those uneasy bruises make  
My heart for company to ache, 180  
To see so worshipful a friend  
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.  
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain,<sup>5</sup>  
Is, as the learned Stoics maintain,\*  
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good, 185  
But merely as 'tis understood.

<sup>1</sup> Var. "Elenctique case," in the first editions.

<sup>2</sup> From the French word *lavendier*, a washer. Wright's Glossary.

<sup>3</sup> Peter the Great of Russia had great difficulty in obliging his subjects to cut off their beards, and imposed a tax on them according to a given standard. The beaux in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. spent as much time in dressing their beards as modern beaux do in dressing their hair; and many kept a person to read to him while the operation was performing. See John Taylor, the water poet's *Superbiæ Flagellum* (Works, p. 3), for a droll account of the fashions of the beard in his time. Bottom, the weaver, was a connoisseur in beards (Mids. Night's Dream, Act i. sc. 2).

<sup>4</sup> The van is the front or fore part of an army, and commonly the post of danger and honour; the rear the hinder part. So that making a front in the rear must be retreating from the enemy. By this comical expression the lady signifies that he turned tail on them, by which means his shoulders fared worse than his beard.

<sup>5</sup> Some tenets of the Stoic philosophers are here burlesqued with great humour.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign  
 As well in counterfeiting pain  
 As other gross phenomenas,  
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190  
 But since th' immortal intellect,  
 That's free from error and defect,  
 Whose objects still persist the same,  
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
 Which nought external can expose 195  
 To gross material bangs or blows,  
 It follows we can ne'er be sure  
 Whether we pain or not endure ;  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200  
 Some have been wounded with conceit,  
 And died of mere opinion straight ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Others, tho' wounded sore, in reason  
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.<sup>2</sup>  
 A Saxon Duke did grow so fat, 205  
 That mice, as histories relate,  
 Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
 His postique parts, without his feeling ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Then how is't possible a kick  
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? 210  
 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,  
 For one that's basted to feel pain ;

<sup>1</sup> That is, died of fear. Several stories to this effect are upon record ; one of the most remarkable is the case of the Chevalier Jarre, "who was upon the scaffold at Troyes, had his hair cut off, the handkerchief before his eyes, and the sword in the executioner's hand to cut off his head ; but the king pardoned him : being taken up, his fear had so taken hold of him, that he could not stand or speak : they led him to bed, and opened a vein, but no blood would come." Lord Strafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> According to the punctuation, it signifies, others, though really and sorely wounded (see the Lady's Reply, line 211), felt no bruise or cut : but if we put a semicolon after sore, and no stop after reason, the meaning may be, others, though wounded sore in body, yet in mind or imagination felt no bruise or cut. Discretion here signifies a cut, or separation of parts.

<sup>3</sup> He argues from this story, that if a man could be so gnawed and mangled without feeling it, a kick in the same place would not inflict much hurt. The note in the old editions, attributed to Butler himself, cites the Rhine legend of Bishop Hatto, "who was quite eaten up by rats and mice," as much more strange.

Because the pangs his bones endure,  
 Contribute nothing to the cure ;  
 Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage 215  
 With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish  
 That takes a basting for a blemish :  
 For what's more honourable than scars,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars ? 220

Some have been beaten till they know  
 'What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;  
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather :  
 And yet have met, after long running, 225  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,  
 I' th' end does prove the nearest home.  
 By laws of learned duellists,  
 They that are bruise'd with wood or fists, 230

And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are cowards and poltroons :  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235  
 Our princes worship, with a blow :<sup>1</sup>  
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.<sup>2</sup>  
 The Negus,<sup>3</sup> when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240

<sup>1</sup> One form of declaring a slave free, at Rome, was for the prætor, in the presence of certain persons, to give the slave a light stroke with a small stick, from its use called *vindicta*. See Horat. Sat. ii. 7, 75, and Persius, v. 88. Sometimes freedom was given by an *alapa*, or blow with the open hand upon the face or head. Pers. v. 75, 78.

<sup>2</sup> Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, had this occult quality in his toe. It was believed he could cure the spleen by sacrificing a white cock, and with his right foot gently pressing the spleen of the person affected. Nor was any man so poor and inconsiderable as not to receive the benefit of his royal touch, if he desired it. The toe of that foot was said to have so divine a virtue, that after his death, the rest of his body being consumed, it was found untouched by the fire. See Plutarch, Life of Pyrrhus, and Pliny's Nat. Hist. vol. ii. p. 128 (Bohn).

<sup>3</sup> Negus was the title of the king of Abyssinia.

And pardon'd for some great offence,<sup>1</sup>  
 With which he's willing to dispense,  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side t' a jelly;<sup>2</sup>  
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 Than more his valour's malleable:  
 But he that fears a bastinado,  
 Will run away from his own shadow:<sup>3</sup>  
 And though I'm now in durance fast, 255  
 By our own party basely cast,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,  
 And worse than by the en'my us'd;  
 In close *catasta*<sup>5</sup> shut, past hope  
 Of wit or valour to elope; 260  
 As beards, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth, still grow more reverend;  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their breeches;<sup>6</sup>  
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265  
 Advance me to a greater height.  
 Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in love  
 With that which did my pity move.

<sup>1</sup> In the editions of 1664, this and the following line read thus:

"To his good grace, for some offence  
 Forfeit before, and pardon'd since."

<sup>2</sup> This story is told in Le Blanc's Travels, Part ii. ch. 4.

<sup>3</sup> The fury of Bucephalus proceeded from the fear of his own shadow. See Rabelais, vol. i. c. 14.

<sup>4</sup> This was the chief complaint of the Presbyterians and Parliamentary party, when the Independents and the army ousted them from their mis-used supremacy; and it led to their negotiations with the King, their espousal of the cause of his son, and ultimately to his restoration as Charles the Second.

<sup>5</sup> A cage or prison wherein the Romans exposed slaves for sale. See Persius, vi. 76.

<sup>6</sup> See note <sup>2</sup>, p. 39, *supra*.



Great wits and valours, like great states,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights :<sup>1</sup> 270  
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
 Like east and west, become the same.<sup>2</sup>  
 No Indian Prince has to his palace  
 More followers than a thief to the gallows.  
 But if a beating seems so brave, 275  
 What glories must a whipping have ?  
 Such great achievements cannot fail  
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :<sup>3</sup>  
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 280  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,  
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard ;  
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour, 285  
 Wines work when vines are in the flower :<sup>4</sup>  
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,<sup>5</sup>  
 And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, What you would seem to doubt  
 Shall be to all the world made out, 290  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
 And magnanimity I bear it ;  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake myself down against you :  
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295  
 Be you the winner, and take both.

<sup>1</sup> Thus Horace (Ep. xvi.) said that Rome was falling through the excess of its power.

<sup>2</sup> That is, glory and shame, which though opposite as east and west, sometimes become the same ; exemplifying the proverb : " Extremes meet."

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the common saying :—You will catch the bird if you throw salt on his tail.

<sup>4</sup> A proverbial expression for the fairest and best opportunity of doing anything. It was the common belief of brewers, distillers of gin, and vinegar-makers, that their liquors fermented best when the plants used in them were in flower. (See Sir Kenelm Digby's " Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy," p. 79.) Hudibras compares himself to the vine in flower, for he thinks he has set the widow fermenting.

<sup>5</sup> *Crisis* is used here in the classical sense of " judgment" or " decision of a question."

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers.  
 And though I prais'd your valour, yet  
 I did not mean to baulk your wit, 300  
 Which, if you have, you must needs know  
 What, I have told you before now,  
 And you by experiment have prov'd,  
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich <sup>1</sup> 305  
 Beyond the infliction of a witch ;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim,  
 That do not understand the game.  
 Love in your heart as idly burns  
 As fire in antique Roman urns,<sup>2</sup> 310  
 To warm the dead, and vainly light  
 Those only that see nothing by 't.  
 Have you not power to entertain,  
 And render love for love again ?  
 As no man can draw in his breath 315  
 At once, and force out air beneath.  
 Or do you love yourself so much  
 To bear all rivals else a grutch ?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse,  
 Than you upon yourself would force , 320  
 For wedlock without love, some say,<sup>3</sup>  
 Is but a lock without a key.  
 It is a kind of rape to marry  
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye :

<sup>1</sup> Caprice is here pronounced in the manner of the Italian *capriccio*.

<sup>2</sup> Fortunius Licetus wrote concerning these lamps ; and from him Bishop Wilkins quotes largely in his Mathematical Memoirs. In Camden's Description of Yorkshire, a lamp is said to have been found burning in the tomb of Constantius Chlorus. The story of the lamp, in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, which was supposed to have burnt above 1550 years, is told by Pancirollus and others. These so-called perpetual lamps of the ancients were probably the spontaneous or accidental combustion of inflammable gases generated in close sepulchres ; or the phosphorescence exhibited by animal substances in a state of decomposition.

<sup>3</sup> Thus Shakspeare, 1 Henry VI. Act v. sc. 5.

“ For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
 An age of discord and continual strife ? ”

For what does make it ravishment 325  
 But b'ing against the mind's consent ?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman,  
 For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair, but to entice us  
 To love you, that you may despise us ? 330  
 But though you cannot love, you say,  
 Out of your own fantastic way,<sup>1</sup>  
 Why should you not, at least, allow  
 Those that love you, to do so too :  
 For as you fly me, and pursue 335  
 Love more averse, so I do you :  
 And am, by your own doctrine, taught  
 To practise what you call a fault.  
 Quoth she, If what you say be true,  
 You must fly me, as I do you ; 340  
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,<sup>2</sup>  
 In love, and preaching, that must sway.  
 Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345  
 Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup :  
 Command me to piss out the moon,  
 And 'twill as easily be done.  
 Love's power's too great to be withstood  
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350  
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
 The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Reduc'd his leaguer-lion's skin<sup>4</sup>  
 T' a petticoat, and make him spin :

<sup>1</sup> This is Grey's emendation for "fanatick," which Butler's editions have, and it certainly agrees with what the widow says afterwards in lines 545, 546. But "fanatic" signifies "fantastic in the highest degree," and thus irrational, or absurd.

<sup>2</sup> "Do as I say, not as I do;" is said to have been the very rational recommendation of a preacher whose teaching was more correct than his practice.

<sup>3</sup> It is of the essence of burlesque poetry to turn into ridicule such legends as the labours of Hercules ; and the common epithet "kill-cow" was exactly adapted to the character of these exploits.

<sup>4</sup> Leaguer was a camp ; and "leaguer-lion's skin" is no more than the costume of Hercules the warrior, as contrasted with Omphale's petticoat, the costume of Hercules the lover. (See Skinner, *sub voce* Leaguer.)

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle <sup>1</sup> 355  
 T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.  
 'Twas he made emperors gallants  
 To their own sisters and their aunts ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Set popes and cardinals agog,  
 To play with pages at leap-frog ; <sup>3</sup> 360  
 'T was he that gave our senate purges,  
 And flux'd the house of many a burgess ; <sup>4</sup>  
 Made those that represent the nation  
 Submit, and suffer amputation :  
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal, 365  
 Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.  
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-lane and Little Sodom ; <sup>5</sup>  
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish gennets,  
 And take the ring at Madam ———. <sup>6</sup> 370  
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the devil could tempt him to ; <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Ovid's Epistle of Dejanira to Hercules. (Bohn's Ovid. vol. iii. p. 81.)

<sup>2</sup> See Suetonius, Tacitus, and other historians of the Roman Empire.

<sup>3</sup> The name of Alexander Borgia (Pope Alexander VI.) continues to be the synonyme for the unspeakable abominations of the Papal Court, in the times that were not long past when Butler wrote.

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to the exclusion of the opponents of the army from the Parliament, called "Pride's Purge."

<sup>5</sup> Dirty-lane was not an unfrequent name for a place like that referred to ; Maitland names five, in his time. One was in Old Palace Yard, and may have been meant by Butler. Little Sodom was near the Tower, on the site now occupied by St Catharine's Docks. These and other charges brought against the Puritan and Parliamentary leaders, will be found in Echard's History of England, and Walker's History of Independency. Cromwell, when he expelled the Long Parliament, himself called Martyn and Wentworth, "whoremasters."

<sup>6</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange's "Key" fills up the blank with the name of "Stennet," the wife of a "broom-man" and lay-elder ; and the same name is given in our contemporary MS. She is said to have followed "the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those brothers and sisters, whose piety consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen." The Tatler mentions a lady of this stamp, called Bennet.

<sup>7</sup> In the Life of St Francis, we are told that, being tempted by the devil in the shape of a virgin, he subdued his passion by rolling himself naked in the snow.

In cold and frosty weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper, 375  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her :  
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a garland on his engine.<sup>1</sup>

Quoth she, If love have these effects,  
 Why is it not forbid our sex ? 380  
 Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,  
 For diabolical and wicked ?  
 And sung, as out of tune, against,  
 As Turk and Pope are by the saints ?<sup>2</sup>  
 I find, I've greater reason for it, 385  
 Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
 Spring from your heathenish neglects  
 Of love's great pow'r, which he returns 390  
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ;  
 And those who worthy lovers slight,  
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite ;  
 This made the beauteous queen of Crete  
 To take a town-bull for her sweet ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395  
 To be the rival of a cow.  
 Others, to prostitute their great hearts,  
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweet-hearts.<sup>4</sup>  
 Some with the devil himself in league grow,  
 By's representative a negro ;<sup>5</sup> 400

<sup>1</sup> In the history of Howell's Life of Lewis XIII. p. 80, it is said that the French horsemen, who were killed at the Isle of Rhé, had their mistresses' favours tied about their engines

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps alluding to Robert Wisdom's hymn :

“ Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word—  
 From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord.”

<sup>3</sup> Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, of Crete, according to the myth, fell in love with a bull, and brought him a son.

<sup>4</sup> Old books of Natural History contain many stories of the “ abduction ” of women by the Mandrill, and other great kinds of ape. And fouler tales than these were circulated after the Restoration, against the Puritans.

<sup>5</sup> Such an amour forms the plot of Titus Andronicus, a play which Shakspeare revised for the stage, and which has in consequence been wrongly ascribed to him.

'Twas this made vestal maids love-sick,  
 And venture to be buried quick.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some, by their fathers and their brothers,<sup>2</sup>  
 To be made mistresses, and mothers;<sup>3</sup>  
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 105  
 On lacqueys, and *varlets-des-chambres*;<sup>4</sup>  
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms,  
 To slight the world, and to disparage  
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.<sup>5</sup> 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
 Yet such as I should rather bear,  
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is a weighty reason 415  
 For secrecy in love as treason.  
 Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
 That in the windore-eye<sup>6</sup> does steal in  
 To rob the heart, and, with his prey,  
 Steals out again a closer way, 420  
 Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.  
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In men, as naturally as in charcoals,  
 Which sooty chemists stop in holes, 425  
 When out of wood they extract coals;<sup>7</sup>  
 So lovers should their passions choke,  
 That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

<sup>1</sup> By the Roman law vestal virgins, who broke their vow of chastity, were buried alive. See the story of Myrrha in Ovid. *Metam.* (Bohn's Ovid's M. p. 359).

<sup>2</sup> The marriage of brothers and sisters was common amongst royal families in Egypt and the East.

<sup>3</sup> Probably alluding to Lucretia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI., whom Roscoe (Leo X. App.) has attempted to defend against these charges.

<sup>4</sup> Varlet is the old form of *valet*. Thus knave, which now signifies a cheat, formerly meant no more than a servant.

<sup>5</sup> That is, to be indifferent to the consequences of illicit amours; the absence of marriage and legitimate offspring on the one hand, and the acquisition of claps and infamy on the other.

<sup>6</sup> Thus spelt in all editions before 1700 for "window," and perhaps most agreeably to the etymology. See Skinner.

<sup>7</sup> Charcoal is made by burning wood under a cover of turf and mould, which keeps it from blazing.



'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole,  
 And dragg'd beasts backward into's hole ;<sup>1</sup> 430  
 So love does lovers, and us men  
 Draws by the tails into his den,  
 That no impression may discover,  
 And trace t' his cave, the wary lover.  
 But if you doubt I should reveal 435  
 What you intrust me under seal,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
 As your own secretary, Albertus.<sup>3</sup>  
 Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose : 440  
 Love-passions are like parables,  
 By which men still mean something else :  
 Tho' love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense,<sup>4</sup>  
 The real substance of the shadow, 445  
 Which all address and courtship's made to.  
 Thought he, I understand your play,  
 And how to quit you your own way ;  
 He that will win his dame, must do  
 As Love does, when he bends his bow ; 450  
 With one hand thrust the lady from,  
 And with the other pull her home.<sup>5</sup>  
 I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
 Provocative to am'rous heat :

<sup>1</sup> Cacus, the noted robber, when he had stolen cattle, drew them backward by their tails into his den, lest their tracks should lead to the discovery of them. See Virgil, *Æneid*. viii. 205. Also Addison's Works (Bohn), v. 220.

<sup>2</sup> There is, no doubt, an allusion here to the obligation of secrecy, on the part of the confessor, respecting the confession of penitents, except in the case of crimes ; which was also enjoined upon ministers of the English Church, by the 113th Canon of 1603.

<sup>3</sup> Albertus Magnus, Bp of Ratisbon about 1260, wrote a book, *De Secretis Mulierum* ; whence the poet facetiously calls him woman's secretary.

<sup>4</sup> Grey says this is illustrated in the story of Inkle and Yarico. *Spectator*, XI.

<sup>5</sup> The *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vi. p. 530, describes an interview between Perkin Warbeck and Lady Katharine Gordon, which illustrates this kind of dalliance. "With a kind of reverence and fashionable gesture, after he had kissed her thrice, he took her in both his hands, crosswise, and gazed upon her, with a kind of putting her from him and pulling her to



R. Cooper sculp.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

*From a brass Print.*

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It is all philtres and high diet, 455  
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out :  
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :  
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon,  
 At their own weapons are outdone : <sup>1</sup> 460  
 That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
 And lay about 'em in romances :  
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
 That men divine and sacred call :  
 For what is worth in anything, 465  
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
 Or what but riches is there known,  
 Which man can solely call his own ;  
 In which no creature goes his half,  
 Unless it be to squint and laugh ? 470  
 I do confess, with goods and land, <sup>2</sup>  
 I'd have a wife at second hand ;  
 And such you are : nor is't your person  
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
 But 'tis your better part, your riches, 475  
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches :  
 Let me your fortune but possess,  
 And settle your person how you please ;  
 Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,  
 You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480  
 Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
 Or any feat of qualm or sowning, <sup>3</sup>  
 But hanging of yourself, or drowning ;  
 Your only way with me to break 485  
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck :

him ; and so again and again re-kissed her, and set her in her place, with a pretty manner of enforcement."

<sup>1</sup> Gold and silver are marked by the sun and moon in chemistry, as they were supposed to be more immediately under the influence of those luminaries. The appropriation of the seven metals known to the ancients, to the seven planets with which they were acquainted, respectively, may be traced as high as Proclus, in the fifth century. The splendour of gold is more refulgent than the rays of the sun and moon.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the whole of this passage with Petruchio's speech in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. sc. 2 ; and Grumio's explanation of it.

<sup>3</sup> Altered to "swooning" in the edition of 1700.

For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down;  
 So that would break my heart; which done,  
 My tempting fortune is your own. 490  
 These are but trifles; every lover  
 Will damn himself over and over,  
 And greater matters undertake  
 For a less worthy mistress' sake:  
 Yet th' are the only ways to prove 495  
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love;  
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
 The devil's in him if he feigns.  
 Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough  
 For mere experiment and proof; 500  
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,  
 To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, like a water-witch, try love;<sup>2</sup>  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:  
 As if a man should be dissected, 505  
 To find what part is disaffected:  
 Your better way is to make over,  
 In trust, your fortune to your lover:<sup>3</sup>  
 Trust is a trial; if it break,  
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck: 510  
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain,  
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:  
 The soldier does it every day,<sup>4</sup>  
 Eight to the week, for six-pence pay:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* "plunge in water," or "dive in water."

<sup>2</sup> The common test for witchcraft was to throw the suspected witch into the water. If she swam, she was judged guilty; if she sank, she preserved her character, and only lost her life. King James, in his *Dæmonology*, explained the floating of the witch by the refusal of the element used in baptism to receive into its bosom one who had renounced the blessing of it. The last witch swum in England was an old woman in a village of Suffolk, about 30 years ago.

<sup>3</sup> Grey compares this to the highwayman's advice to a gentleman upon the road; "Sir, be pleased to leave your watch, your money, and your rings with me, or by —— you'll be robbed."

<sup>4</sup> This and the three following lines were added in the edition of 1674.

<sup>5</sup> Warburton explains that "if a soldier gets only sixpence a day, and one day's pay is reserved weekly for stoppages, he must make eight days to the week before he will receive a clear week's pay." Percennius, the mutinous

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R. Cooper sculp.

ROGER BACON.

*From a picture painted by Giovanni Pisano.*

Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515  
 To share with knaves in cheating fools :  
 And merchants, venturing through the main,<sup>1</sup>  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.

This is the way I advise you to,  
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run  
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none ;  
 Which must be done, unless some deed  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede ;  
 Give but yourself one gentle swing<sup>2</sup> 525  
 For trial, and I'll cut the string :

Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
 Or two, or three, against a wall ;  
 To show you are a man of mettle,  
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,  
 That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof :<sup>4</sup>  
 As it had need to be to enter, 535  
 As yet, on any new adventure ;  
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,  
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd :

soldier in Tacitus (Annals I. c. 17), seems to have been sensible of some such hardship.

<sup>1</sup> See Spectator, No. 450.

<sup>2</sup> Grey surmises from Hudibras's refusal to comply with this request, that he would by no means have approved an antique game invented by a Thracian tribe, of which we are told by Martinus Scriblerus (book i. ch. 6) that one of the players was hung up, and had a knife given him to cut himself down with ; of course, forfeiting his life if he failed.

<sup>3</sup> It was one of the legends respecting that great natural philosopher, Roger Bacon, that he had formed a head of brass, which uttered these words, *Time is*. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, book vii. ch. 17, § 7, explains it as a kind of myth regarding "the philosopher's great work"—the making of gold. In Sir Francis Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar," it is no more than the extremity of a tube for conveying messages from one room to another.

<sup>4</sup> Blockheads and loggerheads, says Bulwer (*Artificial Changeling*, p. 42), are in request in Brazil, and helmets are of little use, every one having a natural morion of his head : for the Brazilians' heads, some of them, are as hard as the wood that grows in their country, so that they cannot be broken. See also Purchas's Pilgr. fol. vol. iii. p. 993.

But if that's all you stand upon,  
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done.<sup>1</sup> 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain;  
That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright proof:  
And yet, 'tis no fantastic pique 545  
I have to love, nor coy dislike;  
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion<sup>2</sup>

T' your conversation, mien, or person:  
But, a just fear, lest you should prove  
False and perfidious in love;  
For if I thought you could be true, 550  
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;  
True as Apollo ever spoke, 555  
Or oracle from heart of oak;<sup>3</sup>

And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And shine upon me but benignly,  
With that one, and that other pigsney,<sup>4</sup> 560  
The sun and day shall sooner part,  
Than love, or you, shake off my heart:  
The sun that shall no more dispense  
His own, but your bright influence;  
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,<sup>5</sup> 565  
With true love-knots, and flourishes;

<sup>1</sup> In ancient times, when butchers and country people made a bargain, one of the parties held out in his hand a piece of money, which the other struck, and the bargain was closed. Compare this "impolite way of counting" with the following expression;—

"Come, *strike me luck* with earnest, and draw the writings."

Beaumont and Fletcher.—Scornful Lady, Act ii.

<sup>2</sup> Implicit signifies secret, not explicit; here was not a fanciful aversion which could not be explained. Nice means over-refined or squeamish.

<sup>3</sup> Jupiter's oracle near Dodona, in Epirus; Apollo's oracle was the celebrated one at Delphi.

<sup>4</sup> Pigsney is a term of endearment; used here, however, of the eyes alone. In Pembroke's Arcadia, Dametas says to his wife, "Miso, mine own pigsnie." Somner gives *piga* (Danish), "a little maid," as the etymology of this word; which is a purely burlesque expression.

<sup>5</sup> See Don Quixote, vol. i. ch. 4, and vol. iv. ch. 73; As you like it, Act 3.

That shall infuse eternal spring,  
 And everlasting flourishing :  
 Drink every letter on't in stum,<sup>1</sup>  
 And make it brisk champagne become ; 570  
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
 The primrose and the violet ;  
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;  
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575  
 And take all lives of things from you ;  
 The world depend upon your eye,  
 And when you frown upon it, die.  
 Only our loves shall still survive,  
 New worlds and natures to outlive ; 580  
 And like to heralds' moons, remain  
 All crescents, without change or wane.  
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;  
 For you will find it a hard chapter, 585  
 To catch me with poetic rapture,  
 In which your mastery of art  
 Doth show itself, and not your heart ;  
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,  
 By dint of high heroic fustian : 590  
 She that with poetry is won,  
 Is but a desk to write upon ;  
 And what men say of her, they mean  
 No more than on the thing they lean.

<sup>1</sup> Stum (from the Latin *mustum*) is any new, thick, unfermented liquor. Hudibras means that bad wine would turn into good, foul muddy wine into clear sparkling champagne, by drinking the widow's health in it. It was a custom among the gallants of Butler's time, to drink a bumper to their mistress' health to every letter of her name. The custom prevailed among the Romans : thus the well-known epigram of Martial :

Lævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,  
 Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.  
 Omnis ab infuso numeretur amica falerno.—Ep. I. 72.

For every letter drink a glass  
 That spells the name you fancy,  
 Take four, if Suky be your lass,  
 And five, if it be Nancy.

Some with Arabian spices strive 595  
 T' embalm her cruelly alive ;  
 Or season her, as French cooks use  
 Their *haut-gouts*, *bouillies*, or *ragouts* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Use her so barbarously ill,  
 To grind her lips upon a mill,<sup>2</sup> 600  
 Until the facet doublet doth<sup>3</sup>  
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with  
 A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth ;  
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605  
 Where red and whitest colours mix ;  
 In which the lily and the rose,  
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.<sup>5</sup>  
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,  
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies ; 610  
 Are but black patches that she wears,  
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars,<sup>6</sup>  
 By which astrologers, as well  
 As those in heav'n above, can tell  
 What strange events they do foreshow, 615  
 Unto her under-world below.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Till the edition of 1704, this line stood :

    Their *haut-gusts*, *buollics*, or *ragusts*.

These things were "made-dishes," and were all highly flavoured, and hot with spices.

<sup>2</sup> As they do by comparing her lips to rubies, which are polished by a mill.

<sup>3</sup> *Facet*, a little face, or small surface. Diamonds and precious stones are ground *à la facette*, or with many faces or small surfaces, that they may have the greater lustre. A doublet is a false stone, made of two crystals joined together with green or red cement between them, in order to resemble stones of that colour. Facet doublet, therefore, is a false stone cut in faces.

<sup>4</sup> See Don Quixote, ch. 73 and ch. 38 ; also the description of "a Whore," by John Taylor, the water poet, for other satires on this fantastic habit of lovers.

<sup>5</sup> These are the names of two pigments, the former crimson ; the latter a preparation of white lead and vinegar.

<sup>6</sup> The ladies formerly were very fond of wearing a great number of black patches on their faces, often cut in fantastical shapes. See Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, p. 252, &c. ; *Spectator*, No. 50 ; and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Elder Brother," Act iii. sc. 11.

<sup>7</sup> A double entendre. This and the three preceding lines do not appear in the editions of 1664, but were added in 1674.

Her voice, the music of the spheres,  
 So loud, it deafens mortal ears ;  
 As wise philosophers have thought,  
 And that's the cause we hear it not.<sup>1</sup> 620  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;  
 And in those ribbons would have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung.<sup>2</sup>  
 That have the hard fate, to write best 625  
 Of those still that deserve it least ;<sup>3</sup>  
 It matters not how false, or forc'd,  
 So the best things be said o' th' worst ;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630  
 Whether it be a swan or goose  
 They level at : so shepherds use  
 To set the same mark on the hip,  
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep :  
 For wits that carry low or wide, 635  
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
 But when they take their aim awry.  
 But I do wonder you should chuse  
 This way t' attack me with your muse. 640

<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras asserted that this world is made according to musical proportion ; and that the seven planets, betwixt heaven and earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and render various sounds, according to their several heights, so consonant, that they make most sweet melody, but to us inaudible, because of the greatness of the noise, which the narrow passage of our ears is not capable to receive. He is presumed to have interpreted the passage in Job literally : " When the morning stars sang together," chap. xxix. 7. Stanley's *Life of Pythagoras*, p. 393. Milton wrote on the *Harmony of the Spheres*, when at Cambridge ; and has some fine lines on the subject, in his *Arcades*, and in his *Paradise Lost*, v. 625, &c. See Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* Act v. sc. 1, for the most exquisite passage in the language on this subject.

<sup>2</sup> Thus Waller on a girdle :

" Give me but what this *riband* bound."

<sup>3</sup> Warburton was of opinion that Butler alluded to one of Mr Waller's poems on *Saccharissa*, where he complains of her unkindness. Others suppose, with more probability, that he alludes to the poet's well-known reply to the king, when he reproached him with having written best in praise of Oliver Cromwell. " We poets," says he, " succeed better in fiction than in truth."



As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
 With fulhams of poetic fiction : <sup>1</sup>  
 I rather hop'd I should no more  
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score ;  
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645  
 The readiest remedies of love,  
 Next a dry diet ; but if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,  
 In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock : 650  
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
 If that may serve you for a cooler,  
 T' allay your mettle, all agog  
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog.  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655  
 That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,  
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow,  
 Much harder, on the marry'd brow :  
 But if no dread can cool your courage,  
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage ; 660  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance ;  
 Level at beauty and at wit ;  
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.  
 Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand 665  
 In that already, with your command ;  
 For where does beauty and high wit  
 But in your constellation meet ?  
 Quoth she, What does a match imply,  
 But likeness and equality ? 670  
 I know you cannot think me fit  
 To be th' yokefellow of your wit ;  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
 To be the partner of your parts ;

<sup>1</sup> That is, with cheats or impositions. Fulham was a cant word for a false dice, many of them, as it is supposed, being made at that place. The high dice were loaded so as to come up 4, 5, 6, and the low ones 1, 2, 3.

“For gourd and fullam holds,” says Pistol,  
 ‘And high and low beguile the rich and poor.’

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 3  
 And Cleveland says : “Now a Scotchman’s tongue runs high fulhams.”



R. Cooper sculp.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

*From a Picture by Kneller.*

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A grace which, if I could believe,  
I've not the conscience to receive.<sup>1</sup> 375

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
Is misinform'd ; I'll state the case.  
A man may be a legal donor  
Of anything whereof he's owner, 680  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I' th' judgment of all casuists :  
Then wit, and parts, and valour may  
Be ali'nated, and made away,  
By those that are proprietors, 685  
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;  
And whether I may take, as well  
As you may give away, or sell ? 690  
Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;<sup>2</sup>  
And worse than thieves receivers are.  
How shall I answer Hue and Cry<sup>3</sup>  
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,<sup>4</sup>  
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,<sup>5</sup> 695  
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market toll'd for ?<sup>6</sup>  
Or, should I take you for a stray,  
You must be kept a year and day,<sup>7</sup> 700

<sup>1</sup> Conscience is here used as a word of two syllables, and in the next line as three.

<sup>2</sup> See *Caveat emptor!* Dict. of Classical Quotations.

<sup>3</sup> Hue and Cry was the legal notice to a neighbourhood for pursuit of a felon. See Blackstone.

<sup>4</sup> This is a galling reflection upon the knight's abilities, his complexion, and his height, which the widow intimates was not more than four feet.

<sup>5</sup> There is humour in the representation which the widow makes of the knight, under the similitude of a roan gelding, supposed to be stolen, or to have strayed. Farmers often put locks on the fore-feet of their horses, to prevent their being stolen, and the knight had his feet fast in the stocks at the time.

<sup>6</sup> This alludes to the custom enjoined by two Acts, 2 & 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz., of tolling horses at fairs, to prevent the sale of any that might have been stolen, and help the owners to the recovery of them.

<sup>7</sup> Estrays, or cattle which came astray, were cried on two market days, and in two adjoining market towns, and if not claimed within a year and a day, they became the property of the lord of the liberty (or manor).

Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,  
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found ;  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705

T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear,  
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd

To be the cause of loss of beard,<sup>1</sup> 710

That does, like embryo in the womb,

Abortive on the chin become :

This first a woman did invent,

In envy of man's ornament :

Semiramis of Babylon, 715

Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,<sup>2</sup>

To mar their beards, and laid foundation

Of sow-geldering operation :

Look on this beard, and tell me whether

Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ? 720

Next it appears I am no horse,

That I can argue and discourse,

Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;

For some philosophers of late here, 725

Write men have four legs by nature,<sup>3</sup>

And that 'tis custom makes them go

Erroneously upon but two ;

As 'twas in Germany made good,

B' a boy that lost himself in a wood ; 730

<sup>1</sup> See the note on line 114 of this Canto.

<sup>2</sup> Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is reputed to be the first that invented eunuchs : *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima* (Am. Marcellinus, i. 24), which is thought to be somewhat strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embrace. But the poet means to laugh at Dr Bulwer, who in his *Artificial Changeling*, scene 21, has many strange stories ; and in page 208, says, "Nature gave to mankind a beard, that it might remain an index in the face of the masculine generative faculty."

<sup>3</sup> Sir Kenelm Digby, in his book of *Bodies*, has the well-known story of the wild German boy, who went on all fours, was overgrown with hair, and lived among the wild beasts ; the credibility and truth of which he endeavours to establish by several natural reasons. See also *Tatler*, No. 103.



A. Cooper sculp.

ERR. KENNETH BROWN.

*From a Picture by Kneller in the British Gallery.*



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And growing down t' a man, was wont  
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.  
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,<sup>1</sup>  
 We cannot say they're true or false,  
 Till you explain yourself, and show 735  
 B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;  
 So you will promise, if you lose,  
 To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done, quoth she,  
 To one that wants a tail, by me ;  
 For tails by nature sure were meant,  
 As well as beards, for ornament ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And tho' the vulgar count them homely, 745  
 In man or beast they are so comely,  
 So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handsome,<sup>4</sup>  
 I'll never marry man that wants one :  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,  
 You have one equal to your mane, 750  
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,  
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Fontaine, Conte de la jument du compere Pierre. Lord Monboddo had a theory about tails ; he maintained that naturally they were as proper appendages to man as to beasts ; but that the practice of sitting had in process of time completely abraded them.

<sup>2</sup> That is, rest the cause upon this point.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Butler here alludes to Dr Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, p. 410, where, besides the story of the Kentish men near Rochester, who had tails clapped to their breeches by Thomas a Beckett, he gives an account, from an honest young man of Captain Morris's company, in Ireton's regiment, " that at Cashell, in the county of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, seated on a rock, stormed by Lord Inchequin, where near 700 were put to the sword, there were found among the slain of the Irish, when they were stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long : forty soldiers, that were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths." For an account of the Kentish Long-tails, see Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent, p. 315, and Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, p. 207.

<sup>4</sup> *Gentee* is the affected pronunciation of the French *gentil*.

<sup>5</sup> See Purchas's Pilgrime, vol. ii. p. 1495, for the story of Macamut, Sultan of Cambay, who is said to have lived upon poison, and so complete-

Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755  
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;  
 Yet I shall rather lie in's arms  
 Than your's, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford  
 I shall produce, upon my word ; 760  
 And if she ever gave that boon  
 To man, I 'll prove that I have one ;  
 I mean, by postulate illation,<sup>1</sup>  
 When you shall offer just occasion ;  
 But since ye've yet denied to give 765  
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,  
 But make it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel ;  
 And for the sufferings of your martyr,  
 Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770  
 And by discharge, or mainprise, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.<sup>2</sup>

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg,  
 And if I knew which way to do't, 775  
 Your honour safe, I'd let you out.  
 That dames by jail-delivery  
 Of errant knights have been set free,<sup>3</sup>  
 When by enchantment they have been,  
 And sometimes for it too, laid in, 780  
 Is that which knights are bound to do  
 By order, oaths, and honour too ;

ly to have saturated his breath, that contact with him caused the death of 4000 concubines. *Philosoph. Transactions*, lxvi. 314. Montaigne, b. i. *Essay on Customs*. A gross double entendre runs through the whole of the widcw's speeches, and likewise through those of the knight. See T. War-ton on *English Poetry*, iii. p. 10.

<sup>1</sup> That is, by inference, consequence, or presumptive evidence.

<sup>2</sup> Grey supposes that the usher, who attended the widow, might be the constable of the place, and that on that account Hudibras begged her to release him ; but it is more probable that she was of sufficient consideration to obtain his liberation, either absolutely, or on bail ; or that she could order her said usher to open the stocks and set him free.

<sup>3</sup> These and the following lines are a banter upon romance writers. Our author keeps *Don Quixote* (Gayton's translation) constantly in his eye, when he is aiming at this object. In Europe, the Spaniards and the French engaged first in this kind of writing : from them it was communicated to the English.

For what are they renown'd and famous else,  
 But aiding of distressed damosels ?  
 But for a lady, no ways errant,<sup>1</sup> 785  
 To free a knight, we have no warrant  
 In any authentional romance,  
 Or classic author yet of France ;  
 And I'd be loth to have you break  
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790  
 Or innovation introduce  
 In place of things of antique use,  
 To free your heels by any course,  
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs : <sup>2</sup>  
 Which if I should consent unto, 795  
 It is not in my pow'r to do ;  
 For 'tis a service must be done ye  
 With solemn previous ceremony ;  
 Which always has been us'd t' untie  
 The charms of those who here do lie ; 800  
 For as the ancients heretofore  
 To Honour's temple had no door,  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ; <sup>3</sup>  
 So from this dungeon there's no way  
 To honour's freedom, but by passing 805  
 That other virtuous school of lashing,  
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ; <sup>4</sup>  
 In which they for awhile are tenants,  
 And for their ladies suffer penance : 810  
 Whipping, that's virtue's governess,<sup>5</sup>  
 Tut'ress of arts and sciences ;  
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matter ;

<sup>1</sup> There were damsels-errant as well as knights-errant, in the romances, and the widow disclaims all connection with that order.

<sup>2</sup> That is, to his honour. The spurs were badges of knighthood, and if a knight was degraded, his spurs were hacked to pieces by a menial.

<sup>3</sup> The temple of Virtue and Honour was built by Marius ; the architect was Mutius ; it had no posticum. See Vitruvius, Piranesi, &c.

<sup>4</sup> This refers to the whipping of petty criminals — humorously styled Knights—in houses of correction.

<sup>5</sup> A sly glance at the passion for flagellation displayed by the masters of schools.

That lays foundation for renown, 815  
 And all the honours of the gown.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with hon'rab!e discharge ;  
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials,<sup>1</sup> 820  
 And in their way attended on  
 By magistrates of every town ;  
 And, all respect and charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 Now if you'll venture for my sake, 825  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer, as the rest have done,  
 The laying of a whipping on,<sup>2</sup>  
 And may you prosper in your suit,  
 As you with equal vigour do't, 830  
 I here engage myself to loose ye  
 And free your heels from caperdewsie : <sup>3</sup>  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835  
 And honour too, when you have done't ;  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go <sup>4</sup>  
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too ? 840  
 What med'cine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers, when they lose their wits ?  
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd,  
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child :

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the Acts of Parliament, 33 Eliz. cap. 4, and 1 James I. c. 31, whereby vagrants were ordered to be whipped, and, with a certificate of the fact, conveyed by constables to the place of their settlement.

<sup>2</sup> A reference to the Amatorial Flagellants of Spain ; no other way to move the hearts of their ladies being left them, they borrowed the ascetic's scourge, and used it.

<sup>3</sup> From 1674 to 1700, these lines stood :

I here engage to be your bail,  
 And free you from th' unknowingly jail.

The etymology of caperdewsie, evidently a term for the stocks, is unknown.

<sup>4</sup> Hanging and wiving go by destiny. Handbook of Proverbs, p. 367.

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannum,  
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And hence some rev'rend men approve  
 Of rosemary in making love.<sup>2</sup>  
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,<sup>3</sup>  
 Why may not whipping have as good  
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
 With comely movement, and by art,  
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?  
 It is an easier way to make  
 Love by, than that which many take.  
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?<sup>4</sup>  
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
 And spell names over with beer-glasses ?<sup>5</sup>  
 Be under vows to hang and die  
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?  
 With China-oranges and tarts,  
 And whining-plays, lay baits for hearts ?  
 Bribe chambermaids with love and money,  
 To break no roguish jests upon ye ;  
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Xerxes whipped the sea, which was the mother of Venus, and Venus was the mother of Cupid ; the sea, therefore, was the "grannum," or grandmother, of Cupid, and the object of imperial flagellation, when the winds and the waves were not propitious. See Juven. Sat. x. 180.

<sup>2</sup> As Venus came from the sea the poet supposes some connection with the word rosemary, or *ros maris*, dew of the sea. Rosemary was worn at weddings, and carried at funerals. See chapter on the subject in vol. ii. p. 119—123, Brand's *Pop. Antiquities* (Bohn's edition).

<sup>3</sup> Coopers, like blacksmiths, give to their work alternately a heavy stroke and a light one ; which our poet humorously compares to the Lydian and Phrygian measures. The former were soft and effeminate, the latter rough and martial.

<sup>4</sup> One of the follies practised by Inamoratos. Grey quotes a tract, printed in 1659, which informs us that French gallants "in their frolics, spare not the ornaments of their madams, who cannot wear a piece of ferret-ribbon, but they will cut it in pieces and swallow it in wine, to celebrate their better fortune."

<sup>5</sup> Spell them in the number of glasses of beer, as before at ver. 570.

<sup>6</sup> The plain meaning of the distich is, venture disease for painted and perfumed whores.



Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
 Do penance in a paper lanthorn ?<sup>1</sup> 870  
 All this you may compound for now,  
 By suff'ring what I offer you ;  
 Which is no more than has been done  
 By knights for ladies long ago.  
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875  
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
 Himself a slave for Miss's sake ?<sup>3</sup>  
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?<sup>4</sup> 880  
 Was not young Florio sent, to cool  
 His flame for Biancafiore, to school,<sup>5</sup>  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum<sup>6</sup>  
 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?  
 Did not a certain lady whip, 885  
 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to an ecclesiastical discipline for such faults as adultery and fornication.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the penance which Don Quixote underwent on the mountain for the sake of Dulcinea, Part i. book iii. ch. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Ibrahim, the illustrious Bassa, in the romance of Monsieur Scudery. His mistress, Isabella, princess of Monaco, being conveyed away to the Sultan's seraglio, he got into the palace disguised as a slave, and, after a multitude of adventures, became grand vizier.

<sup>4</sup> To tawe, is a term used by leather-dressers, signifying to soften the leather and make it pliable, by rubbing it. See Wright's Glossary.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to an Italian romance, entitled Florio and Biancafiore. The widow here cites some illustrious examples of the three nations, Spanish, French, and Italian, to induce the knight to give himself a scourging, according to the established laws of chivalry. The adventures of Florio and Biancafiore, which make the principal subject of Boccacio's *Filocopo*, were famous long before Boccacio, as he himself informs us. Florio and Blancaster are mentioned as illustrious lovers, by a Languedocian poet, in his *Breviari d' Amor*, dated in the year 1288: it is probable, however, that the story was enlarged by Boccacio. See Tyrwhitt on Chaucer, iv. 169.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the schoolmasters' passion for whipping.

<sup>7</sup> The person here meant is Lady Munson. Her husband, Lord Munson, of Bury St Edmund's, one of the king's judges, being suspected by his lady of changing his political principles, was by her, with the assistance of her maids, tied naked to the bed-post, and whipped till he promised to behave better. For which useful piece of political zeal she received thanks in open court. Sir William Waller's lady, Mrs May, and

And, tho' a grandee of the house,  
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Tied him stark naked to a bed-post,  
 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ; 890  
 And after in the sessions' court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't ?  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the magician's circle, clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,  
 And bid her squire let him out.<sup>3</sup> 900  
 But ere an artist could be found  
 T' undo the charms another bound,  
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
 Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes.<sup>4</sup>  
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905  
 That hides her face by day from sight.  
 Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade,<sup>5</sup>  
 And in the lanthorn of the night,  
 With shining horns, hung out her light :<sup>6</sup> 910  
 For darkness is the proper sphere<sup>7</sup>  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.

Sir Henry Mildmay's lady, were supposed to have exercised the same authority. See *History of Flagellants*, p. 340, 8vo; and *Loyal Songs*, vol. ii. p. 68, and 58.

<sup>1</sup> "Legislative blows," in the two first editions.

<sup>2</sup> In editions subsequent to 1734, we read :

I'll free you from the enchanted den.

<sup>3</sup> So in the corrections at the end of vol. ii. of the second edition in 1664.

<sup>4</sup> One of the romance writers' extravagant conceits.

<sup>5</sup> The rays of the sun obscure the moon by day, and enlighten it by night. This passage is extremely beautiful and poetical, showing, among many others, Butler's powers in serious poetry, if he had chosen that path.

<sup>6</sup> Altered subsequently to—

And in the night as freely shone,  
 As if her rays had been her own.

<sup>7</sup> This and the following line were first inserted in the edition of 1674.

The twinkling stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915  
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn  
His whipping penance till the morn,  
And not to carry on a work  
Of such importance in the dark, 920  
With erring haste, but rather stay,  
And do't i' th' open face of day;  
And in the mean time go in quest  
Of next retreat, to take his rest.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The critic will remark how exact our poet is in observing times and seasons; he describes morning and evening; and one day only is passed since the opening of the poem.



## PART II. CANTO II.



### ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,  
Within an ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

## PART II. CANTO II.



IS strange how some men's tempers suit,  
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,<sup>1</sup>  
That for their own opinions stand fast,  
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.  
That keep their consciences in cases,<sup>2</sup> 5  
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,<sup>3</sup>  
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent

To play a fit for argument.<sup>4</sup>

Make true and false, unjust and just,

Of no use but to be discust; 10

Dispute and set a paradox,

Like a straight boot, upon the stocks,<sup>5</sup>

And stretch it more unmercifully,

Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, some men love disputing, as a bawd loves brandy.

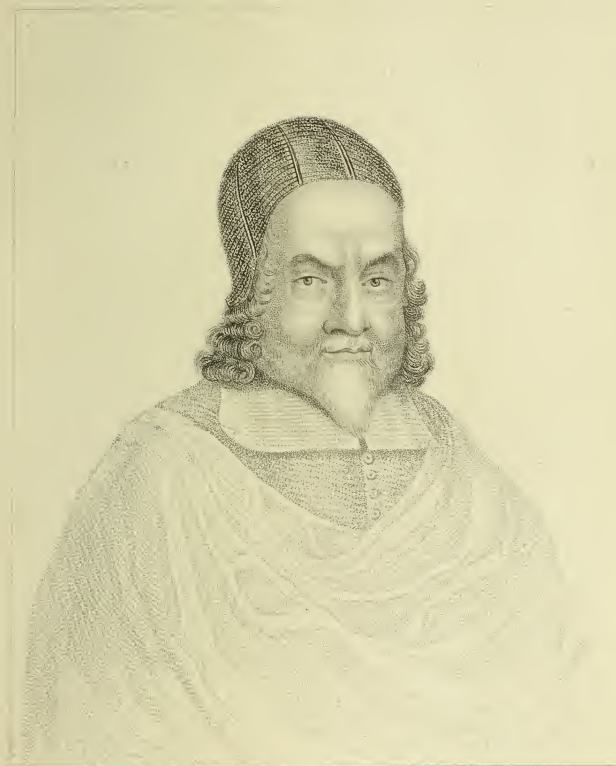
<sup>2</sup> A pun, or jeu de mots, on cases of conscience.

<sup>3</sup> That is, their fiddles and violoncellos.

<sup>4</sup> The old phrase was, to play a fit of mirth: the word fit often occurs in ancient ballads and metrical romances: it is generally applied to music, and signifies a division or part, for the convenience of the performers.

<sup>5</sup> That is, like a tight boot on a boot-tree.

<sup>6</sup> Van Helmont (the elder) was an eminent physician and naturalist, a warm opposer of the principles of Aristotle and Galen, and an enthusiastic student of chemistry; born at Brussels, in 1588, and died 1664. His son, born in 1618, died 1699, was likewise versed in physic and chemistry, and celebrated for his paradoxes. Michael de Montaigne was born at Perigord, of a good family, 1533, died 1592. He was carefully but fancifully educated by his father, awakened every morning by strains of soft music, taught Latin by conversation, and Greek as an amusement. His *Essays*, however delightful, contain abundance of paradoxes and whimsical reflections. Thomas White (or Albius) was a zealous champion of the Church of Rome and the Aristotelian philosophy, and wrote against Joseph Glanville, who printed in London, 1665, a book entitled, *Scepsis Scientifica*, or, *Confessed Ignorance the Way to Science*. He also wrote in defence of the peculiar notions of Sir Kenelm Digby, and is said to have been fond of dangerous singularities. He died in 1676. For *Tully*, whose character does not answer to the text.



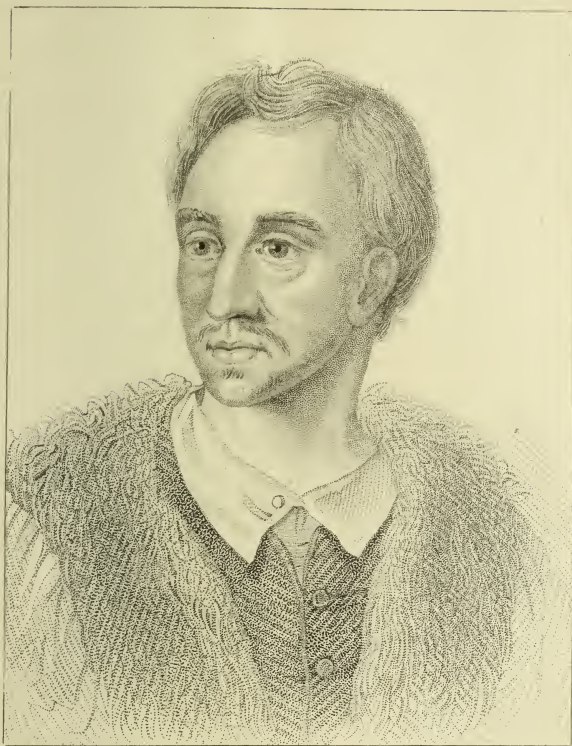
H. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

THOMAS WHITE.

*From a Print by Vertue.*



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R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

JOHN BAPTIST VAN HELMONT.

*From a Print prefixed to his Works, 1682.*

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So th' ancient Stoics in the Porch, 15  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
 To prove that virtue is a body;<sup>1</sup>  
 That *bonum* is an animal,  
 Made good with stout polemic brawl; 20  
 In which some hundrèds on the place  
 Were slain outright,<sup>2</sup> and many a face  
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.  
 All which the Knight and Squire in wrath, 25  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequel shall be shown.  
 The sun had long since, in the lap<sup>3</sup>  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30  
 And like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
 From black to red began to turn;<sup>4</sup>

some late editions read *Lully*; but the former has been retained with the author's corrected edition. If Butler meant Cicero he must allude to his *Stoicorum Paradoxa*, in which, for the exercise of his wit, Cicero defends some of the most extravagant doctrines of the Porch.

<sup>1</sup> The Stoics, who embraced all their doctrines as so many fixed and immutable truths from which it was infamous to depart, allowed of no incorporeal substance, no medium between body and nothing. With them accidents and qualities, virtues and vices, and the passions of the mind, were corporeal.

<sup>2</sup> We meet with the same account in Butler's *Remains*, vol. ii. 242. "This had been an excellent course for the old round-headed Stoics to find out whether *bonum* was *corpus*, or virtue an animal: about which they had so many fierce encounters in their *Stoa*, that about 1400 lost their lives on the place, and far many more their beards and teeth and noses." Grecian history does not record these brawls; but Diogenes Laertius, in his life of Zeno, book vii. sect. 5, says, that this philosopher read his lectures in the *Stoa* or *Portico*, and hopes the place will be no more violated by civil seditions: for, adds he, when the Thirty Tyrants governed the republic, 1400 citizens were killed there; referring to the judicial murders committed there in 404-3, B. C., on the overthrow of the Athenian constitution.

<sup>3</sup> As far as Phœbus first does rise

Until in Thetis' lap he lies.

*Sir Arthur Gorges.*

See also Virgil's *Georgics*, i. 446-7.

<sup>4</sup> Mr M. Bacon says, this simile is taken from Rabelais, who calls the lobster cardinalized, from the red habit which cardinals wear.

When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,  
 Began to rouse his drowsy eyes, 35  
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise ;  
 Resolving to despatch the deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed :  
 But first, with knocking loud and bawling,  
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling ;<sup>1</sup> 40  
 And after many circumstances,  
 Which vulgar authors in romances  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
 To make impertinent description,  
 They got, with much ado, to horse, 45  
 And to the castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the dame before  
 To suffer whipping-duty swore :<sup>2</sup>  
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50  
 He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious forehead plodding,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said ;  
 Whether it be direct infringing 55  
 An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' equivocation swear ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Don Quixote, Part ii. ch. 20. A truckle-bed is a little bed on wheels, which runs under a larger bed.

<sup>2</sup> In the first edition it is *duly*, but is corrected to *duty* in the Errata to the second edition of 1664.

<sup>3</sup> The Knight's "new scruple" is an excellent illustration of the quibbles by which unscrupulous consciences find excuses for violating oaths and promises.

<sup>4</sup> The equivocations and mental reservations of the Jesuits were loudly complained of, and by none more than by the Sectaries. When these last came into power, the Royalists had too often an opportunity of bringing the same charge against them. Walker observes of the Independents, that they were tenable by no oaths, principles, promises, declarations, nor by any obligations or laws, divine or human. And Sanderson, in his "Obligation of Promissory Oaths," says: "They rest secure, absolving themselves from all guilt and fear of perjury ; and think they have excellently provided for themselves and consciences, if, during the act of swearing, they can make any shift to defend themselves, either as the Jesuits do, with some equivocation, or mental reservation ; or by forcing upon the words some

Or whether 't be a lesser sin  
 To be forsworn, than act the thing, 60  
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
 T' inform my conscience, be discust ;  
 In which to err a tittle may  
 To errors infinite make way :  
 And therefore I desire to know 65  
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin't,  
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;  
 And, for my own part, do not doubt  
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70  
 But first, to state the case aright,  
 For best advantage of our light ;  
 And thus 'tis, whether 't be a sin,  
 To claw and curry our own skin,  
 Greater or less than to forbear, 75  
 And that you are forsworn forswear.  
 But first, o' th' first : The inward man,  
 And outward, like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing : <sup>1</sup> 80  
 Not that they really cuff or fence,  
 But in a spiritual mystic sense ;  
 Which to mistake, and make them squabble,  
 In literal fray's abominable ;  
 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use, 85  
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of bridewells,<sup>2</sup>  
 Like modern Indians to their idols ;<sup>3</sup>

subtle interpretation ; or after they are sworn, they can find some loophole or artificial evasion ; whereby such art may be used with the oath, that, the words remaining, the meaning may be eluded with sophism, and the sense utterly lost."

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the clans of Scotland, which have sometimes kept up a feud for many generations, and committed violent outrages on each other. The doctrine which the Independents and other sectaries held concerning the natural hostility between the inward and outward man, is frequently alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Whipping, as administered in Bridewell, and similar houses of correction.

<sup>3</sup> The similarity of practice in this particular, between the scourging sects of heathen Indians and the flagellants of the Romish Church, is forcibly



And mongrel Christian of our times,  
 That expiate less with greater crimes, 90  
 And call the foul abomination,  
 Contrition and Mortification.  
 Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked  
 With sinful members of the wicked;  
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95  
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side;  
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
 And heathen stripes, by their example?  
 Which, were there nothing to forbid it,  
 Is impious, because they did it: 100  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A heinous sin. Now to the second;  
 That Saints may claim a dispensation  
 To swear and forswear on occasion,  
 I doubt not but it will appear 105  
 With pregnant light: the point is clear.  
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind,<sup>1</sup>  
 Too feeble implements to bind;  
 And hold with deeds proportion, so  
 As shadows to a substance do. 110  
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit.  
 Although your church be opposite  
 To ours, as Black Friars are to White,  
 In rule and order, yet I grant 115  
 You are a reformado saint;<sup>2</sup>  
 And what the saints do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a title to:

pointed out; and, at the same time, a favourite argument of the Puritans, that whatever was Romish was *ipso facto* sinful, is equally well ridiculed.

<sup>1</sup> Such have "lovers' vows" always been represented. The vows of self-chastisement, from which the Knight seeks self-absolution, was a lover's vow. But the general strain of satire is against elastic consciences and easy absolution, whether catholic or sectarian. See Tibullus, Eleg. iv. 17, 18.

<sup>2</sup> That is, as being a Presbyterian, a quondam saint, not then in the enjoyment of the pay and privileges of sainthood, as the Independents were. Reformadoes were officers degraded from their command, but who retained their rank. (Wright's Dict. *sub voc.*) See Part iii. c. ii. line 91.

But saints, whom oaths or vows oblige,  
 Know little of their privilege ; 120  
 Further, I mean, than carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own :  
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth ; why the saints should scorn,  
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125  
 I think there's little reason why :  
 Else h' has a greater power than they,  
 Which 'twere impiety to say.  
 We're not commanded to forbear,  
 Indefinitely, at all to swear ; 130  
 But to swear idly, and in vain,  
 Without self-interest or gain.  
 For breaking of an oath and lying,  
 Is but a kind of self-denying,  
 A saint-like virtue ; and from hence 135  
 Some have broke oaths by Providence.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :<sup>2</sup>  
 And this the constant rule and practice  
 Of all our late apostles' acts is. 140  
 Was not the Cause at first begun  
 With perjury, and carried on ?  
 Was there an oath the godly took,  
 But in due time and place they broke ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, by the direction of the spirit, which was commonly assumed as an excuse for violating oaths. When it was first moved in the House to proceed capitally against the king, Cromwell stood up and told them : " That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world ; but since *Providence* and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels."

<sup>2</sup> " The rebel army," says South, " in their several treaties with the king, being asked by him whether they would stand to such and such agreements and promises, still answered, that they would do as the spirit should direct them. Whereupon that blessed prince would frequently condole his hard fate, that he had to do with persons to whom the spirit dictated one thing one day, and commanded the clean contrary the next." Harrison, Carew, and others, when tried for the part they took in the king's death, professed they had acted out of conscience to the Lord.

<sup>3</sup> The Covenanters, to accommodate their " Large Declaration " to the scruples of the Presbyterians in the matter of Episcopacy, inserted, " That the swearer is neither obliged to the meaning of the prescribed oath nor his

Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145  
 Before our plate, to have them burst,  
 And cast in fitter models, for  
 The present use of church and war ?  
 Did not our worthies of the House,  
 Before they broke the peace, break vows ? 150  
 For having freed us first from both  
 Th' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,<sup>1</sup>  
 Did they not next compel the nation  
 To take, and break the Protestation ?<sup>2</sup>  
 To swear, and after to recant,<sup>3</sup> 155  
 The Solemn League and Covenant ?<sup>4</sup>  
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,<sup>5</sup>  
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?

own meaning, but as the authority shall afterwards interpret it." The swearing and unswearing, which Butler satirizes, is one of the numerous parallels between the Great Rebellion and the French Revolution, only in the latter case the oaths were taken to a far more imposing array of Constitutions. Talleyrand's oaths of this sort would have made the boldest Parliamentary swearer seem nought.

<sup>1</sup> Though they did not in formal and express terms abrogate these oaths of allegiance and supremacy till after the king's death, yet in effect they vacated and annulled them, by administering the king's power, and substituting other oaths, protestations, and covenants.

<sup>2</sup> In the Protestation they promised to defend the true reformed religion, as expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England ; which was presently afterwards disclaimed in the Covenant. Ultimately the Covenant itself was altogether renounced by the Independents.

<sup>3</sup> And to recant is but to cant again, says Sir Roger L'Estrange.

<sup>4</sup> In the Solemn League and Covenant (called a *league*, because it was to be a bond of amity and confederation between the kingdoms of England and Scotland ; and the *covenant*, because it was in form a covenant with God) they swore to defend the person and authority of the king, and cause the world to behold their fidelity ; and that they would not, in the least, diminish his just power and greatness. The Presbyterians, who held by the Covenant so far as it upheld their church, contrived to evade this part of it by saying they had sworn to defend the person and authority of the king in support of religion and public liberty, and not when they were incompatible with each other. But the Independents, who were at last the prevailing party, utterly renounced the Covenant. Copies of the Covenant, subscribed by the Minister and Parishioners, remain in many Parochial Registers, and in some the place for the Minister's name is blank,—he, perhaps, expecting some change, in which it might not be well for him to have signed it.

<sup>5</sup> After the death of the king a new oath, which they call the Engagement, bound every man to be true and faithful to the government then established, without a king or House of Peers.

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R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

*From an Original Picture in the Possession of the Hon. General Biddiscombe.*

Did they not swear, at first, to fight <sup>1</sup>  
 For the king's safety and his right? 160  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot?  
 And yet still had the confidence  
 To swear it was in his defence?  
 Did they not swear to live and die 165  
 With Essex, and straight laid him by? <sup>2</sup>  
 If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they, if th' did no more. <sup>3</sup>  
 Did they not swear to maintain law,  
 In which that swearing made a flaw? 170  
 For Protestant religion vow,  
 That did that vowing disallow?  
 For privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a rent?  
 And since, of all the three, not one <sup>4</sup> 175  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear, in express words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords?  
 And after turn'd out the whole house-full  
 Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful. <sup>5</sup> 180  
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House; <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell, when he first mustered his troop, sincerely enough perhaps declared that he would not deceive them by perplexed or involved expressions, in his commission, to fight "for the king and Parliament;" and that he would as soon fire his pistol at the king as at any one else.

<sup>2</sup> When the Parliament first took up arms, and the earl of Essex was chosen general, the members of both Houses declared that they would live and die with him. Yet the chief object of the self-denying ordinance was to remove him from the command.

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon says, that many of Essex's friends believed he was poisoned. (Vol. iii. b. 10.)

<sup>4</sup> Namely, law, religion, and privilege of Parliament.

<sup>5</sup> When the army began to proceed against the king, in order to keep the Lords quiet, a distinct promise was made to maintain their privileges, &c. But no sooner was the king beheaded, than it was resolved that the House of Peers was useless, and ought to be abolished, which it was accordingly.

<sup>6</sup> After the king's party was utterly overthrown, Cromwell, who all along it is supposed aimed at the supreme power, persuaded the Parliament to send part of their army into Ireland, and to disband the rest, which the



Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,  
 Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;  
 And troll'd them on, and swore and swore, 185  
 Till th' army turn'd them out of door.  
 This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That oaths and swearing go for nought;<sup>1</sup>  
 And that by them th' were only meant  
 To serve for an expedient.<sup>2</sup> 190  
 What was the Public Faith found out for,<sup>3</sup>  
 But to slur men of what they fought for?  
 The Public Faith, which ev'ry one  
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;<sup>4</sup>  
 And if that go for nothing, why 195  
 Should private faith have such a tie?  
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
 To keep the good and just in awe,<sup>5</sup>

Presbyterians in the House were forward to do. And Cromwell, to lull the Parliament, called God to witness, that he was sure the army would, at their command, disband and cast their arms at their feet: and he again solemnly swore, that he had rather himself and his whole family should be consumed, than that the army should break out into sedition. The army, however, did not throw down their arms; but finding that (as they said) all they were to get for these victories was "a piece of paper," and that Parliament intended to make itself perpetual, they marched on London, and in the end, headed by Cromwell, turned the Parliament out of doors.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange has put this into the moral of his Fable (No. 61), "that in a certain place, the people were *only sworn* not to dress meat in Lent, and so might do what they pleased, but," says the speaker, "for us who are *bound* that would be our undoing."

<sup>2</sup> *Expedient* was a term often used by the sectaries. When the members of the Council of State engaged to approve of what should be done by the Commons in Parliament for the future, it was ordered to draw up an *expedient* for the Members to subscribe.

<sup>3</sup> It was usual to pledge the Public Faith, as they called it, by which they meant the credit of Parliament, or their own promises, for monies borrowed, and many times never repaid. Ralph argues that if the public faith be broken with impunity, private faith could not be considered binding.

<sup>4</sup> "Resolved that the Public Faith be buried in everlasting forgetfulness, and that John Goodwin do preach its funeral sermon from Tothill Fields to Whitechapel;" says Sir John Birkenhead, in his "Paul's Church Yard" (Cent. 3, p. 20).

<sup>5</sup> The reference is to 1 Timothy i. 9. "Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient." And Colonel Overton averred that the Presbyterians held this literally.

But to confine the bad and sinful,  
 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold. 200  
 A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;<sup>1</sup>  
 And as no peer is bound to swear,  
 But on the gospel of his honour,  
 Of which he may dispose as owner,  
 It follows, tho' the thing be forgery 205  
 And false th' affirm, it is no perjury,  
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
 Of nothing, but a form of speech,  
 And goes for no more when 'tis took  
 Than mere saluting of the book.<sup>2</sup> 210  
 Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
 They're but commissions of course,<sup>3</sup>  
 And saints have freedom to digress,  
 But vary from 'em as they please;  
 Or misinterpret them by private 215  
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.  
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
 And curtail our own privilege?  
 Quakers, that like to lanthorns, bear  
 Their light within them, will not swear; 220  
 Their gospel is an accidence,  
 By which they construe conscience,<sup>4</sup>  
 And hold no sin so deeply red  
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Butler cleverly puts this two-edged sarcasm into the mouth of one of those who turned out the peers.

<sup>2</sup> As one in a fable of L'Estrange (pt. 2, fab. 227) says—For the swearing, what signifies the kissing of a book, with a calves' skin cover and a pasteboard stiffening betwixt a man's lips and the text?

<sup>3</sup> This is, they strained the interpretation of Scripture to their own purposes, just as the Parliament officers took the liberty of disobeying their commissions, on pretence of private instructions or expediency. "They professed their conscience to be the rule and symbol of their faith," says Clement Walker, "and to this they conform the Scriptures, not their consciences to the Scriptures; setting the sun-dial by the clock, not the clock by the sun-dial."

<sup>4</sup> The Quakers interpret Scripture literally, and also insist upon correctly using *thou* in the singular number instead of the plural *you*, whence Butler charges them with turning the gospel into an English Grammar, and regarding an ungrammatical conventionality as a great offence.

<sup>5</sup> Priscian being the acknowledged authority if not the founder of gram-

The head and founder of their order, 225  
 That stirring hats held worse than murder ;<sup>1</sup>  
 These thinking they're oblig'd to troth  
 In swearing, will not take an oath ;  
 Like mules, who if they've not the will  
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still ;<sup>2</sup> 230  
 But they are weak, and little know  
 What free-born consciences may do.  
 'Tis the temptation of the devil  
 That makes all human actions evil :  
 For saints may do the same thing by 235  
 The spirit, in sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to,  
 And at the devil's instance do ;  
 And yet the actions be contrary,  
 Just as the saints and wicked vary. 240  
 For as on land there is no beast  
 But in some fish at sea's exprest ;<sup>3</sup>  
 So in the wicked there's no vice,  
 Of which the saints have not a spice ;  
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245  
 The one, in th' other is a sin.<sup>4</sup>

mar, it is said to break his head to use false grammar, that is, *you* in the singular number. George Fox, the founder of the order of Quakers, may be regarded as their Priscian. He wrote what may be called an accident, entitled, "A Battle Door for Teachers and Professors to learn Plural and Singular," 1660, folio.

<sup>1</sup> Nash thinks that the poet humorously supposes Priscian, who received so many blows on the head, to be exceedingly averse to taking off his hat ; and therefore calls him the founder of Quakerism.

<sup>2</sup> A merry fellow, says Bishop Parker, finding all force and proclamations vain for the dispersion of a conventicle, hit upon the stratagem of proclaiming, in the king's name, that none should depart without his leave ; whereupon every one went away that it might not be said they obeyed any man.

<sup>3</sup> Thus Dubartas :

So many fishes of so many features,  
 That in the waters we may see all creatures,  
 Even all that on the earth are to be found,  
 As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.

This was one of the whimsical speculations with which the curious entertained themselves before the existence of scientific natural history. See Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors* (Bohn's edit. p. 344).

<sup>4</sup> The Antinomian principle was that believers or persons regenerate

Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,  
 A saint should be a slave to conscience ?  
 That ought to be above such fancies,  
 As far as above ordinances ? <sup>1</sup> 250  
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,<sup>2</sup>  
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress :  
 And tho', like constables, we search  
 For false wares one another's church ;  
 Yet all of us hold this for true, 255  
 No faith is to the wicked due.<sup>3</sup>  
 For truth is precious and divine,  
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.  
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,  
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260  
 Those mysteries and revelations :<sup>4</sup>  
 And therefore topical evasions  
 Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,  
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence ;  
 Such as the learned Jesuits use,<sup>5</sup> 265  
 And Presbyterians, for excuse

could not sin, though they committed the same acts which were sins in others ; or, in other words, that the condition of the person determined the character of his acts, and made them good or bad, and not the acts which displayed the character of the man ; so that one not previously wicked could commit no wickedness.

<sup>1</sup> Some sectaries, especially the Seekers and Muggletonians, thought themselves so sure of salvation, that they deemed it needless to conform to ordinances, human or divine.

<sup>2</sup> Hence it may be concluded that the widow was a royalist.

<sup>3</sup> This is the famous popish maxim, *Nulla fides servanda hereticis*, here attributed to the puritan sectaries. Ralph, suspecting the widow to be a royalist, insinuates that it is not necessary to keep faith with her.

<sup>4</sup> Private or *esoteric* doctrines, which may be called mysterious, mean that what is publicly professed and taught is not what the teachers mean.

<sup>5</sup> Mr Foulis tells a good story about Jesuitical evasions ; a little before the death of Queen Elizabeth, when the Jesuits were endeavouring to set aside King James, a little book was written, entitled, a Treatise on Equivocation, which was afterwards called by Garnet, Provincial of the Jesuits, a Treatise against Lying and Dissimulation, which contained the following example. In time of the plague a man goes to Coventry ; at the gates he is examined upon oath whether he came from London : the traveller, though he directly came from thence, may swear positively that he did not, because he knows himself not infected, and does not endanger Coventry ; which he

Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
 To find their churches taken napping.  
 As thus : a breach of oath is duple,  
 And either way admits a scruple, 270  
 And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,  
 More criminal than the injur'd taker ;  
 For he that strains too far a vow,  
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :  
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275  
 Not he that for convenience took it.  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As sound t' all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
 Nay, 'till they're broken, have no force. 280  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws ?  
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish ;  
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch 285  
 Those only that do make them such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd,  
 By men in prison made, for good ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290  
 The Rabbins write, when any Jew  
 Did make to God or man a vow,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295  
 Might free him from the obligation :<sup>2</sup>

supposes to answer the final intent of the demand. The MS. was seized by Sir Edward Coke, in Sir Thomas Tresham's chamber, in the Inner Temple, and is now in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, MS. Laud. E. 45, with the attestation in Sir Edward Coke's hand-writing, 5 December, 1605, and the following motto: *Os quod mentitur occidit animam*.

<sup>1</sup> See the history of the Treaty of Newport with Charles I., for ample proof of the employment of this mode of reasoning.

<sup>2</sup> There is a traditional doctrine among the Jews, which *Maimonides* asserts to have come down from Moses, though not in the written law, that if any person has made a vow, which he afterwards wishes to recall, he may go to a Rabbi, or three other men, and if he can prove to them that no injury will be sustained by any one, they may free him from its obligation.



And have not two saints power to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?<sup>1</sup>  
 The court of conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300  
 Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305  
 Allow'd, at fancy of Pie-powder ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio* ?<sup>3</sup>  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And pigs unring'd at *vis. franc.* pledge ?<sup>4</sup> 310  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance :  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ;  
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315  
 To help itself at a dead lift ?

<sup>1</sup> Butler told one Mr Veal, that by the two saints he meant Dr Downing and Mr Marshall, who, when some of the rebels had their lives spared on condition that they would not in future bear arms against the king, were sent to dispense with the oath, and persuade them to enter again into the service.

<sup>2</sup> The court of *pie-powder* takes cognizance of such disputes as arise in fairs and markets ; and is so called from the old French word *pied-puldreaux*, which signifies a pedlar, one who gets a livelihood without a fixed or certain residence. See Blackstone's Commentaries. In the borough laws of Scotland, an alien merchant is called *pied-puldreaux*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, by taking the *ex officio* oath ; by which the parties were obliged to answer to interrogatories, even if they criminated themselves. In the conference, 1604, one of the matters complained of was the *ex officio* oath. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Archbishop Whitgift defended the oath, and the king gave a description of it, laid down the grounds upon which it stood, and justified the wisdom of the constitution.

<sup>4</sup> Frankpledge was an institution derived from the earliest Saxon times, and based upon the principle of mutual responsibility. By it Lords of the manor had the right of requiring surety of every free-born man of the age of 14, for his good behaviour, and they were bound for each other. After the Conquest, where frankpledge prevailed, there were periodical meetings, when it was put in exercise, and these were called the View of frankpledge (*visus franciplegii*). Selden says, that the View of frankpledge was not wholly unknown in his time ; which shows the point of Butler's allusion to it. See Blackstone and the Law Dictionaries.



Why should not conscience have vacation  
 As well as other courts o' th' nation?  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 Appoint appearance and return? 320  
 And make as nice distinctions serve  
 To split a case; as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints? <sup>1</sup>  
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points?  
 Is not th' High Court of Justice sworn 325  
 To just that law that serves their turn? <sup>2</sup>  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 And fix them whomsoe'er they please on?  
 Cannot the learned counsel there  
 Make laws in any shape appear? 330  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy? <sup>3</sup>  
 And vex them into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm?  
 Rack them until they do confess, <sup>4</sup> 335  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,

<sup>1</sup> Our ancestors, when they found a difficulty in carving a goose, hare, or other dish, used to say in jest, that they should hit the joint if they could think of the name of a cuckold. Kyrle, the man of Ross, had always company to dine with him on market day, and a goose, if it could be procured, was one of the dishes, which he claimed the privilege of carving himself. When any guest, ignorant of the etiquette of the table, offered to save him that trouble, he would exclaim, "Hold your hand, man, if I am good for anything, it is for hitting cuckolds' joints." The British Apollo (vol. ii. No. 59, 1708) explains the origin of this saying, to be "the equal celebrity of one Thomas Webb, carver to the Lord Mayor, in the days of Charles I., both in his office, and as a cuckold."

<sup>2</sup> The High Court of Justice was first instituted for the trial of King Charles I., but its authority was afterwards extended in regard to some of his adherents, to the year 1658. As it had no statute or precedents, its determinations were based solely on what best served the turn. Walker says, "should they vote a turd to be a rose, or Oliver's nose a ruby, they expect we should swear it and fight for it: this legislative den of thieves create new courts of justice, neither founded upon law nor prescription."

<sup>3</sup> It was supposed that witches, by forming the image of any one in wax or clay, and sticking pins into it, or putting it to other torture, could cause the death of the person represented. Dr Dee records several such supposed enchantments.

<sup>4</sup> It was one of the charges against the Parliament, that they had allowed the adherents of the king to be put to the rack in Ireland. The

And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their lives for them ?<sup>1</sup>  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense  
 But what they ought by oath and conscience. 340  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with wrong and right ;  
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,<sup>2</sup>  
 As Lapland witches bottled air ?<sup>3</sup>  
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345  
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?  
 As seamen, with the self-same gale,  
 Will sev'ral different courses sail ;  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,<sup>4</sup>  
 And overflows the level grounds, 350  
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in ;  
 So when tyrannical usurpation<sup>5</sup>  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land that were intended 355  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer ?<sup>6</sup>

soldiers were said to have used torture to gentlemen's servants in order to extort information concerning their masters' property.

<sup>1</sup> This they did in many instances ; the most remarkable were those of Sir John Hotham and his son, who were condemned notwithstanding that they had previously shut the gates of Hull against the King, and the case of Sir Alexander Carew.

<sup>2</sup> That is, their breath, their pleading, their arguments.

<sup>3</sup> The witches in Lapland pretended to sell bags of wind to the sailors, which would carry them to whatever quarter they pleased. See Olaus Magnus.

<sup>4</sup> This simile may be found in prose in Butler's Remains, vol. i. p. 298 : " For as when the sea breaks over its bounds and overflows the land, those dams and banks that were made to keep it out do afterwards serve to keep it in ; so when tyranny and usurpation break in upon the common right and freedom, the laws of God and of the land are abused, to support that which they were intended to oppose."

<sup>5</sup> *Var.* " Tyrannick usurpation," after 1700.

<sup>6</sup> A hit at the common forms of Chancery practice. But Grey thinks the poet has in mind the joke propagated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, Fable 61. " A gentleman that had a suit in Chancery was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring a contempt. Well, says the Cavalier, and why is not my answer put in then ? How should I draw your

Is not the winding up witnesses,<sup>1</sup>  
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness ? 360  
 For witnesses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;  
 And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your juries give their verdict 365  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?  
 And as they please make matter o' fact  
 Run all on one side as they're packt ?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within-doors ; 370  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
 If oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd  
 In other matters do him hurt, 375  
 I think there's little reason for't.  
 He that imposes an oath makes it,<sup>2</sup>  
 Not he that for convenience takes it :  
 Then how can any man be said  
 To break an oath he never made ? 380  
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
 To th' wicked, tho' they evince the godly ;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.  
 Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385  
 That finds philosophers such trouble ;  
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.<sup>3</sup>

answer, saith the Lawyer, without knowing what you can swear ? Pox on your scruples, says the client again, pray do your part of a lawyer and draw me a sufficient answer ; and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear it."

<sup>1</sup> These lines, thanks to the "vitality" of English law, are as severely satirical now as they were two hundred years ago.

<sup>2</sup> This and the following are two of the best remembered and oftenest quoted lines of Hudibras. See line 275, above, where the same thought is expressed.

<sup>3</sup> This glassy bubble is the well-known Prince Rupert's drop, so called because the prince first introduced the knowledge of it to this country. It is of common glass, in size and shape like the accompanying figure ; and

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
To swear by only in a lord : <sup>1</sup> 390  
In other men 'tis but a huff

To vapour with, instead of proof ;  
That like a wen looks big and swells,  
Is senseless, and just nothing else. <sup>2</sup>

Let it, quoth he, be what it will, 395  
It has the world's opinion still.

But as men are not wise, that run  
The slightest hazard they may shun ;  
There may a medium be found out  
To clear to all the world the doubt ; 400  
And that is, if a man may do't,  
By proxy whipp'd, or substitute. <sup>3</sup>

Though nice and dark the point appear,  
Quoth Ralpho, it may hold up and clear.  
That sinners may supply the place 405  
Of suffering saints, is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence, many times,  
On one man for another's crimes.

its peculiar properties are, that it will sustain without injury very heavy blows upon the body, D, E ; but if broken at B, or C, the whole drop will burst into powder with great violence. If the tip, A, be broken off, the



bubble will not burst. They are described in Beckmann's History of Inventions (Bohn's Edit. vol. ii. p. 241, &c.). The cause of their peculiarities rendered them a great puzzle to the curious.

<sup>1</sup> Peers, when they give judgment, are not sworn : they say only, upon my honour. See lines 262, 263, above.

<sup>2</sup> Ralpho was much of Falstaff's opinion with regard to honour. See Henry IV. Part I. Act v. sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> We are told in the Tatler, No. 92, "that pages are chastised for the admonition of princes." See an account of Mr Murray of the bed-chamber, who was whipping-boy to King Charles I., in Burnet's Own Times (Bohn's edit. p. 99). Henry IV. of France, when absolved of his excommunication and heresy by Pope Clement VIII., received chastisement in the persons of his representatives, Messrs D'Ossat and Du Perron, afterwards Cardinals.

Our brethren of New England use  
 Choice malefactors to excuse,<sup>1</sup> 410  
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
 Of whom the churches have less need.  
 As lately 't happen'd: in a town  
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
 That out of doctrine could cut use, 415  
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.  
 This precious brother having slain,  
 In times of peace, an Indian,  
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal,<sup>2</sup>  
 Because he was an infidel, 420  
 The mighty Tottipottimoy<sup>3</sup>  
 Sent to our elders an envoy,  
 Complaining sorely of the breach  
 Of league, held forth by brother Patch,  
 Against the articles in force 425  
 Between both churches, his and ours;  
 For which he crav'd the saints to render  
 Into his hands, or hang th' offender:  
 But they maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more but him o' th' trade; 430  
 A man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to teach and cobble;  
 Resolv'd to spare him: yet to do  
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too

<sup>1</sup> This story is asserted to be true, in the note subjoined to the early editions. A similar one is related by Grey, from Morton's *English Canaan*, printed 1637. A lusty young fellow was condemned to be hanged for stealing corn; but it was formally proposed in council to execute a bed-ridden old man in the offender's clothes, which would satisfy appearances, and preserve a useful member to society. Grey mentions likewise a letter from the committee of Stafford to Speaker Lenthall, dated Aug. 5, 1645, desiring a respite for Henry Steward, a soldier under the governor of Hartlebury Castle, and offering two Irishmen to be executed in his stead. Ralpho calls them his brethren of New England, because the inhabitants there were generally Independents.

<sup>2</sup> Just so, says Grey, Ap Evans acted, who murdered his mother and his brother for kneeling at the Sacrament, alleging that this was idolatry.

<sup>3</sup> This is not a real name, but merely a ludicrous imitation of the sonorous appellations of the Indian Sachems; as is the other name in line 434, below.

Impartial justice, in his stead did 435  
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid :  
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,  
 And in your room another whipp'd ?  
 For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the case ;  
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse,  
 From thy own doctrine, to raise use :<sup>2</sup>  
 I know thou wilt not, for my sake, 445  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :  
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
 And give thy outward fellow a firking ;  
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,  
 For in all scruples of this nature,  
 No man includes himself, nor turns  
 The point upon his own concerns.  
 As no man of his own self catches 455  
 The itch, or amorous French achès ;<sup>3</sup>  
 So no man does himself convince,  
 By his own doctrine, of his sins :  
 And though all cry down self, none means  
 His own self in a literal sense : 460  
 Besides, it is not only foppish,  
 But vile, idolatrous, and popish,  
 For one man out of his own skin  
 To firk and whip another's sin ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Sceptics, who held that certainty was not attainable on any subject, and doubted sensation altogether, are here wittily satirized as refusing to assent to Ralpho's doctrine of sympathetic whipping. The philosophers who believed in it were Sir Kenelm Digby, often the theme of Butler's banter, and some then credulous members of the Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> A favourite expression of the sectaries of those days.

<sup>3</sup> The old pronunciation of this word was *aitches*, and the late John Kemble to the day of his death insisted on so pronouncing it; for which he was frequently ridiculed.

<sup>4</sup> A banter on the popish doctrine of satisfaction and supererogation.



As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465  
 Do claw and curry their own itches.<sup>1</sup>  
 But in this case it is profane,  
 And sinful too, because in vain ;  
 For we must take our oaths upon it  
 You did the deed, when I have done it. 470  
 Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon ;  
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.  
 Quoth Ralpho, That you may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you ;  
 For when with your consent 'tis done, 475  
 The act is really your own.  
 Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,  
 I see, to argue 'gainst the grain ;  
 Or, like the stars, incline men to  
 What they're averse themselves to do : 480  
 For when disputes are weary'd out,  
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt :  
 But since no reason can confute ye,  
 I'll try to force you to your duty ;  
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it ; 485  
 As, ere we part, I shall evince it,  
 And curry, if you stand out, whether<sup>2</sup>  
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
 I' th' public work, base as thou art ? 490  
 To higgle thus, for a few blows,<sup>3</sup>  
 To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,  
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
 Merely for th' int'rest of the churches ?  
 And when he has it in his claws, 495  
 Will not be hide-bound to the Cause ;

<sup>1</sup> In Spectator, No. 157, are to be found remarks illustrative of this peculiarity of pedagogues.

<sup>2</sup> Grey observes that a contest between Don Quixote and his renowned squire appears to have furnished the pattern for this amusing falling out (see chaps. 35 and 60). But there is more intellectual subtlety in the argumentation of Butler's heroes than in the Don and Sancho.

<sup>3</sup> See Don Quixote, chap. 68, for the like reproaches administered by the knight to his squire.

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R. Cooper sculp<sup>t</sup>

BISHOP EDMUND BONNER.

*From a Col. & Fair Manuscript*

Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,<sup>1</sup>

If thou dispatch it without grudging :

If not, resolve, before we go,

That you and I must pull a crow.<sup>2</sup>

500

Ye 'ad best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients<sup>3</sup>

Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,

And look before you, ere you leap ;

For as you sow y' are like to reap :

And were y' as good as George-a-green,<sup>4</sup>

505

I should make bold to turn agen ;

Nor am I doubtful of the issue

In a just quarrel, as mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour

To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner ?<sup>5</sup>

510

A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,

For which y' are like to raise brave trophies ?

But I advise you, not for fear,

But for your own sake, to forbear ;

And for the churches, which may chance

515

From hence, to spring a variance,

And raise among themselves new scruples,

Whom common danger hardly couples,

Remember how in arms and politics,

We still have worsted all your holy tricks ;<sup>6</sup>

520

<sup>1</sup> A niggardly churl. The derivation from *cœur mechant*, obtained by Dr Johnson from an "unknown correspondent," and Ash's mistake in assuming this signature to be a translation of the French words, is one of the best etymological jokes extant.

<sup>2</sup> See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 155.

<sup>3</sup> Ralpho, like Sancho, deals largely in proverbs ;—these are found and explained in Handbook of Proverbs, pp. 113, 323.

<sup>4</sup> This is no other than the Pinder of Wakefield, who fought and beat Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, all three together. See Robin Hood's Garland. The Pinder was no outlaw, as Nash supposes, but an officer to enforce the law, being the keeper of the parish pound.

<sup>5</sup> Bishop of London in the reign of Queen Mary, who is said to have whipped the Protestants, imprisoned on account of their faith, with his own hands, till he was tired with the violence of the exercise. Hume's History of Mary, p. 378 ; Fox, Acts and Monuments, ed. 1576, p. 1937.

<sup>6</sup> The Independents, by their dexterity in intrigue and getting the army on their side, outwitted and overpowered the Presbyterians, who intended simply to instal themselves in the place of the Church of England. These lines record, for the most part, plain and well-known historical facts. See Burnet and others.

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
 And took your grantees down a peg;  
 New-modell'd the army, and cashier'd  
 All that to Legion Smec adher'd;<sup>1</sup>  
 Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525  
 And after left it in the lurch;  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down;  
 Capoch'd<sup>2</sup> your rabbins of the Synod,<sup>3</sup>  
 And snapp'd their canons with a why-not. 530  
 Grave synod-men, that were rever'd  
 For solid face, and depth of beard,  
 Their Classic model prov'd a maggots,  
 Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;<sup>4</sup>  
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535  
 On which they 'd been so long a sitting;<sup>5</sup>  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,  
 Grown out of date, and obsolete,  
 And all the saints of the first grass,<sup>6</sup>  
 As castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540  
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
 And staring furiously on Ralph,  
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,<sup>7</sup>  
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 124, for an explanation of the term *Smectymnuus*. The majority originally in favour of Presbyterianism, which was overthrown by the Independents, is ridiculed under the name of Legion.

<sup>2</sup> So in the first editions, afterwards altered by Butler to *O'er-reach'd*, and again restored. *Capoch'd* means hood-winked. *Why-not* is a fanciful term used in Butler's Remains, vol. i. p. 178; and signifies the obliging a man to yield his assent.

<sup>3</sup> These were the Assembly of Divines, whose work was almost all undone by the supremacy of the Independents.

<sup>4</sup> The Directory was a book drawn up by the Assembly of Divines (120 Divines and 30 Laymen) and published by authority of Parliament, containing instructions to their ministers for the regulation of public worship. It became a mere curiosity when the Independents set up freedom of worship.

<sup>5</sup> That is, from July 1, 1643, their first meeting, to August 28, 1648, when their *discipline* by classes was established. The Divines of the Assembly being paid by the day, are presumed to have had an interest in prolonging their work.

<sup>6</sup> The Presbyterians, the first sectaries that sprang up and opposed the established church.

<sup>7</sup> These two lines are not in the first editions; but were added in 1674.

Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight, 545  
 And for so many moons lain by 't,  
 And when all other means did fail,  
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 Much more consid'able and handsome ; 550  
 But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe, when I was there ;  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
 An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel,<sup>2</sup>  
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555  
 Of our own church, like wens or tumours,  
 And like a maggot in a sore,  
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour ;  
 It never shall be done or said :  
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ;<sup>3</sup> 560  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,  
 With equal readiness prepar'd,  
 To draw and stand upon his guard.  
 When both were parted on the sudden, 565  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of noise had been  
 Contracted into one loud din ;  
 Or that some Member to be chosen,  
 Had got the odds above a thousand ; 570  
 And, by the greatness of his noise,  
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.

<sup>1</sup> A contemporary note on these lines quoted by Grey, says, "The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several changes proposed, but none accepted, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he used upon all occasions to declare." This identifies Hudibras with a living original, assumed to be Sir Samuel Luke.

<sup>2</sup> Thus Don Quixote to Sancho : "How now, opprobrious rascal ! stinking garlic-eater ! sirrah, I will take you and tie your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you." See note on lines 187, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Grey compares this scene to the contest between Brutus and Cassius, in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Act iv. History relates that the quarrel between the Presbyterians and the Independents proceeded beyond the mere clapping of hand to sword. And Cromwell's victories, all of which were summed up in Dunbar fight, were the proof of what Ralpho's "basket-hilt" could do in such a case.



This strange surprisal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;  
 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575  
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wisest course  
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse ;  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating ; 580  
 Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,  
 Which made them stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear<sup>1</sup> 585  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguish different noise<sup>2</sup>  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
 And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub  
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub : 590  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique show ;  
 A triumph, that for pomp and state,  
 Did proudest Romans emulate :<sup>3</sup>  
 For as the aldermen of Rome 595  
 Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory,  
 As some, mistaken, write in story,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The poet does not suffer his heroes to proceed to open violence ; but ingeniously puts an end to the dispute, by introducing them to a new adventure. The drollery of the following scene is inimitable.

<sup>2</sup> *Var.* "They might discern respective noise," in editions of 1664.

<sup>3</sup> The Skimmington, a ludicrous cavalcade in derision of a husband's submitting to be beaten by his wife. It consisted generally of a man riding behind a woman, with his face to the horse's rump, holding a distaff in his hand, the woman all the while belabouring him with a ladle. The learned reader will be amused by comparing this description with the pompous account of Æmilius's triumph, as described by Plutarch, and the satirical one given by Juvenal in his tenth Satire. The details of the Skimmington are so accurately described by the poet, that he must have derived them from actual observation. See a full account of it in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 180 (Bohn's edition).

<sup>4</sup> Our poet mixes up together the ceremonies of enlarging the Pomœrium, a Roman triumph, a lord mayor's show, the exercising of the train-bands, and a borough election, in the most wanton spirit of burlesque poetry.

Being mounted in their best array,  
 Upon a car, and who but they ? 600  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,<sup>1</sup>  
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
 Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the borough ;  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh, 605  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat,  
 In all respects, as this and that.  
 First he that led the cavalcate,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610  
 On which he blew as strong a levet,<sup>3</sup>  
 As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Sweads :<sup>4</sup>  
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615  
 From trebles down to double base ;  
 And after them upon a nag,  
 That might pass for a fore-hand stag,  
 A cornet rode, and on his staff,  
 A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With snuffling broken-winded tones ;  
 Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And make a viler noise than swine 625  
 In windy weather, when they whine.

<sup>1</sup> The vulgar, and the soldiers themselves, had at triumphal processions the liberty of abusing their general. Their invectives were commonly conveyed in metre. See Suetonius, *Life of Julius Cæsar*, p. 33 (Bohn's edition).

<sup>2</sup> The words at the end of this and the next line were altered subsequently into *cavalcade* and *flagellet*, to the marring of the rhyme.

<sup>3</sup> Levet is a blast on the trumpet, a *reveillé*, which used to be sounded morning and evening on shipboard.

<sup>4</sup> This and the preceding line were added in 1674. Butler has departed from the common method of spelling the word *Sweads* for the sake of rhyme: in the edition of 1689, after his death, it was printed *Sweeds*. The *Sweeds* appear to have been the first who practised firing by two or three ranks at a time, over each others' heads: see Sir Robert Monro's *Memoirs*, and Bariff's *Young Artillery-man*. The *Sweeds*, under Gustavus Adolphus, were the most famous soldiers of Europe.

Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630  
 And busily upon the crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then mounted on a horned horse,  
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword 635  
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
 The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion  
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant;<sup>1</sup> 640  
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant,  
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't  
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
 The warrior whilom overcome;  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645  
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off;  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastised the reformado soldier.<sup>2</sup>  
 Before the dame, and round about,  
 March'd whiffers, and staffiers on foot,<sup>3</sup> 650  
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
 In fit and proper equipages;  
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the proud virago-minx,  
 That was both madam and a don,<sup>4</sup> 655  
 Like Nero's Sporus,<sup>5</sup> or Pope Joan;

<sup>1</sup> Ridiculing the terms in which heralds blazon coats of arms.

<sup>2</sup> See note on line 116, above.

<sup>3</sup> "A mighty whiffler 'fore the king seems to prepare his way." Henry V., Act v., chorus. There were whiffers formerly amongst the inferior officers of the corporation at Norwich. Their duty in recent times (before the date of the Municipal Reform Act) was to clear the way before his Worship, as he went to church on Guild-day; which they did by running and bounding about, whirling all the time with incredible agility a huge, blunt, two-handled sword. The whiffers who now attend the London companies in processions are standard-bearers and freemen carrying staves. Staffier is a staff-bearer, or running footman, from the French *Estafier*.

<sup>4</sup> Mistress and master.

<sup>5</sup> See Suetonius' *Life of Nero*, for the particulars of his marriage with

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R. Cooper sculp.

THOMAS GOODWIN. D.D.

*From a Print by R. Wallis*

And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.  
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,  
 Put up their weapons and their ire ; 660  
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
 On such sights with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer, to impart  
 His an'madversions, for his heart.  
 Quoth he, In all my life till now, 665  
 I ne'er saw so profane a show ;<sup>1</sup>  
 It is a paganish invention,  
 Which heathen writers often mention :  
 And he, who made it, had read Goodwin,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,<sup>3</sup> 670  
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,<sup>4</sup>  
 That best describe those ancient shows ;  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians :<sup>5</sup>

sporus after he had been gelded (Bohn's transl. p. 357). The story of Pope Joan is too well known to need repetition. But see notes on the subject in Gibbon (Bohn's edition), vol. v. p. 420.

<sup>1</sup> The Knight's learning leads him to see in this burlesque procession nothing but paganism, which he, as a reformer, is bound to put an end to at once.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Goodwin was a high Calvinistic Independent, who, dissatisfied with the terms of nonconformity in England, became for some years Pastor of an Independent congregation at Arnheim in Holland. On his return to England he was elected one of the Assembly of Divines, and in 1649, president of Magdalen College, Oxford. At the Restoration he was ejected, and died in 1679. It is however probable that Butler means Dr Thomas Godwyn, who wrote a celebrated manual of Hebrew Antiquities entitled "Moses and Aaron," Oxford, 1616, and another on Roman Antiquities, published Oxford, 1613, both of which went through many editions.

<sup>3</sup> In the edition of 1674, altered to,

I warrant him, and understood him.

But the older line was restored in 1704. The name of Ross has occurred more than once before. Ludovicus Cælius Rhodoginus (L. C. Ricchieri) was born at Rovigo, about 1460 ; and published a voluminous and learned miscellany called *Lectiones Antiquæ*, of which one of the editions was printed by Aldus in 1516. He died in 1525.

<sup>4</sup> Speed and Stowe are celebrated English chroniclers. By Grecian Speeds and Stows he means, any ancient authors who have explained the antiquities and customs of Greece.

<sup>5</sup> This is an imperfect rhyme, but in English, to an ear not critically acute, *m* and *n* sound alike. So the old sayings, among the common people taken for rhyme,—A stitch in time saves nine. Tread on a worm, and it will turn.



For, as the Roman conqueror, 675  
 That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot;<sup>1</sup>  
 So this insulting female brave  
 Carries behind her here a slave: 680  
 And as the ancients long ago,  
 When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,<sup>2</sup>  
 So her proud standard-bearer here,  
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685  
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.<sup>3</sup>  
 Next links and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor:  
 And, as in antique triumphs, eggs  
 Were borne for mystical intrigues;<sup>4</sup> 690  
 There's one with truncheon, like a ladle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or adle:  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter; 695  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter  
 Is but a riding, us'd of course  
 When the grey mare's the better horse;<sup>5</sup>  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion, 700  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under *covert-baron*,<sup>6</sup>  
 To turn her vassal with a murrain;

<sup>1</sup> See Juv. Sat. x. 42 (Bohn's transl., pp. 105 and 443).

<sup>2</sup> The red flag; which has always been taken as a menace of battle *à l'outrance*.

<sup>3</sup> A scarlet petticoat, then worn so commonly. Butler has in mind the ancient poets, who are loud in their praise of Tyrian vestments, especially Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.

<sup>4</sup> In the orgies of Bacchus, and the games of Ceres, eggs were carried, and had a mystical import. In the edition of 1689, and some others, antique is spelt "antick," and perhaps was intended to signify "mimic," as well as "ancient," which is the more probable, as eggs were never used on real triumphs.

<sup>5</sup> Handbook of Proverbs, p. 170.

<sup>6</sup> The wife is said in law to be *covert-baron*, or under the protection and influence of her husband, her lord and baron.

When wives their sexes shift, like hares,<sup>1</sup> 705  
 And ride their husbands like night-mares ;  
 And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of war, like gills,<sup>2</sup>  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels :<sup>3</sup> 710  
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
 Their horns of course are understood.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
 Impertinently, and against sense :  
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715  
 To be defeated by th' event,  
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;  
 That does not make a man the worse,  
 Altho' his shoulders, with battoon,  
 Be claw'd, and cudgell'd to some tune ; 720  
 A tailor's 'prentice has no hard  
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard ;  
 But to turn tail, or run away,  
 And without blows give up the day ;  
 Or to surrender ere the assault, 725  
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;  
 And renders men of honour less  
 Than all th' adversity of success ;  
 And only unto such this show  
 Of horns and petticoats is due. 730  
 There is a lesser profanation,  
 Like that the Romans call'd ovation :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many have been the vulgar errors concerning the sexes of hares, some of the elder naturalists pretending that they changed them annually, others that hares were hermaphrodite. See Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, b. iii. c. 17. But our poet here chiefly means to ridicule Dr Bulwer's *Artificial Change-ling*, p. 407, who cites the female patriarch of Greece, and Pope Joan of Rome.

<sup>2</sup> Gill, in the Scotch and Irish dialect, a girl ; in Wright's *Glossary* one of the significations is, "a wanton wench ;" and so Ben Jonson, in his *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, uses it, "Give you all your fill,—each Jack with his Gill."

<sup>3</sup> "Wheels" here are spinning wheels ; and not those of timber-gills or drays.

<sup>4</sup> At the greater triumph the Romans sacrificed an ox ; at the lesser a sheep. Hence the name ovation.

For as ovation was allow'd  
 For conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
 So men decree those lesser shows 735  
 For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
 Give battle with, and overcome ;  
 These mounted in a chair-curule,  
 Which moderns call a cucking-stool,<sup>1</sup> 740  
 March proudly to the river's side,  
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;  
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
 The Adriatic sea to wed ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And have a gentler wife than those 745  
 For whom the state decrees those shows.  
 But both are heathenish, and come  
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,  
 And by the saints should be withstood,  
 As antichristian and lewd ; 750  
 And we, as such, should now contribute  
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.<sup>4</sup>  
 This said, they both advanc'd,<sup>5</sup> and rode  
 A dog-trot through the bawling crowd  
 T' attack the leader, and still prest 755  
 'Till they approach'd him breast to breast :  
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
 Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,  
 What means, quoth he, this devil's procession  
 With men of orthodox profession ? 760

<sup>1</sup> Also called ducking-stool and other names. The custom of ducking female shrews in the water was common in many parts of England and Scotland. Such stools consisted of a chair affixed to the end of a long pole or lever, by which it was immersed in the water, often some stinking pool. In some places the chair was suspended by a chain or a rope, and so lowered from a bridge. For a full account of this once legal practice, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edit.), vol. iii. p. 103, et seq.

<sup>2</sup> This ceremony is performed on Ascension-day. It was instituted in 1174, by Pope Alexander III., who gave the Doge a gold ring from his finger in token of the victory achieved by the Venetian fleet over Barbarossa ; desiring him to commemorate the event annually by throwing a circular ring into the Adriatic. The Doge throws a ring into the sea, while repeating the words, "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri et perpetui dominii."

<sup>3</sup> Butler intimates that the sea is less terrible than a scolding wife.

<sup>4</sup> "Strugglings" was one of the cant terms for efforts.

<sup>5</sup> Grey compares this advance of Hudibras and his squire to the attack

'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,  
 From heathenism deriv'd to us.  
 Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride  
 Upon her horned beast astride,  
 Like this proud dame, who either is 765  
 A type of her, or she of this ?  
 Are things of superstitious function  
 Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine ?  
 It is an antichristian *opera* <sup>1</sup>  
 Much us'd in midnight times of popery ; 770  
 A running after self-inventions  
 Of wicked and profane intentions ;  
 To scandalize that sex for scolding,  
 To whom the saints are so beholden.  
 Women, who were our first apostles,<sup>2</sup> 775  
 Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;  
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
 In which the Cause might be concern'd ;  
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,<sup>3</sup>  
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols : 780  
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,  
 To take the saints' and church's parts ;

made upon the funeral procession by Don Quixote (Part I., book ii. chap. 5).

<sup>1</sup> By the use of this word, which bore much the same meaning that it does now, the knight not only proclaims his abhorrence of the Skimming-ton, but also the puritan hostility to musical and dramatic entertainments.

<sup>2</sup> The author of the *Ladies' Calling* observes, in his preface, "It is a memorable attestation Christ gives to the piety of women, by making them the first witnesses of his resurrection, the prime evangelists to proclaim these glad tidings, and, as a learned man says, apostles to the apostles." Butler, of course, alludes to the zeal which the ladies manifested for the *good cause*. The case of Lady Monson has already been mentioned. The women and children worked with their own hands in fortifying the city of London, and other towns. The women of Coventry went by companies to fill up the quarries in the great park, that they might not harbour an enemy ; and being called together with a drum, marched into the park with mattocks and spades. *Annals of Coventry*, MS. 1643.

<sup>3</sup> In the reign of Richard II. A. D. 1382, Henry le Spencer, bishop of Norwich, set up the cross, and made a collection to support the cause of the enemies of Pope Clement, to which it is said ladies and other women contributed just in the manner Hudibras describes. See Part I. Canto ii. line 569, and note on line 561.

Drew several gifted brethren in,  
 That for the bishops would have been,  
 And fix'd them constant to the Party, 785  
 With motives powerful and hearty :  
 Their husbands robb'd and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their gifts  
 All they could rap, and rend,<sup>1</sup> and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790  
 Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for Parliament ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
 With marrow puddings many a meal :  
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795  
 On controverted points to eat :<sup>3</sup>  
 And cramm'd them till their guts did ache,  
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,  
 That might advance the Cause at London ? 800  
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
 T' entrench the city for defence in ;  
 Rais'd rampires with their own soft hands,<sup>4</sup>  
 To put the enemy to stands ;  
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches 805  
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
 Fell to their pick-axes and tools,  
 And help'd the men to dig like moles ?

<sup>1</sup> *Var.* "Rap and run" in the first four editions.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Echard thus describes these preachers : "coiners of new phrases, drawers out of long godly words, thick pourers out of texts of Scripture, mimical squeakers and bellowers, vain-glorious admirers only of themselves, and those of their own fashioned face and gesture : such as these shall be followed and worshipped, shall have their bushels of China oranges, shall be solaced with all manner of cordial essences and elixirs, and shall be rubbed down with Holland of ten shillings an ell." See also *Spectator*, p. 46.

<sup>3</sup> That is, to eat plentifully of dainties, of which they would sometimes controvert the lawfulness to eat at all.

<sup>4</sup> When London was expected to be attacked, and in several sieges during the civil war, the women, even the ladies of rank and fortune, not only encouraged the men, and supplied them handsomely with provisions, but worked with their own hands in digging and raising fortifications. Lady Middlesex, Lady Foster, Lady Anne Waller, and Mrs Dunch, have been particularly celebrated for their activity. The Knight's learned harangue is here archly interrupted by the manual wit of one who hits him in the eye with a rotten egg.

Have not the handmaids of the city <sup>1</sup>  
 Chose of their members a committee, . 810  
 For raising of a common purse  
 Out of their wages, to raise horse ?  
 And do they not as triers sit <sup>2</sup>  
 To judge what officers are fit ?  
 Have they—— At that an egg let fly, 815  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd,  
 With orange-tawny <sup>3</sup> slime, his beard ;  
 But beard and slime be'ng of one hue,  
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820  
 Then he that on the panniers rode  
 Let fly on th' other side a load,  
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,  
 In Ralpho's face, another volley.  
 The Knight was startled with the smell, 825  
 And for his sword began to feel ;  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,  
 O' the sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole ; <sup>4</sup> 830  
 And straight another, with his *flambeau*,  
 Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.  
 The beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring ;

<sup>1</sup> Handmaids was a favourite expression of the puritans for women.

<sup>2</sup> This was the sneering statement of a satire called the "Parliament of Ladies," printed in 1647. The writer says: that divers weak persons having crept into places beyond their abilities, the House determined, to the end that men of greater parts might be put into their rooms, that the Ladies Waller, Middlesex, Foster, and Mrs Dunch, by reason of their great experience in soldiery, be appointed a *committee of tryers* for the business.

<sup>3</sup> Bottom, the weaver (in *Mids. Night's Dream*), might have suggested this epithet, who asks in what beard he shall play the part of Pyramus ? "whether in a perfect yellow beard, an *orange-tawny* beard, or a purple-in-grain beard ?" Orange-tawny was the colour adopted by the Parliament troops at first, being the colours of Essex, who was Lord-general. It was, otherwise, assigned to Jews and to inferior persons. See Bacon, *Essay xli*.

<sup>4</sup> Linstock, from the German *Linden-stock* (a lime-tree cudgel), signifies the rod of wood with a match at the end of it, used by gunners in firing cannon.



Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835  
 And brought them off from further fray ;  
 And tho' disorder'd in retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat ;  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes ; 840  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
 With spurring put their cattle to't,  
 And till all four were out of wind,  
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.<sup>1</sup>  
 After they'd paus'd awhile, supplying 845  
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force  
 Of lungs, for action or discourse :  
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose  
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850  
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in be'ng maintain'd :  
 'Twas ill for us we had to do  
 With so dishon'rabl a foe :  
 For tho' the law of arms doth bar 855  
 The use of venom'd shot in war,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,  
 Their case-shot savours strong of poison ;  
 And, doubtless, have been chew'd with teeth  
 Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860  
 Else when we put it to the push,  
 They had not giv'n us such a brush :  
 But as those poltroons that fling dirt,  
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;  
 So all the honour they have won, 865  
 Or we have lost, is much at one.

<sup>1</sup> Presumed to be a sneer at the Earl of Argyll, who more than once fled from Montrose and never looked behind till he was cut of danger, as at Inverary in 1644, Inverlochic, and Kilsyth ; and in like manner from Monro at Stirling Bridge, where he did not look behind him till, after eighteen miles hard riding, he had reached the North Queen's ferry and possessed himself of a boat, whence arose the saying—" One pair of heels is worth two pairs of hands."

<sup>2</sup> " Abusive language and fustian are as unfair in controversy as poisoned arrows or chewed bullets in battle."

'Twas well we made so resolute  
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For if we had not, we had sped  
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870  
 Than which the ancients held no state  
 Of man's life more unfortunate.  
 But if this bold adventure e'er  
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, being destin'd to assert 875  
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart :  
 And as such homely treats, they say,  
 Portend good fortune,<sup>2</sup> so this may.  
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt<sup>3</sup>  
 Was destin'd to the empire for't ;<sup>4</sup> 880  
 And from a scavenger did come  
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :

<sup>1</sup> In both editions of 1664, this line ends "—t' avoid pursuit."

<sup>2</sup> The original of the coarse proverb here alluded to (*Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 131) was the glorious battle of Agincourt, when the English were so afflicted with the dysentery that most of them chose to fight naked from the girdle downward. It is thus cited in the *Rump Songs*, vol. ii. p. 39.

There's another proverb gives the Rump for his crest,  
 But Alderman Atkins made it a jest,  
 That of all kinds of luck, shitten luck is the best.

<sup>3</sup> This and the five following lines were not in the two first editions, but were added in 1674.

<sup>4</sup> Suetonius, in the *Life of Vespasian*, sect. v., says, "When he was ædile, Caligula, being enraged at his not taking care to keep the streets clean, ordered him to be covered with mud, which the soldiers heaped up even into the bosom of his prætexta ; and there were not wanting those who foretold that at some time the state, trodden down and neglected through civil discord, would come into his guardianship, or as it were into his bosom." See Bohn's *Suetonius*, p. 446. But Dio Cassius, with all his superstition, acknowledges that the secret meaning of the circumstance was not discovered till after the event. Nash thinks that Butler might also have in view the following story told of Oliver Cromwell, afterward Lord Protector. When young he was invited by Sir Oliver Cromwell, his uncle and godfather, to some Christmas revels given for the entertainment of King James I., when, indulging his love for fun, he went to the ball with his hands and clothes besmeared with excrement, to the great disgust of the company : for which outrage the master of misrule ordered him to be ducked in the horsepond. Noble's *Memoirs of the Cromwell Family*, vol. i. p. 98, and Bate's *Elenchus Motuum*.

And why may not this foul address  
Presage in love the same success?

Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,

885

Advance in quest of nearest ponds;

And after, as we first design'd,

Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Knight resolves to wash his face and foul his conscience; he was no longer for reducing Ralpho to a whipping, but for deceiving the widow by forswearing himself.



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